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SPURGEON'S GEMS;

BEING

BRILLIANT PASSAGES

FROM

THE DISCOURSES

OF THE

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

2787



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

A collection of extracts from the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON's Sermons published by Messrs. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., in New York, U.S., during the past summer, forms the ground-work of this volume. It is not exactly a reprint, although *their* title is retained and *their* preface subjoined. Several passages in the American volume that were drawn from his well-known treatise on "*The Saint and his Saviour,*" have been omitted here, and *their* place supplied by a fresh and enlarged selection from his weekly sermons. Such an alteration is rendered necessary in this country by the copyright of the two publications being in the hands of different publishers.

The fame of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching in America, and the flattering reception his publications found among a people to whom his personal appearance was known only by his portrait, and his characteristics of manner were merely the subject of conjecture, would of course induce the compilers there to make such extracts as represented the man in the greatest diversities of mood, and revealed his tone of address in the most copious varieties of expression. Their judgment is deferred to; their choice of *gems* (so far as the sermons are concerned) is preserved.

The Editor anticipates that the Christian public at home will appreciate these fragments from "*The New Park Street Pulpit*" the better for the long journey they have taken, like wine that has been improved by a voyage. First issuing forth from the press of this country, and then receiving the approval of our brethren beyond the Atlantic, they are returned to us with the satisfactory assurance that thousands of hearts have been refreshed, strengthened, and edified by their perusal. Each sentence may be compared to an arrow that was first shot from the lips of the preacher, then gathered up by the short-hand reporter, and sent forth in bundles in the printed volumes, then sorted and separated beyond the seas, and now once more picked up with their points unblunted to be shot forth again with the prayerful expectation that they may do fresh execution, "sticking fast in the hearts of the king's enemies." Is the hope too sanguine? Are there not many persons, curious respecting the preacher's fame, who will not exercise patience enough to peruse a whole Sermon, much less a whole volume of Sermons? May there not be some such that will cast their eye upon these short random readings, and attracted by the pungency of a thought, the smartness of a saying, or the patness of an illustration, receive into their hearts the first seeds of that truth which shall spring up to their everlasting welfare?

God grant it may be so, for Jesus' sake.

BENJ^N. WILDON CARR.

February, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THE popularity of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in this country has been equalled only by the popularity of the preacher himself in his own land. More than a hundred thousand volumes of his writings have been already circulated here, and the demand for them is constant, showing that they have taken a strong and abiding hold upon the public mind. Their usefulness, we have reason to believe, has been, in a great measure, commensurate with their popularity.

The call has been repeatedly made for a volume giving the characteristics of Mr. Spurgeon's style, revealing the secret of his mighty power as a preacher of truth, with the peculiarities of manner which arrest the attention, rouse the sympathies, excite the admiration, and impress the feelings of his vast audiences. This cannot be done by giving simply detached sentences from his sermons. Mr. Spurgeon is not remarkable for terseness, nor does he deal in laconic phrases. He is rhetorical, descriptive, flowing, and glowing. He blazes and burns along the pathway of his subject, rising in flights of imagination, and carrying his hearers along with him in earnest, overwhelming appeals. He is pungent in his

applications, strong in his doctrinal opinions, and powerful in his exhibition of the divine Word. Such a preacher's *forte* is not to be presented in single sentences. We have therefore gathered from scores of his sermons many of the most striking passages, and set them in these pages, without regard to the order of subject, or their relations to each other: a series of earnest thoughts and graphic pictures, all of them revealing the true greatness of the preacher's conceptions, his individuality and strength. No one can read the first page of this volume without feeling that the speaker is no common man.

The publishers present this selection from the pages of Mr. Spurgeon, as a specimen of his happiest thoughts, gems from his discourses, which will glow in the mind of the reader, and quicken in him a desire to read and hear more of this remarkable youthful preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ.



SERMONS.

SEUS is *the Truth*. We believe *in him*,—not merely in his words. *He* himself is Doctor and Doctrine, Revealer and Revelation, the Illuminator and the Light of Men. He is exalted in every word of truth, because he is its sum and substance. He sits above the gospel, like a prince on his own throne. Doctrine is most precious when we see it distilling from his lips and embodied in his person. Sermons are valuable in proportion as they speak *of* him and point *to* him. A Christless gospel is no gospel, and a Christless discourse is the cause of merriment to devils. The Holy Ghost who has ever been our sole instructor, will, we trust, teach us more of Jesus, until we comprehend with all saints, what are the heights, and depths, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, only have we laboured to extol: may the Lord himself succeed our endeavours.

FOR to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. How ominously these words follow each other in the text—"live," "die." There is but a comma between them, and surely as it is in the words so is it in reality. How brief the distance between life and death! In fact there is none. Life is but death's vestibule; and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave. The pulse that preserves our being, beats our death-march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the deeps of death. To-day we see our friends in health, to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in the chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all living. Oh, how closely allied is death to life! The lamb that sporteth in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox that loweth in the pasture is fattening for the slaughter. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yea, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish, they flourish but to decay, they rise to fall. How often do we take up the volume of history, and read of the rise and fall of empires. We hear of the coronation and the death of kings. Death is the black servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life! and death is close behind it. Death reacheth far throughout this world, and hath stamped all terrestrial things with the broad

arrow of the grave. Stars die mayhap; it is said that conflagrations have been seen far off in the distant ether, and astronomers have marked the funerals of worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we had imagined set for ever in sockets of silver, to glisten as the lamps of eternity. But, blessed be God, there is one place where death is not life's brother—where life reigns alone; where “to live” is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, “to die.” There is a land where death-knells are never tolled, where winding-sheets are never woven, where graves are never dug. Blest land beyond the skies! To reach it, we must die. But if after death we obtain a glorious immortality our text is indeed true: “To die is gain.”

I AM certain thou needest no exhortation to love thyself: thine own case will be seen to, thine own comfort will be a very primary theme of thine anxiety. Thou wilt line thine own nest well with downy feathers, if thou canst. There is no need to exhort thee to love thyself. Thou wilt do that well enough. Well, then, as much as thou lovest thyself, love thy neighbour.

THE sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old, when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors

Sleep

around old Troy. And so sang Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of the ship. Sleep is the gift of God. We think that we lay our heads upon our pillows, and compose our bodies in a peaceful posture, and that therefore we naturally and necessarily sleep. But it is not so. Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his fingers on his eyelids—did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body cometh from the Lord. He bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; he draws the curtain of darkness; he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes; and then he comes and says, “Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep.” Have you not known what it is at times to lay upon your bed and strive to slumber? And as it is said of Darius, so might it be said of you: “The king sent for his musicians, but his sleep went from him.” You have attempted it, but you could not compass it; it is beyond your power to procure a healthy repose. You imagine if you fix your mind upon a certain subject until it shall engross your attention, you will then sleep; but you find yourself unable to do so. Ten thousand things drive through your brain as if the whole earth were agitated before you. You

see all things you ever beheld dancing in a wild phantasmagoria before your eyes. You close your eyes, but still you see; and there be things in your ear, and head, and brain, which will not let you sleep. It is God alone, who alike seals up the sea-boy's eyes upon the giddy mast, and gives the monarch rest: for with all appliances and means to boot, *he* could not rest without the aid of God. It is God who steepes the mind in lethe, and bids us slumber, that our bodies may be refreshed, so that for to-morrow's toil we may rise recruited and strengthened. O my friends, how thankful should we be for sleep. Sleep is the safest and most pleasant of medicines. Sleep hath healed more pains of wearied bones than the most eminent physicians upon earth. It is the best medicine; the choicest thing of all the names which are written in all the lists of pharmacy. There is nothing like to sleep! What a mercy it is that it belongs alike to all! God does not make sleep the boon of the rich man, he does not give it merely to the noble, or the great, so that they can keep it as a peculiar luxury for themselves; but *he* bestows it upon all. Yea, if there be a difference, the sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much. He who toils, sleeps all the sounder for his toil. While luxurious effemiancy cannot rest, tossing itself from side to side upon a bed of eider down, the hard-working labourer, with his strong and powerful limbs, worn out and tired, throws himself upon his hard couch and sleeps, and

waking, thanks God that he has been refreshed. Ye know not, my friends, how much ye owe to God, that he gives you rest at night. If ye had sleepless nights, ye would then value the blessing. If for weeks ye lay tossing on your weary bed, ye then would thank God for this favour. But as it is the gift of God, it is a gift most precious, one that cannot be valued until it is taken away; yea, even then we cannot appreciate it as we ought.

*Purpos
in Nature*

THERE is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree! and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing. He made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.

A LAS, alas, that the good should die! alas, that the righteous should fall! Death, why dost thou not hew the deadly upas? Why dost thou not mow

the hemlock? Why dost thou touch the tree beneath whose spreading branches weariness hath rest? Why dost thou wither the flower whose perfume hath made glad the earth? Death, why dost thou snatch away the excellent of the earth, in whom is all our delight? If thou wouldest use thine axe, use it upon the cumber-grounds, the trees that draw nourishment, but afford no fruit; thou mightest be thanked then. But why wilt thou cut down the cedars, why wilt thou fell the goodly trees of Lebanon? O Death, why dost thou not spare the church? Why must the pulpit be hung in black; why must the missionary station be filled with weeping? Why must the pious family lose its priest, and the house its head? O Death, what art thou at? touch not earth's holy things; thy hands are not fit to pollute the Israel of God. Why dost thou put thy hand upon the hearts of the elect? Oh, stay thou, stay thou; spare the righteous, Death, and take the bad! But no, it must not be; death comes and smites the goodliest of us all. The most generous, the most prayerful, the most holy, the most devoted must die. Weep, weep, weep, O church, for thou hast lost thy martyrs; weep, O church, for thou hast lost thy confessors, thy holy men are departed. Howl, fir tree, for the cedar hath fallen, the godly fail, and the righteous are cut off.

But stay awhile; I hear another voice. Say ye thus unto the daughter of Judah, spare thy weeping. Say ye thus unto the Lord's flock, cease, cease thy

sorrow; thy martyrs are dead, but they are glorified; thy ministers are gone, but they have ascended up to thy Father and to their Father; thy brethren are buried in the grave, but the archangel's trumpet shall awake them, and their spirits are even now with God.

GIVE me the comforts of God, and I can well bear the taunts of men. Let me lay my head on the bosom of Jesus, and I fear not the distraction of care and trouble. If my God will ever give me the light of his smile, and grant his benediction—it is enough. Come on foes, persecutors, fiends, ay, Apollyon himself, for "the Lord God is my sun and shield." Gather, ye clouds, and environ me, I carry a sun within; blow, wind of the frozen north, I have a fire of living coal *within*; yea, death, slay me, but I have another life—a life in the light of God's countenance.

DESPISE the world, rate its jewels at a low price, estimate its gems as paste, and its solidities as dreams. Think not that thou shalt thus lose pleasure, but rather remember the saying of Chrysostom, "Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt gain heaven!"

ONE night I could not rest, and in the wild wanderings of my thoughts, I met this text and communed with it:—“*So he giveth his beloved sleep.*” In my reverie, as I was on the border of the land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe, and lifting its front right boldly as if it knew its power to resist the flood of battle. But I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, “To arms! To arms!” and when the danger was overpast I lay me down again. “To arms! To arms!” once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armour on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west; at another, from the east. I thought I had a treasure somewhere, down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled lest it should be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that, for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which man never rests. It is ever “To arms! To arms! To arms!” There is a foe here or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought

I would supplant it by another reverie. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that. I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my breast; and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I wake till morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience, and the love of God— “the peace that passeth all understanding.” I slept, because I lay in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go ye, overreaching misers! Go ye, grasping ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but God “giveth,” by contentment, “his beloved sleep.”

ALL my springs are in thee, said David. If thou hast all thy springs in God, thy heart will be full enough. If thou goest to the foot of Calvary, there will thy heart be bathed in love and gratitude. If thou dost frequent the vale of retirement, to hold communion with thy God, it is there that thy heart shall be full of calm resolve. If thou goest out with thy Master to the hill of Olivet, and dost with him look down upon a wicked Jerusalem, and weep over it with him, then will thy heart be full of love for never-dying souls. If thou dost continually draw

thine impulse, thy life, the whole of thy being from the Holy Spirit, without whom thou canst do nothing, and if thou dost live in close fellowship with Christ, there will be no fear of thy having a dry heart. He who lives without prayer—he who lives with little prayer—he who seldom reads the Word—he who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—he will be the man whose heart will become dry and barren; but he who calls in secret on his God—who spends much time in holy retirement—who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High—whose soul is given up to Christ—who delights in his fulness, rejoices in his all-sufficiency, prays for his second coming, and delights in the thought of his glorious advent—such a man, I say, must have an overflowing heart; and as his heart is, such will his life be. It will be a full life; it will be a life that will speak from the sepulchre, and wake the echoes of the future. “Keep thine heart with all diligence,” and entreat the Holy Spirit to keep it full; for otherwise, the issues of thy life will be feeble, shallow, and superficial; and thou mayest as well not have lived at all.



I GAZE on beauty, and may be myself deformed. I admire the light, and may yet dwell in darkness; but if the light of the countenance of God rests upon me, I shall become like unto him: the lineaments of

his visage will be on me, and the great outlines of his attributes will be mine. Oh, wondrous glass, which thus renders the beholder lovely! Oh, admirable mirror, which reflects not self with its imperfections, but gives a perfect image to those that are uncomely.

WHEN the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer; so that we may rest certain, if we are fervent in prayer, that a blessing is very near, for our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

OMNIPOTENCE may build a thousand worlds and then annihilate the whole; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky, but Omnipotence cannot do an unloving thing toward a believer. Rest quite sure, O Christian! that a hard thing, an unloving thing from God toward one of his own people, is quite impossible. He is as kind to you when he casts you into prison, as when he admits you into his palace; he is as good when he sends famine into your house as when he fills your

barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou his child? If so, he hath rebuked thee in affection, and there is love in his chastisement.

PRAAYER is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way, bringing us the boons of heaven. Has prayer burned in your heart? You shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.

SUPPOSE you see a lake, and there are twenty or thirty streamlets running from it: why, there will not be one strong river in the whole country; there will be a number of little brooks which will be dried up in the summer, and will be temporary torrents in the winter. They will every one of them be useless for any great purpose, because there is not water enough in the lake to feed more than one great stream. Now, a man's heart has only enough

life in it to pursue one object fully. Ye must not give half your love to Christ, and the other half to the world. No man can serve God and mammon, because there is not enough life in the heart to serve the two.



HOW easy it is for you and me to fly up! How hard to keep down! That demon of pride was born with us, and it will not die one hour before us. It is so woven into the very warp and woof of our nature, that till we are wrapped in our winding-sheets we shall never hear the last of it.



ANY man who trusts so much as a single hair's breadth to his works, is a lost soul. He who trusts to the least atom of works, though it be so small that he himself cannot discern it, will be lost.



KEEP not back part of the price. Make a full surrender of every motion of thy heart; labour to have but one object, and one aim. And for this purpose give God the keeping of thine heart. Cry out for more of the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, that so when thy soul is preserved and protected by

him, it may be directed into one channel, and one only, that thy life may run deep and pure, and clear and peaceful; its only banks being God's will, its only channel the love of Christ and a desire to please him.



THERE never was a saint yet, who grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by-and-bye. There never yet was an angel who had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings, and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there shall never be a saint who indulges self-conceit, and pride, and self-confidence, but the Lord will spoil his glories, and trample his honours in the mire, and make him cry out yet again, "Lord have mercy upon me, for I am less than the least of all saints, and the very chief of sinners."



MEN who have no brains are always great men in their own esteem; but those who think, will soon think their pride down, if God is with them in their thinking.



HOW blessed a thing is a quiet conscience. I think most of you saw that splendid picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy—the Sleep

of Argyle—where he lay slumbering on the very morning of his execution. You saw his cruel foes, standing there looking at him, almost with compunction; the jailor is there, with his keys rattling: but positively the man sleeps, though to-morrow morning his head shall be severed from his body, and the executioner shall say, "This was the head of a traitor." He slept because he had a quiet conscience; for he had done no wrong. Then look at Peter. Did you ever notice that remarkable passage, where it is said that Herod intended to bring out Peter on the the morrow; but, behold, as Peter was sleeping between two guards, the angel smote him? *Sleeping between two guards*, when on the morrow he was to be crucified or slain! He cared not, for his heart was clear; he had committed no ill. He could say, "If it be right to serve God or man, judge ye;" and, therefore, he laid him down and slept. O sirs! do ye know what the sleep of a quiet conscience is? Have you ever stood out and been the butt of calumny—pelted by the mockery of all men; the object of scorn—the laugh, the scorn of the drunkard? And have ye known what it is, after all, to sleep as if you cared for nothing, because your heart was pure? Ah! ye who are in debt—ah! ye who are dishonest—ah! ye who love not God, and love not Christ—I wonder ye can sleep, for sin doth put pricking thorns in the pillow. Sin puts a dagger in a man's bed, so that whichever way he turns it pricks him. But a quiet conscience

is the sweetest music to lull the soul to sleep. The demon of restlessness does not come to that man's bed who has a quiet conscience—a conscience right with God—who can sing—

"With the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace shall be."

O you know that the strongest man in all the world is a consecrated man? Even though he may consecrate himself to a wrong object, yet if it be a thorough consecration, he will have strength—strength for evil, it may be, but still strength. In the old Roman wars with Pyrrhus, you remember an ancient instance of self-devotion. There was an oracle which said that victory would attend that army whose leader should give himself up to death. Decius the Roman Consul, knowing this, rushed into the thickest of the battle, that his army might overcome by his dying. The prodigies of valour which he performed are proofs of the power of consecration. The Romans at that time seemed to be every man a hero, because every man was a consecrated man. They went to battle with this thought—"I will conquer or die; the name of Rome is written on my heart; for my country I am prepared to live, or for that to shed my blood." And no enemies could ever stand against them. If a Roman fell, there were no wounds in his back, but all in his

breast. His face, even in cold death, was like the face of a lion, and when looked upon, it was of terrible aspect. They were men consecrated to their country; they were ambitious to make the name of Rome the noblest word in human language; and consequently the Roman became a giant. And to this day let a man get a purpose within him, I care not what his purpose is, and let his whole soul be absorbed by it, and what will he not do? You that are "everything by turns and nothing long," that have nothing to live for; soulless carcases that walk this earth and waste its air, what can you do? Why nothing. But the man who knows what he is at, and has his mark fixed before his eye, speeds to it "Like an arrow from a bow shot by an archer strong." Nought can turn him aside from his design. How much more is this true of consecration to God! Oh! what strength that man has, who is dedicated to God!



COME, then, sinner; I bid thee consider thy guilt. The mighty ocean is kept in obedience by God, and restrained within its channel by simple sand; and thou, a pitiful worm, the creature of a day, the ephemera of an hour, thou art a rebel against God. The sea obeys him; thou dost not. Consider, I beseech thee, how many restraints God has put on thee; he has not checked thy lusts with sand, but with

heetling cliffs; and yet thou hast burst through every bound in the violence of thy transgressions. Perhaps he has checked thy soul by the remembrance of thy guilt. Thou hast this morning felt thyself a despiser of God. Dost thou not remember thy sins in the face of thy mother's counsels and thy father's strong admonitions? Do they never check thee? Dost thou never think thou seest a mother's tears coming after thee? Hast thou never heard a father's prayer for thee? When thou hast been spending thy nights in dissipation, and hast gone home late to thy bed, hast thou never thought thou hast seen thy father's spirit at thy bed-side, offering one more prayer for an Absalom, his son, or for an Ishmael, his rebellious child? Consider what thou hast learned, when a child! Anointed with a mother's tears, thou wast early taught to know the Lord God. when thou didst go from thy mother's knees, thou wentest to those of a pious teacher; thou wast trained in a Sabbath-school to love Jesus, the Saviour. Thou knowest the threatenings of God; it is no new tale to thee, when I warn thee that sinners must be condemned; it is no new story when I tell thee that saints shall wear the starry crown; thou knowest all that. Consider, then, how great is thy guilt; thou hast sinned against light and knowledge; thou art not the Hottentot sinner, who sins in darkness, but thou art a sinner before high heaven, in the full light of day; thou hast not sinned ignorantly, thou hast done it when thou knewest better; and when thou art lost, thou shalt have an additional

doom, because thou didst know thy duty, but thou didst it not. I charge that home upon thee, I charge it solemnly upon thy conscience; is it true, or is it not? Some of you have had other things. Don't you remember, some little time ago, when sickness was rife, you were stretched on your bed? One night you will never forget; sickness had got strong hold of you, and the strong man bowed himself. Do you not remember what a sight you had then of the regions of the damned; not with your eyes, but with your conscience? You thought you heard their shrieks; you thought you would be amongst them yourself soon. Methinks I see you; you turned your face to the wall, and you cried, "O God, if thou wilt save my life, I will give myself to thee!" Thou didst fear that death was very near; the terrors of death laid hold of thee, and thou didst cry, "Oh! God, save me, and my bended knees and my tears pouring in torrents, shall prove that I am sincere in the vow I make." But didst thou perform that vow? Nay, thou hast sinned against God; thy broken vows have gone before thee to judgment. Dost thou think it a little thing to make a promise to thy fellow-creature and break it? It may be so in thine estimation, but not so in that of honest men. But dost thou think it a little thing to promise to thy Maker, and to break thy promise? There is no light penalty for sinning against the Almighty God; it will cost thee thy soul, man, and thy soul's blood for ever, if thou goest on in this fashion. Vow and pay, or if

thou payest not, vow not; for God shall visit those vows upon thee, in the day when he maketh inquisition for blood, and destroyeth thy soul. Thou hast been guarded thus; remember that thou hast had extraordinary deliverances, the disease did not kill thee; thy broken bones were healed; thou didst not die; when the jaws of death were uplifted, they did not close upon thee: here thou art still. Thy life is spared. Do any of you confess that you are rebellious? Do you say, from this time forth you will mend your ways? Sirs, let me tell you, you cannot do that. Are you better than the mightiest of men? The best of men are but men at the best, and they are convinced that they cannot tame their own turbulent passions. God saith that the sea can be tamed with sand; but the heart of man cannot be restrained, it is still revolting. Dost thou think thou canst do that, which God saith is impossible? Dost thou suppose thyself stronger than God Almighty? What! canst thou change thine own heart, when God declares that we must be born again from above, or else we cannot see the kingdom of heaven? Others have tried to do it, but they cannot. I beseech thee, do not try to do it with thine own strength. I am glad thou knowest thy guilt; but, oh! do not increase that guilt, by seeking to wash it out in the foul stream of thine own resolutions. Go and tell God that thou knowest thy sin, and confess it before him, and ask him to create in thee a clean heart, and renew in thee a right spirit. Tell him thou knowest

that thou art rebellious, and thou art sure that thou always wilt be, unless he changes thy heart; and I beseech thee, rest not satisfied until thou art a new man in Christ Jesus.

ONE evening last week I stood by the sea-shore when the storm was raging. The voice of the Lord was upon the waters; and who was I that I should tarry within doors, when my Master's voice was heard sounding along the water? I rose and stood to behold the flash of his lightnings, and listen to the glory of his thunders. The sea and the thunders were contesting with one another, the sea with infinite clamour striving to hush the deep-throated thunder, so that his voice should not be heard; yet over and above the roar of the billows might be heard that voice of God, as he spake with flames of fire, and divided the way for the waters. It was a dark night, and the sky was covered with thick clouds, and scarce a star could be seen through the rifts of the tempest, but at one particular time, I noticed far away on the horizon, as if miles across the water, a bright shining, like gold. It was the moon, hidden behind the clouds, so that she could not shine upon us; but she was able to send her rays down upon the waters, far away, where no cloud happened to intervene. I thought the prophet Isaiah seemed to have stood in a like position. All round

about him were clouds of darkness; he heard prophetic thunders roaring, and he saw flashes of the lightnings of divine vengeance; clouds and darkness, for many a league, were scattered through history; but he saw far away a bright spot—one place where the clear shining came down from heaven. And he sat down, and he penned these words, “The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined;” and though he looked through whole leagues of space, where he saw the battle of the warrior, “with confused noise and garments rolled in blood,” yet he fixed his eye upon one bright spot in futurity, and he declared, that there he saw hope of peace, prosperity, and blessedness; for, said he, “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful.”

My dear friends, we live to day upon the verge of that bright spot. The world has been passing through these clouds of darkness, and the light is gleaming on us now, like the glintings of the first rays of morning. We are coming to a brighter day, and, “at evening time it shall be light.” The clouds and darkness shall be rolled up as a mantle that God needs no longer, and he shall appear in his glory, and his people shall rejoice with him. But you must mark, that all the brightness was the result of this child born, this son given, whose name is called Wonderful, and if we can discern any

brightness in our own hearts, or in the world's history, it can come from nowhere else, than from the one who is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God."

I HAVE one argument that methinks must touch your hearts and make you hate evil. You have a friend, the best friend you ever had. I know him, and have loved him, and he has loved me. There was a day, as I took my walks abroad, when I came hard by a spot for ever engraven upon my memory, for there I saw this friend, my best, my only friend, *murdered*. I stooped down in sad affright and looked at him He was basely murdered. I saw that his hands had been pierced with rough iron nails, and his feet had been rent with the same. There was misery in his dead countenance so terrible that I scarcely dared to look upon it. His body was emaciated with hunger; his back was red with bloody scourges, and his brow had a circle of wounds about it: clearly could one see that these had been pierced by thorns. I shuddered, for I had known this friend full well He never had a fault; he was the purest of the pure, the holiest of the holy. Who could have injured him? For he never injured any man: all his life long he "went about doing good;" he had healed the sick, he had fed the hungry, he had raised the dead: for which of these works did they kill him? He had never breathed out anything else but

love. And as I looked into the poor sorrowful face, so full of agony and yet so full of love, I wondered who could have been a wretch so vile as to pierce hands like his. I said within myself "Where live these traitors? Where can they live? Who are these that could have smitten such an one as this?" Had they murdered an oppressor we might have forgiven them; had they slain one who had indulged in vice or villainy, it might have been his due desert; had it been a murderer or a rebel, or one who had committed sedition, we would have said, "Bury his corpse: justice has at last given him his due." But when thou wast slain, my best, my only beloved, where lodged the traitors? Let me seize them, and they shall be put to death. If there be torments that I can devise, surely they shall endure them all. Oh! what jealousy; what revenge I felt. If I might but find these murderers, what would I do with them! And as I looked upon that corpse I heard a footstep, and wondered where it was. I listened, and I clearly perceived that the murderer was close at hand. It was dark, and I groped about to find him. I found that somehow or other, wherever I put my hand I could not meet with him, for he was nearer to me than my hand would go. At last I put my hand upon my breast. "I have thee now," said I; for, lo! he was in my own heart; the murderer was hiding within my own bosom, dwelling in the recesses of my inmost soul. Ah! then I wept indeed, that I, in the very presence of my murdered Master, should be har-

bouiring the murderer; and I felt myself most guilty while I bowed over his corpse, and sung that plaintive hymn:

“ ‘Twere you my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were :
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.”

Revenge! revenge! Ye that fear the Lord, and love his name, take vengeance on your sins, and hate all evil.

OUR heaviness, O worldling, “our heaviness is but for a season.” Your heaviness is to come, and it shall be a heaviness intolerable, because hopelessly everlasting. Our temptations, though they be manifold, are light afflictions and are but for a moment, and they “work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;” but your joys are evanescent as a bubble, and they are working out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of misery. I beseech you, look at this matter.

REMEMBER, that Christ on Calvary will save no man unless Christ be in the heart. The Son of Mary, born in the manger, will not save a soul unless he be also born in your hearts, and live there—your

joy, your strength, and your consolation. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"



CAN you imagine a being placed halfway between this world and heaven? Can you conceive of him as having such enlarged capacities that he could easily discern what was done in heaven, and what was done on earth? I can conceive that, before the Fall, if there had been such a being, he would have been struck with the singular harmony which existed between God's great world, called heaven, and the little world, the earth. Whenever the chimes of heaven rang, the great note of those massive golden bells was *love*; and when the silver bells of earth were sounded, the harmonies of this narrow sphere rang out the self-same note—*love*. When the bright spirits gathered around the great throne of God in heaven to magnify the Lord, at the same time the world, clad in its priestly garments, offered its sacrifice of purest praise. While the cherubim and seraphim did continually cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies," there was heard a note, feebler, perhaps, but yet as sweetly musical, coming up from paradise, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies." There was no jar, no discord; the thunder-peals of heaven's melodies were exactly in accord with the whisper of earth's

harmonies. There was "glory to God in the highest," and on earth there was glory too; the heart of man was as the heart of God, God loved man, and man loved God. But imagine that same Spirit to be still standing between the heavens and the earth, how sad must he be when he hears the jarring discord, and feels it grate upon the ear! The Lord saith, "I am reconciled to thee, I have put away thy sin;" but what is the answer of this earth? The answer of the world is "Man is at enmity with God: God may be reconciled, but man is not. The mass of men are still enemies to God by wicked works." When the angels praise God, if they hearken to the sounds that are to be heard on earth, they hear the trump of cruel war, the bacchanalian shout, and the song of the lascivious, and what a discord is this in the great harmony of the spheres? The fact is,—this world was originally one well tuned string in the harp of the universe, and when the Almighty swept that harp with his gracious fingers there was nothing to be heard but praise; now that string is snapped, and where it has been re-set by grace, still it is not wholly restored to its perfect tune, and the note that cometh from it hath but little sweetness, and very much of discord. But, O bright Spirit, retain thy place, and live on. The day is hastening with glowing wheels, and the axle thereof is hot with speed. The day is coming when this world shall be a paradise again. Jesus Christ, who came the first time to bleed and

suffer, that he might wash the world from its iniquity, is coming a second time to reign and conquer, that he may clothe the earth with glory; and the day shall arrive when thou, O Spirit, shall hear again the everlasting harmony. Once more the bells of earth shall be attuned to the melodies of heaven; once more shall the eternal chorus find that no singer is absent, but that the music is complete.

MARINERS tell us that there are some parts of the sea where there is a strong current upon the surface going one way, but that down in the depths there is a strong current running in the other direction. Two seas do not meet and interfere with one another; but one stream of water on the surface is running in one direction, and another below is flowing from the opposite quarter. Now, here is a picture of Christian life; the Christian is like that. On the surface there is a stream of heaviness rolling with dark waves; but down in the depths there is a strong under-current of great rejoicing that is always flowing towards heaven.

I HAVE heard say by the physicians, that if a man be sick, there is no place so well adapted for him as the place where he was born; and if our love grow weak and cold, there is no place so likely to restore

it, as the spot which gave it birth. Where was our love to Jesus born? Was she born in the midst of romantic scenery, and was she nursed with wondrous contemplations upon the lap of beauty? Ah! no. Was she born on the steeps of Sinai, when God came from Sinai, and the Holy One from mount Paran, and melted the mountains with the touch of his foot, and made the rocks flow down like wax before his terrible presence? Ah! no. Was love born on Tabor, when the Saviour was transfigured, and his garment became white as snow, whiter than any fuller could make it? Ah! no; darkness rushed o'er the sight of those that looked upon him then, and they fell asleep, for the glory overpowered them. Let me tell you where love drew her breath. Love was born in the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sweat great drops of blood; it was nurtured in Pilate's hall, where Jesus bared his back to the ploughing of the lash, and gave his face to be spit upon and his head to be crowned with thorns. Love was nurtured at the cross, amid the groans of an expiring God, beneath the droppings of a Saviour's blood. Bear me witness, children of God. Where did your love to Jesus spring from but from the foot of the cross? Did you ever see that sweet flower growing anywhere but at the foot of Calvary? No; it was when ye saw "love divine, all loves excelling;" it was when you saw love in bondage to itself, dying by its own stroke, laying down its life, though it had power to retain it and to take it up again;

it was there your love was born; and if you wish your declining love to be recovered, take it to some of those hallowed places; bid it sit in the shade of the olive trees, and make it stand on the pavement and gaze, while the blood is gushing. Lead it to the cross, and bid it look and see afresh the bleeding lamb; and surely this shall make thy love spring from a dwarf into a giant, and this shall fan it from a spark into a flame.



CHRIST longed for the cross, because he looked for it as the goal of all his exertions. He could never say, "It is finished" on his throne: but on his cross he did cry it: He preferred the sufferings of Calvary to the honours of the multitude who crowded round about him; for, preach as he might, and bless them as he might, and heal them as he might, still was his work undone. He was straitened; he had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was he straitened till it was accomplished. "But," he seemed to say, "I pant for my cross, for it is the topstone of my labour. I long for my sufferings, because they shall be the completion of my great work of grace." It is the end that bringeth the honour; it is the victory that crowneth the warrior rather than the battle. And so Christ longed for his death, that he might see the completion of his labour.

HAVE you ever heard that pretty fable told by the Persian moralist, Saadi? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it, "Oh, clay, whence hast thou thy perfume?" And the clay said, "I was once a piece of common clay, but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay." Believer! thou, too, art nothing but a piece of common clay, but if thou liest with the Rose of Sharon—if thou hast Jesus in thy company, thou wilt be filled with his fragrance, and where'er thou goest thou wilt smell of him. I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the spikenard, and the aloes.

O CHURCH of God! believe thyself invincible, and thou art invincible; but stay to tremble and fear, and thou art undone. Lift up thy head and say, "I am God's daughter; I am Christ's bride." Do not stop to prove it, but affirm it; for it is written on thy brow as with a sunbeam; thy bold and fearless gait shall manifest thy more than royal origin. March through the land, and kings shall bow down before thee, princes shall do thee homage, because thou hast manifested thine ancient prowess and assumed thine ancient glory.

SPIRITUAL ploughman! sharpen thy ploughshare with the Spirit. Spiritual sower! dip thy seed in the Spirit, so shall it germinate; and ask the Spirit to give thee grace to scatter it, that it may fall into the right furrows. Spiritual warrior! whet thy sword with the Spirit, and ask the Spirit, whose word is a sword indeed, to strengthen thine arm to wield it.

MY God! when I survey the boundless fields of ether, and see those pondering orbs rolling therein—when I consider how vast are thy dominions—so wide that an angel's wing might flash onward to all eternity and never reach a boundary—I marvel that thou shouldst look on insects so obscure as man. I have taken to myself the microscope and seen the ephemera upon a leaf, and I have called him small. I will not call him so again: compared with me, he is great, if I put myself in comparison with God. I am so little that I shrink into nothingness when I behold the Almighty of Jehovah—so little that the difference between man and the animalculæ dwindles into nothing, when compared with the infinite chasm between God and man.

HOW few people in this world are satisfied. No man ever need fear offering a reward of a thousand pounds to a contented man; for if any one came to

claim the reward, he would of course prove his discontent. We are all in a measure, I suspect, dissatisfied with our lot; the great majority of mankind are always on the wing; they never settle; they never light on any tree to build their nest; but they are always fluttering from one to the other. This tree is not green enough, that is not high enough, this is not beautiful enough, that is not picturesque enough; so they are ever on the wing, and never build a peaceful nest at all. The Christian builds his nest; and as the noble Luther said, "Like yon little bird upon the tree, he hath fed himself to night—he knoweth not where his breakfast is to-morrow. He sitteth there while the winds rock the tree; he shuts his eyes, puts his head under his wing, and sleeps; and when he awakes in the morning, sings,

"Mortals cease from toil and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow."

HERE we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face. There, what "eye hath not seen nor ear heard" shall be fully manifest to us. There, riddles shall be unravelled, mysteries made plain, dark texts enlightened, hard providences made to appear wise. The meanest soul in heaven knows more of God than the greatest saint on earth. The greatest saint on earth may have it said of him, "Nevertheless he that is least

in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Not our mightiest divines understand so much of theology as the lambs of the flock of glory. Not the greatest master-minds of earth understand the millionth part of the mighty meanings which have been discovered by souls emancipated from clay. Yes. "To die is gain." Take away, take away that hearse, remove that shroud; come, put white plumes upon the horses' heads, and let gilded trappings hang around them. There, take away that fife, the shrill sounding music of the death march. Lend me the trumpet and the drum. O hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah; why weep we the saints to heaven; why need we lament? They are not dead, they are gone before. Stop, stop that mourning, refrain thy tears. Clap your hands! Clap your hands.

"They are supremely blest,
Have done with care and sin and woe,
And with their Saviour rest."

What! weep! for heads that are crowned with coronals of heaven? What, weep for hands that grasp the harps of gold? What, weep for eyes that see the Redeemer? What, weep for hearts that are washed from sin, and are throbbing with eternal bliss? What, weep for men that are in the Saviour's bosom? No; weep for yourselves, that you are here. Weep that the mandate has not come which bids *you* die. Weep that *you* must tarry; but not for them. I see them turning back on you with loving wonder, and they

exclaim, "Why weepest thou?" What, weep for poverty that is clothed in riches? What, weep for sickness, that it hath inherited eternal health? What, weep for shame, that it is glorified; and weep for sinful mortality, that it hath become immaculate? Oh, weep not, but rejoice. If ye knew what it was that I have said unto you, and whither I have gone, ye would rejoice with a joy that no man should take from you.



THE river of God is full of water; but there is not one drop of it that takes its rise in earthly springs. God will have no strength used in his own battles but the strength which he himself imparts; and I would not have you that are now distressed, in the least disengaged by your sorrow. Your emptiness is but the preparation for your being filled; and your casting down is but the making ready for your lifting up.



IF there were such a thing as national salvation; if it could be possible that we could be saved in the gross and in the bulk, that so, like the sheaves of corn, the few weeds that may grow with the stubble would be gathered in for the sake of the wheat, then, indeed, it might not be so foolish for us to neglect our own personal interests; but if the sheep must, every one of them, pass under the hand of him that

telleth them, if every man must stand in his own person before God, to be tried for his own acts—by everything that is rational, by everything that conscience would dictate, and self-interest would commend, let us each of us look to our own selves, that we be not deceived, and that we find not ourselves, at last miserably cast away.



If you this day are seeking the Lord, through Christ, the day shall come when the kiss of full assurance shall be on your lip, when the arms of sovereign love shall embrace you, and you shall know it to be so. Thou mayest have despised him, but thou shalt know him yet to be thy Father and thy friend. Thou mayest have scoffed his name; thou shalt one day come to rejoice in it as better than pure gold. Thou mayest have broken his Sabbaths and despised his Word; the day is coming when the Sabbath shall be thy delight, and his Word thy treasure. Yes, marvel not; thou mayest have plunged into the kennel of sin, and made thy clothes black with iniquity; but thou shalt one day stand before his throne white as the angels be; and that tongue which once cursed him shall yet sing his praise. If thou be a real seeker, the hands which have been stained with lust shall one day grasp the harp of gold, and the head that has plotted against the Most High shall yet be girt with the diadem. Seemeth it

not a strange thing that God should do so much for sinners? But strange though it seem, it shall be strangely true.

WE do not care about 50,000 aphorisms, or syllogisms, inferences, or logical deductions. God's word against man's any day.

WHEREVER there is an eye suffused with tears, wherever there is a lip quivering with agony, wherever there is a deep groan, or a penitential sigh, the ear of Jehovah is wide open; he puts them like rose leaves between the pages of his book of remembrance, and when the volume is opened at the last great day, there shall be a precious fragrance springing up therefrom.

GOD'S good pleasure is, that this world shall one day be totally redeemed from sin. This poor planet, so long swathed in darkness, shall soon shine out in brightness, like a new-born sun. Christ's death hath done it. The stream that flowed from his side on Calvary shall cleanse the world from all its blackness. That hour of mid-day darkness was the rising of a

new sun of righteousness, which shall never cease to shine upon the earth. Yes, the hour is coming when swords and spears shall be forgotten things, when the harness of war and the pageantry of pomp shall all be laid aside to be the food of the worm or the contemplation of the curious. The hour approacheth when old Rome shall shake upon her seven hills, when Mohammed's crescent shall wane to wax no more, when all the gods of the heathens shall lose their thrones and be cast out to the moles and to the bats; and then, when from the equator to the poles, Christ shall be honoured, the Lord paramount on earth; when from land to land, from the river even to the ends of the earth, one King shall reign, one shout shall be raised, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."



WITHOUT bread, I become attenuated to a skeleton; and, at last, I die. Without thought, my mind becomes dwarfed, ay, and dwindleth itself until I become an idiot, with a soul that hath just life, but little more. And without Christ, my new-born spirit must become a vague, shadowy emptiness. It cannot live unless it feeds on that heavenly manna which came down from heaven. Now the Christian can say, "The life that I live is Christ;" because Christ is the food on which he feeds, and the sustenance of his new-born spirit.

SINNER, let this be thy comfort, that God sees thee when thou beginnest to repent. He does not see thee with his usual gaze, with which he looks on all men, but he sees thee with an eye of intense interest. He has been looking on thee in all thy sin, and in all thy sorrow, hoping that thou wouldest repent, and when he sees the first gleam of grace, he beholds it with joy. Never warden on the lonely castle-top saw the first gray light of morning with more joy than that with which God beholds the first desire in thy heart. Never physician rejoiced more when he saw the first heaving of the lungs in one that was supposed to be dead, than God doth rejoice over thee, now that he sees the first token for good.



SOLOMON slept with armed men round his bed, and thus slumbered securely; but Solomon's father slept one night on the bare ground—not in a palace—with no moat round his castle wall,—but he slept quite as safely as his son, for he said, “I laid me down and slept, and I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.” Now, some persons never feel secure in this world at all; I query whether one half of my nearer friends feel themselves so. Suppose I burst out in a moment, and sing this—

“I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven.”

100137

You would say, that is too high doctrine; and I would reply, very likely it is for you, but it is the truth of God, and it is sweet doctrine for me. I love to know, that if I am predestinated according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, I must be saved; if I was purchased by the Son's blood, I cannot be lost, for it would be impossible for Jesus Christ to lose one whom he has redeemed, otherwise he would be dissatisfied with his labours. I know that where he has begun the good work he will carry it on. I never fear that I shall fall away, or be lost; my only fear is, lest I should not have been right at first; but, provided I am right, if I be really a child of God, I might believe that the sun would be smitten with madness, and go reeling through the universe like a drunken man—I might believe that the stars would run from their courses, and instead of marching with their measured tramp, as now they do, whirl on in wild courses like the dance of Bacchanals—I could even conceive that this great universe might all subside in God, "even as a moment's foam subsides into the wave that bears it;" but neither reason, heresy, logic, eloquence, nor a conclave of divines, shall make me pay a moment's attention to the vile suggestion, that a child of God may ever perish. Hence I tread this earth with confidence. Arguing a little while ago with an Arminian, he said, "Sir, you ought to be a happy man; for if what you say be true, why you are as secure of being in heaven as if you were there." I

said, "Yes, I know it." "Then you ought to live above cares and tribulations, and sing happily from morning to night." I said, "So I ought, and so I will, God helping me." This is security. It is thus God "giveth his beloved sleep." To know that if I die I shall enter heaven—to be as sure as I am of my own existence that God, having loved me with an everlasting love and he being immutable, will never hate me if he has once loved me—to know that I must enter the kingdom of glory—is not this enough to make all burdens light, and give me the hind's feet wherewith I may stand upon my high places? Happy state of security! "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

A MARTYR is going to the stake; the halbert-men are around him; the crowds are mocking, but he is marching steadily on. See, they bind him with a chain around his middle, to the stake; they heap fagots all about him; the flame is lighted up; listen to his words: "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." The flames are kindling round his legs; the fire is burning him even to the bone; see him lift up his hands and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though the fire devour this body, yet in my flesh shall I see the Lord." Behold him clutch the stake and kiss it, as if he loved it, and hear him say, "For every chain of iron with which man girdeth me, God shall give to me a chain of

gold; for all these fagots, and this ignominy and shame, he shall increase the weight of my eternal glory." See all the under parts of his body are consumed, still he lives in the torture; at last he bows himself, and the upper part of his body falls over; and as he falls you hear him say, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." What wondrous magic was on him, sirs? What made that man strong? What helped him to bear that cruelty? What made him stand unmoved in the flames? It was the marvellous power which surrounds the cross of Christ. For "unto us who are saved it is the power of God."



H, I reckon on the day of death if it were for the mere hope of seeing the bright spirits that are now before the throne. What delight it will be to clasp the hand of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, to look into the face of Paul the apostle, and grasp the hand of Peter; to sit in flowery fields with Moses and David, to bask in the sunlight of bliss with John and Magdalene. Oh, how blest! The company of poor imperfect saints on earth is good; but how much better the society of the perfected. Death is no loss to us by way of friends. We leave a few, a little band below, and say to them, "Fear not, little flock," and we ascend and meet the armies of the living God—the hosts of his redeemed. Surely, "*To die is gain.*"

IN the very beginning, when this great universe lay in the mind of God, like unborn forests in the acorn-cup; long ere the echoes waked the solitudes; before the mountains were brought forth: and long ere the light flashed through the sky, God loved his chosen creatures. Before there was creatureship—when the ether was not fanned by the angel's wing; when space itself had not an existence; when there was nothing save God alone; even then, in that loneliness of Deity, and in that deep quiet and profundity, his bowels moved for his chosen. Their names were written on his heart, and they were dear to his soul.



THERE is an elect out of the elect, I will acknowledge, as to gifts and standing, and as to the labour they may accomplish *in this world*; but there is no election out of the elect as to a deeper extent of love. They are all loved alike; they are all written in the same book of eternal love and life.



WHEN I hear of a church where they are all gentlemen, I always say farewell to that: for where there are no poor, the ship will soon sink. If there are no poor, then Christ will soon give them some, if they are a real Gospel church.

O H! it is a glorious fact, that prayers are noticed in heaven. The poor, broken-hearted sinner, climbing up to his chamber, bends his knee, but can only utter his wailing in the language of sighs and tears. Lo! that groan has made all the harps of heaven thrill with music; that tear has been caught by God, and put into the lachrymatory of heaven, to be perpetually preserved. The suppliant, whose fears prevent his words, will be well understood by the Most High.



Y OU cannot get to heaven by your works. You might as well seek to mount the stars on a tread-wheel, as to go to heaven by your doings; for as you get up a step, you will always come down as low as before.



D O you not know that God is an eternal self-existent Being; that to say he loves *now*, is, in fact, to say he always did love, since with God there is no past, and can be no future. What we call past, present, and future, he wraps in one eternal now. And if you say he loves you *now*, you say he loved yesterday; he loved in the past eternity, and he will love for ever; for *now* with God is past, present, and future.

THEY that go forth to fight the Lord's battles, boasting that they are strong, shall return with their banners trailed in the dust, and with their armour stained with defeat; for God will not befriend the man who goeth forth in his own strength.

GOD'S love is not grounded upon a foresight of our faith. For faith is the gift of God. Does my natural father love me because he fed me, and because he clothed me? Nay, he clothed and fed me because he loved me; his love was prior to his gift. His gifts did not draw his love to me, because he loved me before he gave them. And if any man says, "God loves me because I can do this or that for him," he talks nonsense.

PEACE is the flowing of the brook, but joy is the dashing of the cataract when the brook overflows, bursts its banks, and rushes down the rocks.

MEN have said of many of their works, "they shall endure for ever;" but how have they been disappointed! In the age succeeding the Flood, they made the brick, they gathered the slime, and when

they had piled old Babel's tower, they said, "This shall last for ever." But God confounded their language; they finished it not. By his lightnings he destroyed it, and left it a monument of their folly. Old Pharaoh and the Egyptian monarchs heaped up their pyramids, and they said, "They shall stand for ever," and so indeed they do stand; but the time is approaching when age shall devour even these. So with all the proudest works of man, whether they have been his temples or his monarchies, he has written "everlasting" on them; but God has ordained their end, and they have passed away. The most stable things have been evanescent as shadows and the bubbles of an hour, speedily destroyed at God's bidding. Where is Nineveh, and where is Babylon? Where the cities of Persia? Where are the high places of Edom? Where are Moab and the princes of Ammon? Where are the temples or the heroes of Greece? Where the millions that passed from the gates of Thebes? Where are the hosts of Xerxes, or where the vast armies of the Roman Emperors? Have they not passed away? And though in their pride they said, "this monarchy is an everlasting one; this queen of the seven hills shall be called the eternal city," its glory is dimmed. She who sat alone, and said, "I shall be no widow, but a queen for ever," she hath fallen, hath fallen, and in a little while she shall sink like a millstone in the flood, her name being a curse and a by-word, and her site the

habitation of dragons and of owls. Man calls his works eternal—God calls them fleeting; man conceives that they are built of rock, but they are sand, or worse than that—they are air.” Man says he erects them for eternity—God blows upon them for a moment, and where are they? “Like baseless fabrics of a vision,” they are passed and gone for ever.

GOD'S Holy Spirit and man's sin cannot live together peaceably; they may both be in the same heart, but they cannot both reign there, nor can they both be quiet there; for “the Spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit;” they cannot rest, but there will be a perpetual warring in the soul, so that the Christian will have to cry, “O wretched man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” But in due time, the Spirit will drive out all sin, and will present us blameless before the throne of his Majesty with exceeding great joy.

WARN the boatman before he enters the current, and then, if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison, tell him it is deadly: and then if he

drinks it, his death lies at his own door. And so let us warn you before you depart this life; let us preach to you while as yet your bones are full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are not loosed.

FRIEND, thou hast not the Spirit. Then thou art nothing better, be thou what thou art, than the fall of Adam left thee. That is to say, thou art a fallen creature, having only capacities to live here in sin, and to live for ever in torment; but thou hast not the capacity to live in heaven at all, for thou hast not the Spirit; and therefore thou art unable to know or enjoy *spiritual* things. And mark you, a man may be in this state, and be a sensual man, and yet he may have all the virtues that could grace a Christian; but with all these, if he has not the Spirit, he is not an inch further than where Adam's fall left him—that is, condemned and under the curse. Ay, and he may attend to religion with all his might—he may take the sacrament, and be baptized, and may be the most devout professor; but if he hath not the Spirit, he hath not started a solitary inch from where he was, for he is still in “the bonds of iniquity,” a lost soul. Nay, further, he may pick up religious phrases till he may talk very fast about religion; he may read biographies till he seems to be a deep-taught child of God; he may be able to write an article

upon the deep experience of a believer; but if this experience be not his own, if he hath not received it by the Spirit of the living God, he is still nothing more than a carnal man, and heaven is to him a place to which there is no entrance. Nay, further, he might go so far as to become a minister of the gospel, and a successful minister too, and God may bless the word that he preaches to the salvation of sinners, but unless he has received the Spirit, be he as eloquent as Apollos, and as earnest as Paul, he is nothing more than a mere soulish man, without capacity for spiritual things.

Nay, to crown all, he might even have the power of working miracles, as Judas had—he might even be received into the Church as a believer, as was Simon Magus, and after all that, though he had cast out devils, though he had healed the sick, though he had worked miracles, he might have the gates of heaven shut in his teeth, if he had not received the Spirit. For this is the essential thing, without which all others are in vain—the reception of the Spirit of the living God.

SOME persons say they cannot bear to be an hour in solitude; they have nothing to do, nothing to think about. Surely, no Christian will ever talk so, for in the one word, *Christ*, he will discover enough beauties to occupy his thoughts to all eternity.

THE imagination will sometimes fly up to God with such a power that eagles' wings cannot match it. It sometimes has such might that it can almost see the King in his beauty, and the land which is very far off. With regard to myself, my imagination will sometimes take me beyond the gates of iron, across that infinite unknown, to the very gates of pearl, which shut in the glorified. But, if it is potent one way, it is another: for my imagination has taken me down to the vilest kennels and sewers of earth. It has given me thoughts so dreadful, that, while I could not avoid them, I was thoroughly horrified at them. These thoughts will come; and when I feel in the holiest frame, the most devoted to God, and the most earnest in prayer, it often happens that at this very time the plague breaks out the worst. But I rejoice to be able to declare that I strive against the evil, and cry to the Lord concerning it. I know it is said in the Book of Leviticus, when an act of evil was committed, if the maiden cried out against it, then her life was to be spared. So it is with the Christian. If he cries out, he need not doubt but that he shall be forgiven the iniquity.



THE gospel is to the true believer a thing of power. Once I, like Mazeppa, bound on the wild horse of my lust, bound hand and foot, incapable of resistance,

was galloping on with hell's wolves behind me, howling for my body and my soul as their just and lawful prey. There came a mighty hand which stopped that wild horse, cut my bands, delivered me, and brought me into liberty. Is there power in the gospel? Ay, there **is** power; and he who has felt it, must acknowledge it. There was a time when I lived in the strong old castle of my sins, and rested on my works. There came a trumpeter to the door, and bade me open it. I, with anger, chid him from the porch, and said he ne'er should enter. There came a goodly personage, with loving countenance; his hands were marked with scars, where nails were driven, and his feet had nail-prints too; he lifted up his cross, using it as a hammer. at the first blow the gate of my prejudice shook; at the second it trembled more, at the third down it fell, and in he came: and he said, "Arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Thus did he prove the power of his cross.



JUST before I die sanctification will be finished; but not till that moment shall I ever claim perfection in myself. But at that moment when I depart, my spirit shall have its last baptism in the Holy Spirit's fire. It shall be put in the crucible for its last trying in the furnace; and then, free from all dross, and tin, like a wedge of pure gold, it shall be pre-

sented at the feet of God without the least degree of impurity. O glorious hour! O blessed moment; Methinks I long to die if there were no heaven, if I might but receive that last purification, and come up from Jordan's stream immaculate. Oh, to be washed white, clean, pure, perfect! Not an angel more pure than I shall be—yea, not God himself more holy! and I shall be able to say, in a double sense, “Great God, I am clean--through Jesus' blood I am clean, and through the Spirit's work I am clean too!”

If this earth could but have its mantle torn away for a little while, if the green sod could be cut from it, and we could look about six feet deep into its bowels, what a world it would seem! What should we see? Bones, carcasses, rottenness, worms, corruption. And you would say, “Can these dry bones live? Can they start up?” Yes! “in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, the dead shall be raised.” He speaks; they are alive! Are they scattered? bone comes to his bone! Are they naked? flesh comes upon them! Are they still lifeless? “Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain!” When the wind of the Holy Spirit comes, they live; and they stand upon their feet an exceeding great army.

THEOLOGY hath nothing new in it except that which is false. The preaching of Paul must be the preaching of the minister to-day. There is no advancement here. We may advance in our knowledge of God's revealed truth; but it stands the same, for this good reason—that it is perfect, and perfection cannot be any better.

METHINKS, if you had a free pass to the Queen's palace, you would use it very often; if you might go there and hold communion with some person whom you dearly loved, you would often be found there. But here is your Jesus, the King of heaven, and he gives you that which can open the gates of heaven, and let you in to hold company with him, and yet you live without considering his work, beholding his person, or anticipating his glory.

JUST as the tiny shells make up the chalk hills, and the chalk hills together make up the range, so our trifling actions make up the whole account, and each of these must be weighed separately in our last account. You had an hour to spare the other day—what did you do? You had a voice—how did you use it? You had a pen—how did you employ it? Each item shall be called over, and there shall be demanded an account for each particular.

IT is well to be the sheep of God's pasture, even if we have been wandering sheep. The straying sheep has an owner; and however far it may stray from the fold, it ceases not to belong to that owner. I believe that God will yet bring back into the fold every one of his own sheep, and they shall all be saved. It is something to feel our wanderings, for if we feel ourselves to be lost, we shall certainly be saved; if we feel ourselves to have wandered, we shall certainly be brought back.



VIRTUES in unregenerate men are nothing but whitewashed sins. The best performance of an unchanged character is worthless in God's sight. It wants the stamp of grace on it; and that which has not the stamp of grace, is false coin.



GOOD old Simeon called Jesus the consolation of Israel; and so he was. Before his actual appearance his name was the *day-star*, cheering the darkness, and prophetic of the rising sun. To him they looked with the same hope which cheers the nightly watcher, when from the lonely castle-top he sees the fairest of the stars, and hails her as the usher of the morn. When he was on earth, he must have been the consolation of all those who were privileged

to be his companions. We can imagine how readily the disciples would run to Christ to tell him of their griefs, and how sweetly, with that matchless voice of love, he would bid their fears be gone. They would consider him as their Father; and to him every want, every groan, every sorrow, every agony, would at once be carried. He, like a wise physician, had a balm for every wound; he had mingled a cordial for every care; and readily did he dispense his mighty remedies to allay all the fever of their troubles. Oh! it must have been sweet to have lived with Christ. Surely, sorrows were then but joys in masks, because they gave an opportunity to go to Jesus to have them removed. Oh! would to God, some of us may say, that we could have lain our weary heads upon the bosom of Jesus, and that our birth had been in that happy era, when we might have heard his kind voice, and seen his kind look, when he said, "Let the weary ones come unto me."

But Jesus could not always remain with his people in the flesh. Great prophecies were to be fulfilled, and great purposes were to be answered, and therefore Jesus must go. It behoved him to suffer, that he might be made a propitiation for our sins. It behoved him to slumber in the dust awhile, that he might perfume the chamber of the grave to make it—

"No more a charnel house to fence
The relics of lost innocence."

It behoved him to have a resurrection, that we, who shall one day be the dead in Christ, might rise first, and in glorious bodies stand upon the earth. And it behoved him that he should ascend up on high, that he might lead captivity captive; that he might chain the fiends of hell; that he might lash them to his chariot-wheels, and drag them up high heaven's hill, to make them feel a second overthrow from his right arm, when he should dash them from the pinnacles of heaven down to the deepest depths beneath. "It is right I should go away from you," said Jesus, "for if I go not away, *the Comforter* will not come." Jesus must go. Weep, ye disciples: Jesus must be gone. Mourn, ye poor ones, who are to be left without a comforter. But hear how kindly Jesus speaks: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will pray the Father, and he shall send you another comforter, who shall be with you, and shall dwell in you for ever." He would not leave those few poor sheep alone in the wilderness; he would not desert his children, and leave them fatherless; albeit that he had a mighty mission which did fill his heart and hand; albeit he had so much to perform, that we might have thought that even his gigantic intellect would be overburdened; albeit he had so much to suffer, that we might suppose his whole soul to be concentrated upon the thought of the sufferings to be endured. Yet it was not so; before he left, he gave soothing words of comfort; like the good Samaritan, he poured

in oil and wine, and we see what he promised: "I will send you another Comforter—one who shall be just what I have been, yea, even more; who shall console you in your sorrows, remove your doubts, comfort you in your afflictions, and stand as my vicar on earth, to do that which I would have done had I tarried with you."

MANY a good old Jerusalem blade has been blunted against the hard heart. Many a sword of the true gospel steel has had the edge turned when its exhortation fell upon a hardened heart. We cannot reach the soul, but the Holy Spirit can. He can dash the rock in pieces, or melt it in the fire. "My beloved can put his hand by the hole in the door, and my bowels will move for sin." He can give a sense of blood-bought pardon that shall dissolve a heart of stone.

THE very fact that you have troubles is a proof of Christ's faithfulness; for you have now one half of his legacy, and you will have the other half. You know that Christ's last will and testament has two portions in it. "In the world ye shall have tribulation:" you have that. The next clause is—"In me ye shall have peace." You have that too. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." That is yours also.

THERE will be little else we shall want in heaven besides Jesus Christ. He will be our bread, our food, our beauty, our glorious dress. The atmosphere of heaven will be Christ; everything in heaven will be Christ-like; yea, Christ is the heaven of his people.

REST thee well assured, O scorner, that thy laughs cannot alter truth, thy jests cannot avert thine inevitable doom. Though in thy hardihood thou shouldst make a league with death, and sign a covenant with hell—yet swift justice shall overtake thee, and stern vengeance strike thee low. In vain dost thou jeer and mock, for eternal verities are mightier than thy sophistries, nor can thy smart sayings alter the divine truth of a single word of this volume of Revelation. Oh! why dost thou quarrel with thy best friend, and ill-treat thy only refuge? There yet remains hope, even for the scorner. Hope in a Saviour's veins; hope in the Father's mercy; hope in the Holy Spirit's omnipotent agency.

IT is true that you have no fiery chariot; but then the angels shall carry you to Jesus' bosom, and that is as well. It is true, no ravens bring your food; it is quite as true you get your food somehow or other. It is quite certain that no rock gushes out with water;

but still your water has been sure. It is true your child has not been raised from the dead; but you remember that David had a child that was not raised any more than yours. You have the same consolation as he had: "I shall go to him; he shall not return to me."

THE old truth that Calvin preached, that Chrysostom preached, that Paul preached, is the truth that I must preach to-day, or else be a liar to my conscience and my God. I cannot shape the truth. I know of no such thing as paring off the rough edges of a doctrine. John Knox's gospel is my gospel. That which thundered through Scotland must thunder through England again. The great mass of our ministers are sound enough in the faith, but not sound enough in the way they preach it.

MEN in the days of Toplady looked back to the days of Whitfield; men in the days of Whitfield looked back to the days of Bunyan; men in the days of Bunyan wept, because of the days of Wycliffe, and Calvin, and Luther, and men then wept for the days of Augustine and Chrysostom. Men in those days wept for the days of the Apostles; and doubtless men in the days of the Apostles wept for the days of Jesus Christ; and no doubt some in the days of Jesus Christ were so

blind as to wish to return to the days of prophesy, and thought more of the days of Elijah than they did of the most glorious day of Christ. Some men look more to the past than the present. What is this but folly. Let us be up and doing, and instead of bemoaning the evils of the times, let us seek grace to make our age better. This is practical, the other childish. Rest assured, that Jesus Christ is the same to-day as he was yesterday, and he will be the same for ever.



YE may take a corpse, ye may dress it in all the garments of external decency; ye may wash it with the water of morality; ye may bedeck it with the crown of profession; ye may put on its brow a tiara of beauty; ye may paint its cheeks, until ye make it well-nigh like life itself. But remember, unless the spirit be there, the worm shall feed on the painted cheek, and corruption will ere long seize on the body. It is the Spirit that is the quickener.



THE Holy Ghost advocates our cause with Jesus Christ, with groanings that cannot be uttered. O my soul! thou art ready to burst within me. My heart is swelled with grief. The hot tide of my emotion well-nigh overflows the channels of my veins. I long to speak, but the very desire

chains my tongue. I wish to pray, but the fervency of my feeling curbs my language. There is a groaning within that cannot be uttered. Do you know who can utter that groaning? who can understand it, and who can put it into heavenly language, and utter it in a celestial tongue, so that Christ can hear it? O yes; it is God the Holy Spirit; he advocates our cause with Christ, and then Christ advocates it with his Father. He is the advocate who maketh intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered.



O H! there is a voice in love; it speaks a language which is its own; it has an idiom and a brogue which none can mimic; wisdom cannot imitate it; oratory cannot attain unto it; it is love alone which can reach the mourning heart; love is the only handkerchief which can wipe the mourner's tears away. For this reason the Holy Ghost is a surpassing comforter; a loving comforter. Dost thou know, O saint, how much the Holy Spirit loves thee? Canst thou measure the love of the Spirit? Dost thou know how great is the affection of his soul towards thee? Go measure heaven with thy span; go weigh the mountains in the scales; go take the ocean's water, and tell each drop; go count the sand upon the sea's wide shore; and when thou hast accomplished this, thou canst tell how much he loveth thee. He has

loved thee long, he has loved thee well, he loved thee ever, and he still shall love thee; surely he is the person to comfort thee, because he loves.

THE young *may* die; the old *must*! To sleep in youth is to sleep in a siege; to sleep in old age is to slumber during the attack. What! man, wilt thou, that art so near thy Maker's bar, still put him off with a "Go thy way?" What! procrastinate now, when the knife is at thy throat—when the worm is at the heart of the tree, and the branches have begun to wither—when the grinders are failing because they are few, and they that look out of the windows are darkened? The sere and yellow leaf has come upon thee, and thou art still unready for thy doom! BEWARE! BEWARE!

THE canon of revelation is closed; there is no more to be added. God's Spirit does not give a fresh revelation, but he explains the old one. When it has been forgotten, and laid in the dusty chamber of our memory, he fetches it out and cleans the picture, but does not paint a new one. There are no new doctrines, but the old ones are often revived. It is not, I say, by any new revelation that the Spirit comforts. He does so by telling us old things over again; he brings a

fresh lamp to manifest the treasures hidden in Scripture; he unlocks the strong chests in which the truth is hidden, and he points to secret chambers, filled with untold riches; but he coins no more, for enough is done. Believer! there is enough in the Bible for thee to live upon for ever. If thou shouldst outnumber the years of Methuselah, there would be no need for a fresh revelation; if thou shouldst live till Christ should come upon the earth, there would be no necessity for the addition of a single word; if thou shouldst go down as deep as Jonah, or even descend as David said he did, into the belly of hell, still there would be enough in the Bible to comfort thee without a supplementary sentence.

THE gospel is the sum of wisdom; an epitome of knowledge; a treasure-house of truth; and a revelation of mysterious secrets. In it we see how justice and mercy may be married; here we behold inexorable law entirely satisfied, and sovereign love bearing away the sinner in triumph. Our meditation upon it enlarges the mind; and as it opens to our soul in successive flashes of glory, we stand astonished at the profound wisdom manifest in it. Ah, dear friends! if ye seek wisdom, ye shall see it displayed in all its greatness; not in the balancing of the clouds, nor the firmness of earth's foundations; not in the measured march of the armies of the sky, nor in the perpetual

motions of the waves of the sea; not in vegetation with all its fairy forms of beauty, nor in the animal with its marvellous tissue of nerve, and vein, and sinew; nor even in man, that last and loftiest work of the Creator. But turn aside and see this great sight! —an incarnate God upon the cross; a substitute atoning for mortal guilt; a sacrifice satisfying the vengeance of heaven, and delivering the rebellious sinner. Here is essential wisdom; enthroned, crowned, glorified. Admire, ye men of earth, if ye be not blind; and ye who glory in your learning, bend your heads in reverence, and own that all your skill could not have devised a gospel at once so just to God, so safe to man.



A MAN'S force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man: if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it be a downright falsehood. Let a man be never so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake

about his power. Let him have a heart that is right full to the brim with an object, and that man will do the thing, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. **HEART IS POWER.**

THE book of nature is an expression of the thoughts of God. We have God's terrible thoughts in the thunder and lightning; God's loving thoughts in the sunshine and the balmy breeze; God's bounteous, prudent, careful thoughts in the waving harvest and in the ripening meadow. We have God's brilliant thoughts in the wondrous scenes which are beheld from mountain-top and valley; and we have God's most sweet and pleasant thoughts of beauty in the little flowers that blossom at our feet.

THERE have been many, like infants, destroyed by elixirs given to lull them to sleep; many have been ruined by the cry of "Peace, peace; when there is no peace;" hearing gentle things, when they ought to be stirred to the quick. Cleopatra's asp was brought in a basket of flowers; and men's ruin often lurks in fair and sweet speeches. Take heed of a rotten confidence engendered by flattering doctrine. Make sure work for eternity.

YOUNG man, build thy studio on Calvary ! there raise thine observatory, and scan by faith the lofty things of nature. Take thee a hermit's cell in the garden of Gethsemane, and lave thy brow with the waters of Siloa. Let the Bible be thy standard classic —thy last appeal in matters of contention. Let its light be thine illumination, and thou shalt become more wise than Plato, more truly learned than the seven sages of antiquity.

OLD man! of all fools, a fool with a grey head is the worst fool anywhere. With one foot in the grave, and another foot on a sandy foundation, how shall I depict you, but by saying to you as God said to the rich man, "Thou fool! a few more nights and thy soul shall be required of thee;" and then, where art thou?

WHEN the gospel was first preached, instead of being accepted and admired, one universal hiss went up to heaven: men could not bear it; its first preacher they dragged to the brow of the hill, and would have sent him down headlong; yea, they did more—they nailed him to the cross, and there they let him languish out his dying life in agony such as no man hath borne since. All his chosen ministers have been hated and abhorred by worldlings; instead of being listened to, they have been scoffed at;

treated as if they were the offscouring of all things, and the very scum of mankind. Look at holy men in the old times, how they were driven from city to city, persecuted, afflicted, tormented, stoned to death, wherever the enemy had power to do so. Those friends of men, those real philanthropists, who came with hearts big with love, and hands full of mercy, and lips pregnant with celestial fire, and souls that burned with holy influence; those men were treated as if they were spies in the camp, as if they were deserters from the common cause of mankind; as if they were enemies, and not, as they truly were, the best of friends. Do not suppose that men like the gospel any better now than they did then. There is an idea that manhood is growing better. I do not believe it. In many respects men may be better—outwardly better; but the heart within is still the same. The human heart of to-day dissected, would be just like the human heart a thousand years ago; the gall of bitterness within that breast of yours, is just as bitter as the gall of bitterness in that of Simon of old. We have in our hearts the same latent opposition to the truth of God; and hence we find men, even as of old, who scorn the gospel.



If you feel at any time "death working in you," as doubtless you will, withering the bloom of your piety, chilling the fervour of your devotions, and

quenching the ardour of your faith; remember, he who first quickened you must keep you alive. The Spirit of God is like the sap that flowed into your poor dry branch, because you were grafted into Christ, and as by that sap you were first made green with life, so it is by that sap alone you can ever bring forth fruit to God.



WHEN thou art wrestling, like Jacob with the angel and art nearly thrown down, ask the Holy Spirit to nerve thine arm. Consider how the Holy Spirit is the chariot-wheel of prayer. Prayer may be the chariot, the desire may draw it forth, but the Spirit is the very wheel whereby it moveth.



A GOSPEL without a Trinity! it is a pyramid built upon its apex. A gospel without a Trinity! it is a rope of sand that cannot hold together. A gospel without the Trinity! then, indeed, Satan can overturn it. But, give me a gospel with the Trinity, and the might of hell cannot prevail against it; no man can any more overthrow it than a bubble could split a rock, or a feather break in halves a mountain. Get the thought of the three persons, and you have the marrow of all divinity. Only know the Father, and know the Son, and know the Holy Ghost to be One,

and all things will appear clear. This is the golden key to the secrets of nature; this is the silken clue of the labyrinths of mystery, and he who understands this, will soon understand as much as mortals e'er can know.

YOU know more about your ledgers than your Bible; you know more about your day-books than of what God has written. Many of you will read a novel from beginning to end, and what have you got? A mouthful of froth when you have done. But you will not read the Bible; that solid, lasting, substantial, and satisfying food goes uneaten, locked up in the cupboard of neglect: while anything that man writes, a catch of the day, is greedily devoured.

THE science of Jesus Christ is the most excellent of sciences. Let no one turn away from the Bible because it is not a book of learning and wisdom, for it is replete with knowledge. Would ye know astronomy? It is here: it tells you of the Sun of Righteousness and the Star of Bethlehem. Would you know botany? It is here: it tells you of the plant of renown—the lily of the valley, and the rose of Sharon. Would you know geology and mineralogy? You shall learn it here: for you may read of the rock of ages, and the white stone with the name

engraven thereon, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. Would ye study history? Here is the most ancient of all the records of the history of the human race. Whate'er your science is, come and bend o'er this book; your science is here. Come and drink out of this fair fount of knowledge and wisdom, and ye shall find yourselves made wise unto salvation.



HAST thou now a sweet temper, whereas thou once wast passionate? Boast not of it; thou wilt be angry yet again if Jesus leaves thee. Art thou now pure, whereas thou wast once unclean? Boast not of thy purity; it is a plant, the seed of which was brought from heaven; it never was within thy heart by nature; it is God's gift, and God's alone.



OUR world is controlled by two forces; it has a tendency to run off at a tangent from its orbit; but the sun restrains it by a centripetal power, and attracts it to itself, and so between the two forces it is kept in a perpetual circle. Oh! Christian, thou wilt never walk aright, and keep in the orbit of truth, if it be not for the influence of Christ perpetually attracting thee to the centre. Thou feelest, and if thou dost not feel always, it is still there—thou feelest an attraction between thine heart and Christ, and Christ

is perpetually drawing thee to himself, to his likeness, to his character, to his love, to his bosom, and in that way thou art kept from thy natural tendency to fly off, and to be lost in the wide fields of sin. Bless God, that Christ lifted up, draws all his people unto him.

DO you see the cat? She sits there, and will lick her paws and wash herself clean. I see that, said the other. Well, said the first speaker, did you ever hear of one of the hogs taken out of the sty that did so? No, said he. But he could if he liked, said the other. Ah! verily, he could if he liked; but it is not according to his nature, and you never saw such a thing done, and until you have changed the swine's nature he cannot perform such a good action, and God's Word says the same of man.

CAST your troubles where you have cast your sins; you have cast your sins into the depth of the sea, there cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour on your own mind before you tell it to your heavenly Father. As soon as the trouble comes, quick, the first thing, tell it to him. Remember, that the longer you delay telling your trouble to God, the more your peace will be impaired. The longer the frost lasts, the more likely that the ponds will be frozen.

CULTIVATE a cheerful disposition; endeavour as much as lieth in you, always to bear a smile about with you; recollect, that "rejoice evermore" is as much a command of God as that verse which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart."

CHRIST JESUS was an attractive preacher; he sought above all means to set the pearl in a frame of gold, that it might attract the attention of the people. He was not willing to place himself in a parish church, and preach to a large congregation of thirteen and a-half, like our good brethren in the city of London, but would preach in such a style that people felt they *must* go to hear him. Some of them gnashed their teeth in rage and left his presence in wrath, but the multitudes still thronged to him to hear and to be healed. It was no dull work to hear this King of preachers, he was too much in earnest to be dull, and too humane to be incomprehensible.

IT was once said by Solon, "No man ought to be called a happy man till he dies," because he does not know what his life is to be; but Christians may always call themselves happy men *now*, for their future is secured in the covenant. Wherever their tent is removed, they cannot pitch it where the cloud does

not move, and where they are not surrounded by the sacred circle of fire. "I will be a wall of fire, round about them, and their glory in the midst." They cannot dwell where God is not householder, warder, and bulwark of salvation.

"All my ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decrea."

O H! ye that are not Christians, it were worth while to be Christians, if it were only for the peace and happiness that religion gives. If we had to die like dogs, yet this religion were worth having to make us live here like angels. Oh, if the grave were what it seems to be, the goal of all existence; if the black nails of the coffin were not bright with stars, if death were the end and our lamps were quenched in darkness, when it was said, "Dust to dust and earth to earth;" yet 'twere worth while to be a child of God for this life alone.

WE dream of everything in the world, and a few things more! If we were asked to tell our dreams, it would be impossible. You dream that you are at a feast; lo! the viands change into a Pegasus, and you are riding through the air; or, again, you are suddenly transformed into a morsel for a monster's meal. Such is life. The changes occur as suddenly

as they happen in a dream. Men have been rich one day, they have been beggars the next. We have witnessed the exile of monarchs, and the flight of potentates: or, in another direction, we have seen a man, neither reputable in character nor honorable in station, at a single stride exalted to a throne; and you who would have shunned him in the streets before, were foolish enough to throng your thoroughfares to stare at him. Ah! such is life. Leaves of the Sibyl were not more easily moved by the winds, nor are dreams more variable; "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what w^e day may bring forth."



HOW foolish are those men who wish to pry into futurity; the telescope is ready, and they are looking through it; but they are so anxious to see, that they breathe on the glass with the hot breath of their fear, and they dim it, so that they can discern nothing but clouds and darkness.



EVERY now and then we turn up a fair stone which lies upon the green sward of the professing church, surrounded with the verdure of apparent goodness, and to our astonishment we find beneath it all kinds of filthy insects and loathsome reptiles, and in our disgust at such hypocrisy we are driven to exclaim, "All men

are liars; there are none in whom we can put any trust at all." It is not fair to say so of all; but really, the discoveries which are made of the insincerity of our fellow-creatures are enough to make us despise our kind, because they can go so far in appearances, and yet have so little soundness of heart.



OUR Bible is a blood-stained book. The blood of martyrs, translators, and confessors, besprinkles its sacred pages. The pool of holy baptism in which ye have been baptized is a blood-stained pool: full many have had to die for the vindication of that baptism which is the answer of a good conscience towards God. The doctrines which we preach to you are doctrines that have been baptized in blood: swords have been drawn to slay the confessors of them; and there is not a truth which has not been sealed by the faithful at the stake, or the block, or far away on the lofty mountains, where they have been slain by hundreds.



GOD might, if he pleased, wrap himself with night as with a garment; he might put the stars under his feet, and bind the suns around his brow for a coronet; he might dwell alone, far, far above this world, up in the seventh heaven, and look down with calm and silent indifference upon all the doings of

his creatures; he might do as the heathens supposed their Jove did, sit in perpetual silence, sometimes nodding his awful head to make the fates move as he pleased, but never taking thought of the little things of earth, disposing of them as beneath his notice, engrossed within his own being, swallowed up within himself, living alone and retired; and I, as one of his creatures, might stand by night upon a mountain-top, and look upon the silent stars, and say, "Ye are the eyes of God, but ye look not down on me; your light is the gift of his omnipotence, but your rays are not smiles of love to me. God, the mighty Creator, has forgotten me. I am a despicable drop in the ocean of creation, a sere-leaf in the forest of beings, an atom in the mountain of existence. He knows me not; I am alone, alone, alone." But it is not so, beloved. Our God is of another order. He notices every one of us; there is not a sparrow or a worm but is found in his decrees. There is not a person upon whom his eye is not fixed. Our most secret acts are known to him. Whatsoever we do, or bear, or suffer, the eye of God still rests upon his people. Should not this fill us with delight?



A NY husbandman can get a good crop out of good soil; but God is the husbandman who can grow cedars on rocks, who can not only put the hyssop upon the wall, but put the oak there too, and make the

greatest faith spring up in the most unlikely position. All glory to his grace! the great sinner may become great in faith. Be of good cheer, then, sinner! If Christ should make thee repent, thou hast no need to think that thou shalt be the least in the family. Oh! no; thy name may yet be written among the mightiest of the mighty, and thou mayest stand as a memorable and triumphant instance of the power of faith.

THERE was an evil hour when once I shipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of Revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind; I said to reason, "Be thou my captain;" I said to my own brain, "Be thou my rudder;" and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history. It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went, the skies began to darken; but to make up for that deficiency, the waters were on fire with corruscations of brilliancy. I saw sparks flying upwards that pleased me, and I thought, "If this be free thought, it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands; but anon, instead of these blazings of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on, they gnashed their teeth, and grinned upon me;

they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on, while I, in part, exulted at the rapidity of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old land-marks of my faith. As I hurried forward with an awful speed, I began to mistrust my very existence; I questioned if there were a world, I doubted if there were such a thing as myself. I went to the very verge of the dreamy realms of unbelief. I dived to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. I doubted everything. But here the devil foiled himself: for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of that sea, there came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death-dream, which, God knows, might have damned my soul, and ruined my body. I arose from my fearful sleep, faith took the helm; from that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back; faith cried, "Away, from the dark abyss of unbelief, away, away!" I cast my anchor on Calvary; I lifted my eye to God; and here I am, "alive, and out of hell."



THIS world is turning round on its axis once in four-and-twenty hours; and besides that, it is moving round the sun in the 365 days of the year. So that we are all moving; we are all flitting along through space. And as we are travelling through

space, so we are moving through time at an incalculable rate. Oh! what an idea it is could we grasp it! We are all being carried along as if by a giant-angel, with broad outstretched wings, which he flaps to the blast of fate, and flying before the lightning, makes us ride on the winds. The whole multitude of us are hurrying along ; *whither*, remains to be decided by the test of our faith and the grace of God ; but certain it is, we are all travelling. Do not think that you are stable things; fancy not that you are standing still; you are not. Your pulse each moment beats your death march. You are chained to the chariot of rolling time; there is no bridling the steeds, or leaping from the chariot; you must be constantly in motion. Prepare then for the end of the journey.



THE Bible is the writing of the living God. Each letter was penned with an Almighty finger; each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips; each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit. Albeit, that Moses was employed to write his histories with his fiery pen, God guided that pen. It may be that David touched his harp, and let sweet Psalms of melody drop from his fingers; but God moved his hands over the living strings of his golden harp. Solomon sang canticles of love, and gave forth words of consummate wisdom; but God directed his lips, and made the preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum,

when his horses plough the waters; or Habakkuk, when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love, or the rugged chapters of Peter, who speaks of fire devouring God's enemies; if I turn to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God, everywhere I find God speaking; it is God's voice, not man's; the words are God's words; the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of ages. This Bible is God's Bible, and when I see it, I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying "I am the book of God! Man read me! I am God's writing; study my page, for I was penned by God; love me, for he is my author, and you will see him visible and manifest everywhere."

A PILGRIM sets out in the morning, and he has to journey many a-day before he gets to the shrine which he seeks. What varied scenes the traveller will behold on his way! Sometimes he will be on the mountains, anon he will descend into the valleys; here he will be where the brooks shine like silver, where the birds warble, where the air is balmy, and the trees are green, and luscious fruits hang down to gratify his taste: anon he will find himself in the arid desert, where no life is found, and no sound is heard, except the screech of the wild eagle in the air; where he finds

no rest for the sole of his foot—the burning sky above him, and the hot sand beneath him—no roof-tree, and no house to rest himself: at another time he finds himself in a sweet oasis, resting himself by the wells of water, and plucking fruit from palm trees. One moment he walks between the rocks in some narrow gorge, where all is darkness, at another time he ascends the hill Mizar; now he descends into the valley of Baca; anon he climbs the hill of Bashan, “a high hill is the hill Bashan;” and yet again going into the den of leopards, he suffers trial and affliction. Such is life—ever changing. Who can tell what may come next? To-day it is fair, the next day there may be the thundering storm; to-day I may want for nothing, to-morrow I may be like Jacob, with nothing but a stone for my pillow, and the heavens for my curtains. But what a happy thought it is, though we know not where the road winds, we know where it ends. It is the straightest way to heaven to go round about. Israel’s forty years’ wanderings were, after all, the nearest path to Canaan. We may have to go through trial and affliction; the pilgrimage may be a tiresome one, but it is safe; we cannot trace the river upon which we are sailing, but we know it ends in floods of bliss at last. We cannot track the roads, but we know that they all meet in the great metropolis of heaven, in the centre of God’s universe. God help us to pursue the true pilgrimage of a pious life!

THERE is no risk of success in being a Christian, and making God the first object; but make anything else your goal, and with all your running, should you run ever so well, you shall fall short of the mark; or if you gain it, you shall fall uncrowned, unhonoured to the earth "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

A VIEW of Christ on Calvary is always beneficial to a Christian. We never hear a sermon concerning Christ of which we disapprove, however inelegant in its diction, if it be sound in doctrine. We never complain of our minister that he preaches too much concerning the cross of Jesus Christ. No; there can be no tautology where his name is mentioned. Though sermon should be a mere repetition of his name, we would rejoice to hear it, and say—

"Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear."

The French king said of Bourdaloue, that he "would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue than the novelties of another." So we can say of Jesus Christ, that we had rather hear the repetitions of Jesus than any novelty from any preacher whatsoever. Oh! how are our souls dissatisfied when we listen to a gospel destitute of Christ. There are some preachers who can manage to deliver a sermon, and leave out Christ's name altogether. Surely the true believer will stand

like Mary Magdalene, over the sermon and say, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Take away Christ from the gospel, and you have taken away its essence. The marrow of theology is Christ; the very bone and sinew of the gospel is preaching Christ. A Christless sermon is the merriment of hell. A Christless sermon is a fearful waste of time; it incurs the blood of souls, and dyes that man's skirts with gore who dares to preach it. But too much of Christ we cannot have. Give us Christ always, Christ ever. The monotony of Christ is sweet variety, and even the unity of Christ hath in it all the elements of harmony. Christ, on his cross and on his throne, in the manger and in the tomb—Christ everywhere is sweet to us.

If it would take me seven years to describe the way of salvation, I am sure you would all long to hear it. If only one learned doctor could tell the way to heaven, how would he be run after! And if it were in hard words, with a few scraps of Latin and Greek, you would seek to know it none the less. But it is a simple gospel that we have to preach, and, therefore, you are careless about it. It is only "Look!" "Ah!" you say, "is that the gospel? I shall not pay any attention to that." But why has God ordered you to do such a simple thing? Just to take down

your pride, and to shew you that he is God, and that beside him there is none else. Oh, mark how simple the way of salvation is. It is, "Look! look! look!" Four letters, and two of them alike! "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."



A S a man does not make himself spiritually alive so neither can he keep himself so. He can feed on spiritual food, and so preserve his spiritual strength; he can walk in the commandments of the Lord, and so enjoy rest and peace, but still the inner life is dependent upon the Holy Spirit as much for its after existence as for its first begetting. I do verily believe that if it should ever be my lot to plant my foot upon the golden threshhold of Paradise, and put this thumb upon the pearly latch, I should never cross the threshhold unless I had grace given me to take that last step whereby I might enter heaven. No man himself, even when converted, hath any power, except as that power is daily, constantly, and perpetually infused into him by the Holy Spirit.



O H! it is a happy way of smoothing sorrow, when we can say, "We will wait only upon God." Oh, ye agitated Christians, do not dishonour your religion by always wearing a brow of care. Come, cast

your burden upon the Lord. I see ye staggering beneath a weight which he would not feel. What seems to you a crushing burden, would be to him but as the small dust of the balance. See! the Almighty bends his shoulders, and he says, "Come, my child, put thy troubles here."

MOST of the grand truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be burned into us with the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them. No man is competent to judge in matters of the kingdom, until first he has been tried; since there are many things to be learned in the depths which we can never know in the heights. We discover many secrets in the caverns of the ocean, which, though we had soared to heaven, we never could have known. He shall best meet the wants of God's people as a preacher who has had those wants himself; he shall best comfort God's Israel who has needed comfort; and he shall best preach salvation who has felt his own need of it.

If I desired to put myself into the most likely place for the Lord to meet with me, I should prefer the house of prayer, for it is in preaching, that the Word is most blessed; but still I think I should equally desire the reading of the Scriptures; for I might pause over

every verse, and say, "Such a verse was blessed to so many souls; then, why not to me? I am at least in the pool of Bethesda; I am lying amongst its porches, and who can tell but that the angel will stir the pool of the Word, whilst I lie helplessly by the side of it, waiting for the blessing?"

O H! it is not some hectic flush upon the cheek of consumptive irresolution that God counts to be the health of obedience. It is not some slight obedience for an hour that God will accept at the day of judgment. He saith, "Cursed is every one that *continueth* not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." And unless from my early childhood to the day when my gray hairs descend into the tomb, I shall have continued to be obedient to God, I must be condemned by the law. Unless I have from the first dawn of reason, when I first began to be responsible, obediently served God, until, like a shock of corn, I am gathered into my Master's garner, salvation by works must be impossible to me, and I must (standing on my own footing), be condemned. It is not, I say, some slight obedience that will save the soul. Thou hast not continued "in all things which are written in the book of the law," and therefore, thou art condemned. Seek then the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus, by which alone you can escape eternal death.

REMEMBER to put thine eyes heavenward, and thine heart heavenward, too. Remember that thou bind around thyself a golden chain, and put one link of it in the staple in heaven. Look unto Christ; fear not. There is no stumbling when a man walks with his eyes up to Jesus. He that looked at the stars fell into the ditch; but he that looks at Christ walks safely.

SO mighty is the ever-rushing torrent of sin, that no arm but that which is as strong as Deity can ever stop the sinner from being hurried down to the gulf of black despair, and, when nearing that gulf, so impetuous is the torrent of divine wrath, that nothing can snatch the soul from perdition but an atonement which is as divine as God himself. Yet faith is the instrument of accomplishing the whole work. It delivers the sinner from the stream of sin, and so, laying hold upon the omnipotence of the Spirit, it rescues him from that great whirlpool of destruction into which his soul was being hurried.

BEHOLD the unpillared arch of heaven; see how it stretches its gigantic span; and yet it falleth not, though it is unpropred and unbuttressed. "He hangeth the world upon nothing." What chain is it

that bindeth up the stars, and keepeth them from falling? Lo, they float in ether, upheld by his omnipotent arm who hath laid the foundations of the universe. A Christian should be a second exhibition of God's universe; his faith should be an unpillared confidence resting on the past, and on the eternity to come, as the sure groundwork of its arch. His faith should be like the world; it should hang on nothing but the promise of God, and have no other support but that; and he himself, like the stars, should float in the ether of confidence, needing nothing to uphold him but the right hand of the Majesty on high.

YE who do not know how inflexible justice is, stand at the foot of yon cross, and hear the dying groans of Jesus; sit there and behold his looks of misery; mark his lineaments of woe, and ye shall know how severe is justice. No man ever thought Brutus so severely just as when he put his own sons to death. "Surely," they said, "he will spare *them*." But, no, the inflexible senator said, "They have broken the laws of my country, and they shall die." And so, in a higher and more sublime sense, we might never have known how just God was, if he had not put his own Son to death. Bring forth the sinner, justice! bring forth the sinner! "Nay," saith justice, "I will let the sinner go free; but here is the sinner's substitute."

Bring him forth, O Justice ! “ Art thou the substitute for sin ? ” “ I am, my Father, I am.” “ Well, my Son, I love thee, I have loved thee ; but since thou art become the substitute for sinners, I will punish on thy head every sin which they have committed.” See ! the lash is uplifted : will it not fall gently on *his* shoulders ? He is the Son. See there ! the sword is unsheathed. O sword, sleep in thy scabbard ; he is the Son ! he is the Son ! Ay, but Son though he be, he is the sinner’s representative, and he must die. Mark how the sword unsparingly smites him ; see how the rod falls on him ; mark how thongful after thongful of his quivering flesh is torn off as they lash him at Pilate’s pillar, mark how he bleeds at every pore, while in the garden he sweats under his Father’s wrath. Oh ! brethren, God is just ; but we never know that half so well, till in Gethsemane’s glooms and in the midst of Golgotha’s horrors we have tarried for awhile. What thinkest thou, O unpardonable man or woman ? If God punished his Son, surely he will punish thee. If Christ, who only had *imputed* guilt, must suffer like this, how wilt thou suffer ! for thou hast *thine own* sin. If *he*, the perfect, the pure, the spotless, must suffer so fearful an amount of agony, how shalt thou escape if thou dost neglect so great salvation ? How hopest thou to be delivered, if on his Son’s head such vengeance fell ? Where, where wilt thou find a covering for thyself ? Know this, that he who is awfully just, not having remitted the penalty, but having exacted all at Christ’s

hands, will surely exact it at thine if thou diest impenitent, and if thou approachest before his bar unshiven and unwashed in a Saviour's blood.



MAN is like a great icicle, which the sun of time is continually thawing, and which is soon to be water spilt upon the ground that cannot be gathered up. Who can recall the departed spirit, or inflate the lungs with a new breath of life? Who can put vitality into the heart, and restore the soul from Hades? None. It cannot be gathered up. The place thereof shall know it no more for ever. But here a sweet thought charms us. This water cannot be lost, for it shall descend into the soil to filter through the Rock of Ages, at last to spring up a pure fountain in heaven, cleansed, purified, and made clear as crystal. How terrible if, on the other hand, it should percolate the black earth of sin, and hang in horrid drops in the dark caverns of destruction!



AND all these—all this vast gathering of human souls, are joining in one cry—all moving in one direction. O thought! at which the faithful well may weep; their cry is SELF, their course is SIN. Here and there are the chosen few struggling against

the mighty tide; but the masses, the multitude, still, as in the days of David, are hurrying their mad career in search of a fancied good, and reaping the fruit of the futile search in disappointment, death, and hell.

PERHAPS the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You that are so anxious about what shall happen on the morrow, that you cannot enjoy the pleasures of to-day, you who have such a peculiar cast of mind that you suspect every star to be a comet, and imagine that there must be a volcano in every grassy mead, you that are more attracted by the spots in the sun than by the sun himself, and more amazed by one sere leaf upon the tree than by all the verdure of the woods—you that make more of your troubles than you could do of your joys—I say, I think you belong to the most miserable of men.

FROM the cross of Calvary, where the bleeding hands of Jesus drop mercy: from the garden of Gethsemane, where the bleeding pores of the Saviour sweat pardons, the cry comes, “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” From Calvary’s summit, where Jesus cries “It is finished,” I hear a shout, “Look, and be saved.” But there comes a vile cry from our soul, “Nay, look to yourself! look

to yourself!" Ah, look to yourself, and you will be damned. That certainly will come of it. As long as you look to yourself, there is no hope for you. It is not a consideration of what you are, but a consideration of what God is, and what Christ is, that can save you. It is looking from yourself to Jesus. Oh! there be men that quite misunderstand the gospel; they think that righteousness qualifies them to come to Christ; whereas sin is the only qualification for a man to come to Jesus. Good old Crisp says, "Righteousness keeps me from Christ; the whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. Sin makes me come to Jesus, when sin is felt; and in coming to Christ, the more sin I have the more cause I have to hope for mercy."



YOU cannot, though you may think you can, preserve a moderation in sin. If you commit one sin, it is like the melting of the lower glacier upon the Alps; the others must follow in time. As certainly as you heap one stone upon the cairn to-day, the next day you will cast another, until the heap, reared stone by stone, shall become a very pyramid. Set the coral insect at work, you cannot decree where it shall stay its work. It will not build its rock just as high as you please, it will not stay until it shall be covered with weeds, until the weeds shall decay, and there shall be soil upon it, and an island shall be created by tiny creatures. Sin cannot be held in with bit and bridle.

TO know one's self to be foolish is to stand upon the door-step of the temple of wisdom: to understand the wrongness of any position is half way towards amending it; to be quite sure that our self-confidence is a heinous sin and folly, and an offence against God, and to have that thought burned into us by God's Holy Spirit, is going a great length towards the absolute casting our self-confidence away, and the bringing of our souls in practice, as well as in theory, to rely wholly upon the power of God's Holy Spirit.



LOVE! thou art the sum of Godhead, thou art the explanation of divinity. What is this world, this great world of ours, but "love" spelled out large? The stars, if we could read them rightly, spell "love." If we could interpret the language of the floods, we should hear them whispering "love." And could we gather together all flowers, and distil their essence, and get an extract from them all, we should find that its smell was "love." Every thing in this world telleth of love. But would you know the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of God, which passeth knowledge, come hither to the Cross!



SOON, soon, the saints of earth shall be saints in light; their hairs of snowy age shall be crowned

with perpetual joy and everlasting youth; their eyes, suffused with tears, shall be made bright as stars, never to be clouded again by sorrow; their hearts that tremble now are to be made joyous and fast for ever, like pillars in the temple of God. Their follies, their burdens, their griefs, their woes, are soon to be over; sin is to be slain, corruption is to be removed, and a heaven of spotless purity and of unmixed peace is to be theirs for ever. But it must still be by grace. As was the foundation such must the top-stone be; that which laid on earth the first beginning, must lay in heaven the topmost stone.

O H! how solemn will be that hour when we must struggle with the last dread enemy, Death! The death-rattle is in our throat—we can scarce articulate—we try to speak; the death-glaze is on the eye: Death hath put his fingers on those windows of the body, and shut out the light for ever; the hands well-nigh refuse to lift themselves, and there we are, close on the borders of the grave! Ah! that moment, when the spirit sees its destiny; that moment of all moments the most solemn, when the soul looks through the bars of its cage, upon the world to come! No, I cannot tell you how the spirit feels, if it be an ungodly spirit, when it sees a fiery throne of judgment, and hears the thunders of Almighty wrath, while there is

but a moment between it and hell. I cannot picture to you what must be the fright which men will feel, when they realize what they often heard of—the worm that dieth not, and fire the unquenchable!

TRUE friendship can only be made between true men, whose hearts are the soul of honour. There can be no lasting friendship between bad men. Bad men may pretend to love each other, but their friendship is a rope of sand, which shall be broken at any convenient season; but if a man have a sincere heart within him, and be true and noble, then we may confide in him. Spenser sings in fine old English verse—

“Ne, certes can that friendship long endure
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evil end enure,
For Vertue is the band that bindeth Harts most sure.”

But who can find a stain in the character of Jesus, or who can tarnish his honour? Has there ever been a spot on his escutcheon? Has his flag ever been trampled in the dust? Does he not stand the true witness in heaven, the faithful and just? Is it not declared of him that he is God who cannot lie? Have we not found him so up to this moment; and may we not, knowing that he is “Holy, holy, holy, Lord,” confide in him, that he will stick closer to us than a brother? His goodness is the guarantee of his fidelity; he cannot fail us.

THIS Bible is the stone that shall break in powder every opposing power; this is the mighty battering-ram that shall dash all systems of false philosophy in pieces; this is the millstone that a woman may yet hurl upon the head of every Abimelech, and he shall utterly be destroyed. O Church of God! fear not; thou shalt do wonders; wise men shall be confounded, and thou shalt know, and they too, that he is God, and that beside him there is none else.

HE who would be happy here must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter, must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the Father of his people.

A MERE profession is but painted pageantry to go to hell in: it is like the plumes upon the hearse and the trappings upon the black horses which drag men to their graves, the funeral array of dead souls. Take heed above everything of a waxen profession that will not stand the sun; take care of a life that needs to have two faces to carry it out; be one thing, or else the other. If you make up your mind to serve Satan, do not pretend to serve God; and if you serve God, serve him with all your heart.

YOU may think of a doctrine for ever, and get no good from it, if you are not already saved; but think of the person of Christ, and that will give you faith. Take him everywhere, wherever you go, and try to meditate on him in your leisure moments, and then he will reveal himself to you, and give you peace.

WHAT! is Christ thy Brother, and does he live in thine house, and yet thou hast not spoken to him for a month? I fear there is little love between thee and thy Brother, for thou hast had no conversation with him for so long. What! is Christ the Husband of his church, and has she had no fellowship with him for all this time? Oh, shame on such cold love! Let us live in daily communion with Him.

THE bodies of the Egyptian kings, which are found in the tombs, are wrapped round and round with interminable folds of linen. Well, God's Bible is like that; it is a vast roll of white linen, woven in the loom of truth; so you will have to continue unwinding it, roll after roll, before you get the real meaning of it from the very depth; and when you have found, as you think, a part of the meaning, you will still need to keep on unwinding, unwinding, and all eternity you will be unwinding, the words of this wondrous volume.

WHEN a man has fifty different pursuits, his heart resembles a pool of water, which is spread over a marsh, breeding miasma and pestilence; but when all his desires are brought into one gracious channel, his heart becomes like a river of pure water, running along and fertilizing the fields.

SUPPOSING the innumerable company of the redeemed could perish, and their immortality were swallowed up in death, yet, even then, daily, Christ would be praised! If all of us had departed from the sphere of being—look up yonder! See yon starry host? See the mighty cohorts of cherubs and seraphs? Let men be gone and THEY shall praise him; let the troops of the glorified cease their notes, and let no sweet melodies ever come from the lips of sainted men and women; yet the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even twenty thousands of angels, who always in their sonnets chant his praise. There is an orchestra on high, the music of which shall never cease, even were mortals extinct, and all the human race swept from existence. Again, if angels were departed, still daily would he be praised; for, are there not worlds on worlds, and suns on suns, and systems on systems, that would for ever sing his praise? Yes! The ocean—that house of storms—would sound out his glories; the winds would swell the notes of his praise with their

ceaseless howlings; the thunders would roll like drums in the march of the God of armies; the illimitable void of ether would become vocal with song; and space itself would burst forth into one universal chorus—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! still the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! And if these were gone, if creatures ceased to exist, he who ever liveth and reigneth, in whom all the fulness of the Godhead bodily dwells, would still be praised; praised in himself, and glorious in himself; for the Father would praise the Son, and the Spirit would praise him, and mutually blessing one another, and rendering each other beatified, still “daily would he be praised.”



A LAS for thee, O son of gaiety! that thy pulse should beat a march to hell. Alas! that yonder clock, like the muffled drum, should be the music of the funeral march of thy soul. Alas! alas! that thou shouldst fold thine arms in pleasure, when the knife is at thy heart. Alas! alas! for thee, that thou shouldst sing, and make merriment, when the rope is about thy neck, and the drop is tottering under thee! Alas! for thee, that thou shouldst go thy way, and live merrily and happily and yet be lost! Thou reminst me of the silly moth that dances round about the flame, singeing itself for a while, and then at last plunging to its death. Such art thou! Young

woman, with thy butterfly clothing, thou art leaping round the flame that shall destroy thee! Young man, light and frothy in thy conversation, gay in thy life, thou art dancing to hell; thou art singing thy way to damnation, and promenading the road to destruction. Alas! alas! that ye should be spinning your own winding-sheets; that ye should every day by your sins be building your own gallows; that by your transgressions ye should be digging your own graves, and working hard to pile the faggots for your own eternal burning. Oh! that ye were wise, that ye understood this, that ye would consider your latter end. Oh! that ye would flee from the wrath to come!

AS for the common mercies we enjoy, they all sing of "love," just as the sea-shell, when we put it to our ear, whispers of the deep sea whence it came; but ah! if ye desire to hear the ocean itself, if ye would hear the fulness of the floods, ye must not look at every-day mercies, but at the stupendous wonder of that mid-day night, when Christ was crucified.

THE ancient city of refuge had round it suburbs of a very great extent. Two thousand cubits were allowed for grazing land for the cattle of the priests, and a thousand cubits within these for fields and vineyards.

Now, no sooner did the man-slayer reach the outside of the city, than he was safe; it was not necessary for him to get within the walls, but the suburbs themselves were sufficient protection. Learn, hence, that if ye do but touch the hem of Christ's garment, ye shall be made whole; if ye lay hold of him with "faith as a grain of mustard seed," with faith which is scarcely a believing, but is truly a believing, you are safe.

"A little genuine grace ensures
The death of all our sins."

Get within the borders; lay hold of the hem of Christ's garment, and thou art secure.

WHAT contempt hath God poured upon the wisdom of this world! How hath he brought it to nought, and made it appear as nothing. He has allowed it to work out its own conclusions, and prove its own folly. Men boasted that they were wise; they said that they could find out God to perfection; and in order that their folly might be refuted once and for ever, God gave them the opportunity of so doing. He said, "Worldly wisdom I will try thee. Thou sayest that thou art mighty, that thine intellect is vast and comprehensive, that thine eye is keen, that thou canst unravel all secrets; now, behold, I try thee—I give thee one great problem to solve. Here is the universe: stars

make its canopy, fields and flowers adorn it, and the floods roll o'er its surface; my name is written therein; the invisible things of God may be clearly seen in the things which are made. Philosophy, I give thee this problem—find me out. Here are my works—find me out. Discover in the wondrous world which I have made the way to worship me acceptably. I give thee space enough to do it, there are data enough. Behold the clouds, the earth and the stars. I give thee time enough; I will give thee four thousand years, and I will not interfere! but thou shalt do as thou wilt with thine own world. I will give thee men in abundance; for I will make great minds, and vast, whom thou shalt call lords of earth; thou shalt have orators, thou shalt have philosophers. Find me out, O reason; discover my nature if thou canst; find me out unto perfection, if thou art able; and if thou canst not, then shut thy mouth for ever, and then I will teach thee that the wisdom of God is wiser than the wisdom of man; yea, that the foolishness of God is wiser than men." And how did the reason of man work out the problem? How did wisdom perform her feat? Look upon the heathen nations; there you see the result of wisdom's researches. In the time of Jesus Christ, you might have beheld the earth covered with the slime of pollution—a Sodom on a large scale, corrupt, filthy, depraved, indulging in vices which we dare not mention, revelling in lusts too abominable to permit our imagination to dwell upon for a moment. We find the men prostrating themselves before blocks

of wood and stone—adoring ten thousand gods more vicious than themselves. We find, in fact, that reason wrote out her own depravity with a finger covered with blood and filth, and that she for ever cut herself out from all her glory, by her vile inventions. She would not worship God. She would not bow down to him who is “clearly seen,” but she worshipped any creature—the reptile that crawled, the crocodile, the viper—everything might be a god, but not, forsooth, the God of heaven. Vice might be made into a ceremony, the greatest crime might be exalted into a religion, but true worship she knew nothing of. Poor reason! poor wisdom! how art thou fallen from heaven! Like Lucifer, thou son of the morning, thou hast fallen to the lowest depths. Thou hast written out thy conclusion, but it is a conclusion of consummate folly.

“After that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.” Wisdom had had its time, and time enough; it had done its all, and that was little enough; it had made the world worse than it was before it stepped upon it, and “now,” says God, “foolishness shall overcome wisdom; now, ignorance, as ye call it, shall sweep away science; now (saith God), humble, childlike faith, shall crumble to the dust all the colossal systems your hands have piled.” He calls his army. Christ puts his trumpet to his mouth, and up come the warriors, clad in fishermen’s garb, with the brogue of the lake of

Galilee—poor humble mariners. Here are the warriors, O wisdom! that are to confound thee; these are the heroes who shall overcome thy proud philosophers; these men are to plant the standard of the cross upon thy ruined walls, and bid them fall for ever; these men and their successors are to exalt a gospel in the world which ye may laugh at as absurd, which ye may sneer at as folly, but which shall be exalted above the hills, and shall be glorious even to the highest heavens. Since that day, God has always raised up successors of the apostles. I claim to be a successor of the apostles, not by any lineal descent, but because I have the same roll and charter as any apostle, and am as much called to preach the gospel as Paul himself; if not as much owned in the conversion of sinners, yet in a measure blessed of God; and therefore, here I stand, foolish as Paul might be, foolish as Peter, or any of those fishermen, but still with the might of God I grasp the sword of truth—coming here to “preach Christ and him crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and wisdom of God.”



O Infidelity! abortion of the night, thou hast been condemned a thousand times. Thou art a Protean creature, changing thy shape as ages change. Once

thou wast a laughing idiotic plaything for Voltaire, then a bullying blasphemer with Tom Paine, then a cruel blood-drinking fiend fit for Robespierre, anon a speculating theorist with Owen, and now a worldly gross secularizing thing for impious lecturers and profane admirers. I fear thee not, infidelity: thou art an asp, biting at iron, spending thy spleen, and breaking thy fangs. My friends, did you ever walk the centuries, and mark the rise and fall of various empires of unbelief? If so, you will seem to be on a battle-field, and you see corpses; you ask the name of the dead, and some one replies, "That is the corpse of such a system, and that the carcase of such a theory;" and, mark you, as surely as time rolls on, the now rampant style of infidelity will perish, and in fifty years we shall see the skeleton of an exploded scheme, and of its admirers the epitaph will be—"Here lies a fool, called of old, a secularist." Now, what shall we say of Mormonism—the haggard superstition of the west, or of Puseyism—the express image of popery, or of Socinian and Arian heresies, of Arminian perversions, or of Antinomian abuse? What shall we say of each, but that their death-knell shall soon toll, and these children of hell shall sink back to their birth-place in the pit. And yon old and crazy church upon the seven hills, has dared to hurl its anathemas at the saints of the Lord; still doth she hold the wine-cup of abomination; still is she robed in scarlet, and her sway is over many waters; but she shall be condemned in judgment. Lo,

the millstone in the hand of the archangel hastens to its fall, and Babylon the great shall perish with a terrible overthrow. Shout, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it; sing, O ye inhabitants of the earth, for the promise is accomplished, and every opposing tongue condemned.



I WILL make all my goodness pass before thee. What a panorama! What a series of dissolving views! What sight upon sight, each one melting into the other! Could I stand here this morning, and borrow the eloquence of an angel; could I speak to you as I might wish—but, alas! I cannot break these bonds that hold my stammering tongue—could I loose these lips, and speak as angels speak, then I could tell you *something*, but not much of the goodness of God; for it is “past our finding out.” Since I cannot utter it myself, I would invoke all creation to be vocal in his praise. Ye hills, lift up your voices, let the shaggy woods upon your summits wave with adoration. Ye valleys, fill the air with the bleatings of your sheep and the lowing of your cattle. Ye that have life, if ye have voices, tune his praise; and if ye walk in silence, let your joyful motions show the thanks ye cannot speak. Oh, ye trees of the field clap your hands, ye winds in solemn harmony chant to his glory. Thou ocean, with thy myriad waves, in all thy solemn pomp, thy motion to and fro, forget not him who bids a thousand fleets sweep over

thee in vain, and writes no furrow on thy ever youthful brow. And you, ye storms, howl out his greatness; let your thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies; let your lightnings write his name in fire upon the midnight darkness; let the illimitable void of space become one mouth for song; and let the unnavigated ether, through its shoreless depths, bear through the infinite remote the name of him who is *ever* good and doeth good.

THE saints in Jesus, while their bodies sleep in death, have perpetual fellowship with him—ay, better fellowship than we can enjoy. We have but the transitory glimpse of his face; they gaze upon it every moment. We see him “in a glass, darkly;” they behold him “face to face.” We sip of the brook by the way; they plunge into the very ocean of unbounded love. We sometimes look up, and see our Father smile; look whenever they may, his face is always full of smiles for them. We have some honeyed drops of comfort; but they get the honeycomb itself. They have their cup filled with new wine, running over with perennial, unalloyed delights. They are full of peace, full of joy for ever. They “sleep in Jesus.” Such a description of death makes us wish to sleep too. O Lord, let us go to sleep with the departed! O happy hour! when a clod of the valley shall be our

pillow! Though it be hard, we shall sleep as sweetly as Jacob at Bethel. Happy hour, when earth shall be our bed! Cold shall be the clay, but we shall not know it; we shall slumber in serenity. The worm shall hold carnival within our bones, and corruption shall riot o'er our frame; but we shall not feel it. Corruption can but feed on the corruptible; mortality can but prey upon the mortal. The glorified spirit shall be far beyond the reach of decay.

SALVATION is God's highest glory. He is glorified in every dewdrop that twinkles in the morning sun. He is magnified in every wood flower that blossoms in the copse, although they live to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness in the forest air. God is glorified in every bird that warbles on the spray; in every lamb that skips the mead. Do not the fishes in the sea praise him? From the tiny minnow to the huge Leviathan, do not all creatures that swim the water bless and praise his name? Do not all created things extol him? Is there aught beneath the sky, save man, that does not glorify God? Do not the stars exalt him, when they write his name upon the azure of heaven in their golden letters? Do not the lightnings adore him when they flash his brightness in arrows of light, piercing the midnight darkness? Do not thunders extol him when they sound like the

footsteps of Jehovah, shaking the spheres? Do not all things exalt him, from the least even to the greatest? But sing, sing, O Universe, till thou hast exhausted thyself, thou canst not afford a song so sweet as the song of Incarnation. Though creation may be a majestic organ of praise, it cannot reach the compass of the golden canticle—Incarnation! There is more in that than in creation, more melody in Jesus in the manger, than there is in worlds on worlds rolling their grandeur round the throne of the Most High.



WHEN God would build for himself a palace of living stones, whence did he bring them? Did he go to the quarries of Paros? Hath he brought forth the richest and purest marble from the quarries of perfection? No, ye saints, look to “the hole of the pit whence ye were digged, and to the rock whence ye were hewn!” Ye were full of sin; so far from being stones that were white with purity, ye were black with defilement by nature, utterly unfit to be stones in the spiritual temple, which should be the dwelling-place of the Most High. And yet he chose you to be trophies of his grace, and of his power to save. When Solomon built for himself a palace, he built it of cedar; but when God would build for himself a dwelling for ever he cut not down the goodly cedars, but he dwelt in a bush, and hath preserved it as his memorial for ever,

"The God that dwelt in the bush." Goldsmiths make exquisite forms from precious material; they fashion the bracelet and the ring from gold:—God maketh his precious things out of base material; and from the black pebbles of the defiling brooks he hath taken up stones, which he hath set in the golden ring of his immutable love, to make them sparkle on his finger for ever. He hath not selected the best, but the worst of men, to be the monuments of his grace. When he would have a choir in heaven that should with tongues harmonious sing his praises—a chorus that should for ever chant hallelujahs louder than the noise of many waters, and like great thunders, did he send Mercy down to seek earth's songsters, and cull from us those who have the sweetest voices? No! He said, "Go, Mercy, and find out the dumb, and touch their lips, and make them sing. The virgin tongues that never sang my praise before, that have been silent till now, shall break forth in rhapsodies sublime, and they shall lead the song; even angels shall but attend behind, and catch the notes from the lips of those who once were dumb; 'The tongue of the dumb shall sing.'"



If by any accident I had killed my best earthly friend,
I would go mourning all my days; but since I have
slain my Saviour by my own accursed sin, let me carry
to my grave my grief for my iniquity.

O HYPOCRITE, thou thinkest that thou shalt excel, because the minister has been duped, and gives thee credit for a deep experience; because the deacons have been entrapped and think thee to be eminently godly; because the church members receive thee to their houses, and think thee a dear child of God! Poor soul! mayhap thou mayest go to thy grave with the delusion in thy brain that all is right with thee; but remember, though like a sheep thou art laid in thy grave, Death will find thee out. He will say to thee, off with thy mask, man! away with all thy robes! Up with that whitewashed sepulchre! Take off that green turf; let the worms be seen. Out with the body; let us see the reeking corruption! And what wilt thou say when thine abominably corrupt and filthy heart shall be opened before the sun, and men and angels hear thy lies and hypocrisies laid bare before them? Wilt thou play the hypocrite then? Hypocrite, arise, and sing God's praises in the day of judgment with false lip! Tell him now, while a widow's house is in your throat, tell him that you love him! Come, now, thou that devourest the fatherless, thou that stealest, thou that dost uncleanness! tell him now that thou didst make thy boast in the Lord! tell him that thou didst walk in his streets; tell him thou didst make it known that thou wert one of the excellent of the earth! What! man, is thy babbling tongue silent for once? What is the matter with thee? Thou wast never slow to talk of thy godliness. Speak out, and

say "I took the sacramental cup; I was a professor." Oh, how changed! The whitewashed sepulchre has become white in another sense; he is white with horror. See now; the talkative has become dumb; the boaster is silent; the formalist's garb is rent to rags, the moth has devoured their beauty; their gold has become tarnished, and their silver cankered. Ah! it must be so with every man who has thus belied God and his own conscience.



THERE never shall come a day when the church shall be bereft of mighty champions for the truth, who shun not to declare the whole counsel of God; but continually, to the latest period of time, men shall be raised up to preach free grace in all its sovereignty, in all its omnipotence, in all its perseverance, in all its immutability. Until the sun grows dim with age, and the comets cease their mighty revolutions—till all nature quakes and totters with old age, and, palsied with disease, doth die away—the voice of the ministry must and shall be heard, "and daily shall Christ be praised." Men cannot put out the light of Christianity; the pulpit is still the Thermopylæ of Christendom, and if there were but two godly ministers, they would stand in the pass and repulse a thousand—yea, ten thousand. All the hosts of mankind shall never vanquish the feeble band of Christ's followers, while he

sends forth his ministers. On this we rely as a sure word of prophecy: "Thy teachers shall no more be removed into a corner;" and we believe that by this ministry daily shall Christ be praised.

HEAVEN is *a place of complete victory and glorious triumph*. This is the battle-field; there is the triumphal procession. This is the land of the sword and the spear; that is the land of the wreath and the crown. This is the land of the garment rolled in blood and of the dust of the fight; that is the land of the trumpet's joyful sound, the white robe, and the shout of conquest. Oh, what a thrill of joy shall shoot through the hearts of all the blessed when their conquests shall be complete in heaven, when death itself, the last of foes, shall be slain—when Satan shall be dragged captive at the chariot wheels of Christ—when the mighty Saviour shall have overthrown sin and trampled corruption as the mire of the streets—when the great shout of universal victory shall rise from the hearts of all the redeemed!

THE eagle is a bird noted for its swiftness. I remember reading an account of an eagle attacking a fish-hawk, which had obtained some booty from

the deep, and was bearing it aloft. The hawk dropped the fish, which fell towards the water; but before the fish had reached the ocean, the eagle had flown more swiftly than the fish could fall, and catching it in its beak, it flew away with it. The swiftness of the eagle is almost incalculable; you see it, and it is gone; you see a dark speck in the sky yonder; it is an eagle soaring; let the fowler imagine that by-and-bye he shall overtake it on some mountain's craggy peak, it shall be gone long before he reaches it. Such is our life. It is like an eagle hasting to its prey; not merely an eagle flying in its ordinary course, but an eagle hasting to its prey. Life appears to be hasting to its prey—the prey is the body; life is ever fleeing from insatiate death; but death is too swift to be outrun, and as an eagle overtakes his prey, so shall death.



YOU saw but yesterday a strong man in your neighbourhood brought to the grave by sudden death; it is but a month ago that you heard the bell toll for one whom once you knew and loved, who procrastinated and procrastinated until he perished in procrastination. You have had strange things happen in your very street, and the voice of God has been spoken loudly through the lip of Death to you. Ay, and you have had warnings too in your own body, you have been sick with fever, you have been brought to the

jaws of the grave, and you have looked down into the bottomless vault of destruction. It is not long ago since you were given up: all said they might prepare a coffin for you, for your breath could not long be in your body. Then you turned your face to the wall and prayed; you vowed that if God would spare you you would live a goodly life, that you would repent of your sins; but to your own confusion you are now just what you were. Ah! let me tell you, your guilt is more grievous than that of any other man, for you have sinned presumptuously, in the very highest sense in which you could have done so. You have sinned against reproofs, but what is worse still, you have sinned against your own solemn oaths and covenants, and against the promises that you made to God. He who plays with fire must be condemned as careless; but he who has been burned out once, and afterwards plays with the destroying element, is worse than careless; and he who has himself been scorched in the flame, and has had his locks all hot and crisp with the burning, if he again should rush headlong into fire, I say he is worse than careless, he is worse than presumptuous, he is mad. But I have some such here. They have had warnings so terrible that they might have known better; they have gone into lusts which have brought their bodies into sickness, and perhaps this day they have crept up to this house, and they dare not tell to their neighbour who stands by their side what is the loathsomeness that even now doth

breed upon their frame. And yet they will go back to the same lusts ; the fool will go again to the stocks, the sheep will lick the knife that is to slay him. You will go on in your lust and in your sins, despite warnings, despite advice, until you perish in your guilt. How worse than children are grown-up men ! The child who goes for a merry slide upon a pond, if he be told that the ice will not bear him, starteth back affrighted, or if he daringly creepeth upon it, how soon he leaves it, if he hears but a crack upon the slender covering of the water ! But you men have conscience, which tells you that your sins are vile, and that they will be your ruin ; you hear the crack of sin, as its thin sheet of pleasure gives way beneath your feet ; ay, and some of you have seen your comrades sink in the flood, and lost, and yet ye go sliding on, worse than childish, worse than mad are you thus presumptuously to play with your own everlasting state. O my God, how terrible is the presumption of some ! How fearful is presumption in any ! Oh ! that we may be enabled to cry, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins."



O H ! ye kind and affectionate hearts, who are not rich in wealth, but who are rich in love—and that is the world's best wealth—put the golden coin of love to Jesus among your silver ones, and it will sanctify them. Get Christ's love shed abroad in your

hearts, and your mother's love, your daughter's love, your husband's love, your wife's love, will become more sweet than ever. The love of Christ casts not out the love of relatives, but it sanctifies our loves, and makes them sweeter far. Remember the love of men and women is very sweet; but all must pass away; and what will you do if you have no wealth but the wealth that faileth, and no love but the love which dies, when death shall come! Oh! to have the love of Christ! You can take that across the river of death with you; you can wear it as your bracelet in heaven, and set it up as a seal upon your hand; for his love is "strong as death and mightier than the grave."

THERE is not a place beneath which a believer walks that is free from snares. Behind every tree there is the Indian with his barbed arrow; behind every bush there is the lion seeking to devour; under every piece of grass there lieth the adder. Everywhere we are in danger, and need the protection of the Most High.

TRUE religion makes us happy; it lights up the eye like the lamps of heaven; it makes our foot bound over this weary earth, and makes our soul elastic. They who have most religion will have least of misery, for religion will turn their bitterest draughts of grief into cups of joy.

BEHOLD him whom thou canst not behold ! Lift up thine eyes to the seventh heaven ; see where, in dreadful majesty, the brightness of his skirts makes the angels veil their faces, lest the light, too strong for even them, should smite them with eternal blindness. See ye him, who stretched the heavens like a tent to dwell in, and then did weave into their tapestry, with golden needle, stars that glitter in the darkness. Mark ye him who spread the earth, and created man upon it. And hear ye what he is. He is all-sufficient, eternal, self-existent, unchangeable, omnipotent, omniscient ! Wilt thou not reverence him ? He is good, he is loving, he is kind, he is gracious ! See the bounties of his providence ; behold the plenitude of his grace ! Wilt thou not love Jehovah, because he is Jehovah ?



IT seems too costly for him who is the Prince of Life and Glory to let his fair limbs be tortured in agony ; that the hands which carried mercies should be pierced with accursed nails ; that the temples that were always clothed with love should have cruel thorns driven through them. It appears too much for such poor worms as we. Oh ! weep, Christian, and let your wonder rise. Is not the price all but too great, that your beloved should for you resign himself ?

THE devil is a cunning enemy; he knows our weak points; he has been dealing with men for these last six thousand years; he knows all about them. He is possessed of a gigantic intellect, though he be a fallen spirit; and he is easily able to discover where our sore places are, and there it is he immediately attacks us. If we be like Achilles, and cannot be wounded anywhere but in our heel, then at the heel he will send his dart, and nowhere else.



THERE are some who are like the fabled swan. The ancients said the swan never sang in his life-time, but always sang just when he died. Now, there are many of God's desponding children, who seem to go all their life under a cloud; but they get a swan's song before they die. The river of their life comes running down, from the hills, black and miry with troubles, but when it begins to touch the white foam of the sea there is a glistening in its waters. Beloved, though we may have been very much dispirited by reason of the burden of the way, when we get to the end we shall have sweet songs. Are you afraid of dying? Oh! never be afraid of that; be afraid of living. Living is the only thing which can do any mischief; dying never can hurt a Christian. Afraid of the grave? It is like the bath of Esther, in which she lay for a time, to purify her-

self with spices, that she might be fit for her lord. The grave fits the body for heaven. There it lieth and corruption, earth, and worms, do but refine and purify our flesh. Be not afraid of dying; it is not a long process. Death is emancipation and deliverance to a child of God. Never fear it; it will be a singing time. You are afraid of dying, because of *the pains of death*. Nay, they are the pains of life—of life struggling to continue. Death has no pain; death itself is but one gentle sigh—the fetter is broken, and the spirit fled. The best moment of a Christian's life is his last one, because it is the nearest heaven; and then it is that he begins to strike the key-note of the song which he shall sing to all eternity.



IT is marvellous that the men who most of all rail at faith are remarkable for credulity. One of the greatest unbelievers in the world, who has called himself a free-thinker from his birth, is to be found now tottering into his tomb, believing the veriest absurdity that a child might confute. Not caring to have God in their hearts, forsaking the living fountain, they have hewn out to themselves cisterns which are broken, and hold no water. Oh! that we may each of us be more wise, that we may not forsake the good old path, nor leave the way that God hath prepared for us. What wonder we should travel amongst thorns

and briars, and rend our own flesh, or worse than that, fall among dark mountains, and be lost amongst the chasms thereof, if we despise the guidance of an unerring Father.



IT may be, that during a sermon two men are listening to the same truth; one of them hears as attentively as the other and remembers as much of it; the other is melted to tears or moved with solemn thoughts; but the one though equally attentive, sees nothing in the sermon, except, may be, certain important truths well set forth; as for the other, his heart is broken within him and his soul is melted. Ask me how it is that the same truth has an effect upon this man, and not upon his fellow; I reply, because the mysterious Spirit of the living God goes with the truth to one heart and not to the other. Yonder sinner only feels the force of truth, and that may be strong enough to make him tremble, like Felix; but this man feels the Spirit going with the truth, the Spirit which renews the man, regenerates him, and causes him to pass into that gracious condition which is called the state of salvation. This change takes place instantaneously. It is as miraculous a change as any miracle of which we read in Scripture. It is supremely supernatural. It may be mimicked, but no imitation of it can be true and real. Men may pretend to be

regenerated without the Spirit, but regenerated they cannot be. It is a change so marvellous that the highest attempts of man can never reach it. We may reason as long as we please, but we cannot reason ourselves into regeneration; we may meditate till our hairs are gray with study, but we cannot meditate ourselves into the new birth. That is worked in us by the sovereign will of God alone.



O CHILD of God! death hath lost its sting, because the devil's power over it is destroyed. Then cease to fear dying. Thou knowest what death is: look him in the face, and tell him thou art not afraid of him. Ask grace from God, that by an intimate knowledge and a firm belief of thy Master's death, thou mayest be strengthened for that dread hour. And mark me, if thou so livest, thou mayest be able to think of death with pleasure, and to welcome it when it comes with intense delight. It is sweet to die: to lie upon the breast of Christ, and have one's soul kissed out of one's body by the lips of divine affection. And you that have lost friends, or that may be bereaved, sorrow not as those that are without hope; for remember the power of the devil is taken away. What a sweet thought the death of Christ brings us concerning those who are departed! They are gone, my brethren; but do you know how far they have gone? The distance

between the glorified spirits in heaven and the militant saints on earth seems great: but it is not so. We are not far from home.

“One gentle sigh the spirit break^s,
We scarce can say 'tis gone,
Before the ransom'd spirit takes
Its station near the throne.”

We measure distance by time. We are accustomed to say that a certain place is so many hours from us. If it is a hundred miles off, and there is no railread, we think it a long way; if there is a railway we think we can be there in no time. But how near must we say heaven is? For it is just one sigh and we get there. Why, my brethren, our departed friends are only in the upper room, as it were, of the same house; they have not gone far off; they are up stairs and we are down below.

MARK ANTONY yoked two lions to his chariot; but there are two lions no man ever yoked together yet—the lion of the tribe of Judah, and the lion of the pit. These can never go together. Two opinions you may hold in politics, perhaps, but then you will be despised by everybody, unless you are of one opinion or the other, and act as an independent man. But two opinions in the matter of soul-religion you cannot hold. If God be God, serve him, and do it thoroughly; but if this world be God, serve it, and

make no profession of religion. If you are a worldling, and think the things of the world the best, serve them; devote yourself to them; do not be kept back by conscience, spite your conscience, and run into sin. But, remember, if the Lord be your God, you cannot have Baal too; you must have one thing or else the other. "No man can serve two *masters*." If God be served he will be a master, and if the devil be served he will not be long before he will be a master; and "ye cannot serve two *masters*." Oh! be wise, and think not that the two can be mingled together.



IT is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, there the most venomous serpents are found at the root of every plant. And it is so with sin. Your fairest pleasures will harbour your grossest sins. Take care—take care of your pleasures. Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers; so are our sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasures.



WELL, ye poor distressed, ye mourning souls, are ye seeking to have joy in your hearts? Come, let me take you to Calvary. Your desponding hearts can never mourn long with the air of Calvary round you. Ready-to-halt never leaned on his crutches when

he went by the cross; for once, good man, he walked without them. Faint-heart never carried his faint heart when he clasped that cross. No; his heart was as strong as Valiant-for-truth's, when he was there. Are you often given to depression of spirits? Do you labour under despondency. Let me for once prescribe to you, let me recommend you something which will effectually cure you. When thou art low and miserable, go into thy chamber, and there on thy knees think of him who groaned in Gethsemane, and thou wilt say, "What are all my sorrows compared with his?" Go up, then, think of Calvary, and when thou hast been there a little while, sing to thyself—

"Oh! how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance knowing
That he made my peace with God."

Or if thou canst not reach so high a flight as that, still say—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God."

An infallible remedy for misery is the cross. If thou wilt mix the cross in thy cup, thou wilt find it like the tree cast into the fountain of Mara, it will make the water thereof sweet. If thou wilt take some of the gall Christ drank—that gall is marvellous—it maketh all other galls sweet. If thou wilt cut some of the

shivers from the tree on which he hung, and prick thy veins when they are too full of murmuring lust, and therefore make thy spirit low and miserable, then the heavenly lancet shall effect its cure, and thou shalt know that Christ's cross maketh thee happy. The happiest men are those who know most of Christ.

YOU may think to live very well without Christ. but you cannot afford to die without him. You can stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair now, but when the wind comes, if it has not its roots in the Rock of Ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as wormwood in your taste; worse than gall shall be the daintiest of your drinks, when you shall come to the bottom of your poisoned bowl.

YOU may well conceive how swiftly the mariner flies from a threatening storm, or seeks the port where he will find his home. You have sometimes seen how the ship cuts through the billows, leaving a white furrow behind her, and causing the sea to boil around her. Such is life, says Job, "like the swift ships," when the sails are filled by the wind, and the

vessel dashes on, dividing a passage through the crowded water. Swift are the ships, but swifter far is life. The wind of time bears me along. I cannot stop its motion ; I may direct it with the rudder of God's Holy Spirit; I may, it is true, take in some small sails of sin, which might hurry my days on faster than otherwise they would go ; but nevertheless, like a swift ship, my life must speed on its way until it reaches its haven. Where is that haven to be? Shall it be found in the land of bitterness and barrenness, that dreary region of the lost? Or shall it be that sweet haven of eternal peace, where not a troubling wave can ruffle the quiescent glory of my spirit? Wherever the haven is to be, that truth is the same, we are "like the swift ships."



THERE is one great event, which every day attracts more admiration than do the sun, and moon, and stars, when they march in their courses. That event is, the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. To it the eyes of all the saints who lived before the Christian era were always directed; and backwards, through the thousand years of history, the eyes of all modern saints are looking. Upon Christ, the angels in heaven perpetually gaze. "Which things the angels desire to look into," said the apostle. Upon Christ, the myriad eyes of the redeemed are perpetually fixed; and

thousands of pilgrims, through this world of tears, have no higher object for their faith, and no better desire for their vision, than to see Christ as he is in heaven, and in communion to behold his person. Beloved, we shall have many with us, whilst we turn our face to the Mount of Calvary. We shall not be solitary spectators of the fearful tragedy of our Saviour's death: we shall but dart our eyes to that place which is the focus of heaven's joy and delight—the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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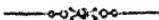
HAPPY is the nation which is blessed with the means of grace. No man was ever saved by the means of grace apart from the Holy Spirit. You may hear the sermons of the man whom God delighteth to honour; ye may select from all your divines the writings of the man whom God did bless with a double portion of his Holy Spirit; ye may attend every meeting for prayer; ye may turn over the leaves of this blessed book, the Bible; but in all this, there is no life for the soul apart from the breath of the Divine Spirit. Use these means, we exhort you to use them, and use them diligently; but recollect that in none of these means is there anything that can benefit you unless God the Holy Spirit shall own and crown them. These are like the conduit pipes of the market-place; when the fountain-head floweth with water, then they

are full, and we derive a blessing from them, but if the stream be stayed, if the fountain head ceases to give forth its current, then these are wells without water, clouds without rain; and ye may go to ordinances as an Arab turns to his skin bottle when it is dry, and with your parched lips ye may suck the wind and drink the whirlwind, but receive neither comfort, nor blessing, nor instruction, from the means of grace.



IF little things have done great things, let *us* try to do great things also. You know not, ye atoms, but that your destiny is sublime. Try and make it so by faith; and the least of you may be mighty through the strength of God. Oh for grace to trust God, and there is no telling what ye can do. Worms, ye are nothing, but ye have eaten princes, ye have devoured the roots of cedars, and laid them level with the earth, ye have piled rocks in the deep, deep sea, and wrecked mighty navies; ye have eaten through the keel of the proudest ship that ever sailed the ocean. O little worms, if ye have done this, what cannot we do? your strength lies in your mouths; our strength lies in ours too. We will use our mouths in prayer, and in constant adoration, and we shall conquer yet, for God is with us, and victory is sure.

IT would be presumption for any man to climb to the top of the spire of a church, and stand upon his head. "Well, but he might come down safe if he were skilled in it." Yes, but it is presumptuous. I would no more think of subscribing a farthing to a man's ascent in a balloon, than I would pay a poor wretch to cut his own throat. I would no more think of standing and gazing at any man who puts his life in a position of peril, than I would of paying a man to blow his brains out. I think such things, if not murders, are murderous.



WHILST thou hast a rag of thine own thou shalt never have Christ; whilst thou hast a farthing of thine own righteousness, thou shalt never have him; but when thou art nothing, Christ is thine; when thou hast nothing of thyself to trust to, Jesus Christ in the gospel is thy complete Saviour; he bids me tell thee he came to seek and to save such as thou art.



THERE is no difference, by nature, between the elect and others: those who are now glorified in heaven, and who walk the golden streets, clad in robes of purity, were by nature as unholy, and as far from original righteousness, as those who, by

their own rejection of Christ, and by their love of sin, have brought themselves into the pit of eternal torment as a punishment for their iniquities. The only reason why there is a difference between those who are in heaven and those who are in hell, rests with divine grace, and with divine grace alone. Those in heaven must inevitably have been cast away, had not everlasting mercy stretched out its hand and redeemed them. They were by nature not one whit superior to others. They would as certainly have rejected Christ, and have trodden under foot the blood of Jesus, as did those who were cast away, if grace—free grace—had not prevented them from committing this sin. The reason why they are Christians is not because they did naturally will to be so, nor because they did by nature desire to know Christ, or to be found of him; but they are now saints, simply because God made them so. He gave them the desire to be saved; he put into them the will to seek after him; he helped them in their seekings, and afterward brought them to feel that peace which is the fruit of justification. But by nature they were just the same as others; and if there is any difference we are obliged to say that the difference does not lie in their favour. In very many cases, we who now "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," were the very worst of men. There are multitudes who now bless God for their redemption who once cursed him—who implored as frequently as they dared to do, with oaths and swearing, that the curse of God might rest upon

their fellows and upon themselves. Many of the Lord's anointed were once the very castaways of Satan, the sweepings of society, the refuse of the earth, those whom no man cares for—who were called outcasts, but whom God hath now called *desired ones*, seeing he hath loved them.



WE often hear Christian persons complain that they cannot love the Saviour. That is a common complaint, but there is one easy cure for it. The more you live with Christ the better you love him.



THERE is enough tinder in the heart of the best men in the world to light a fire that shall burn to the lowest hell, unless God should quench the sparks as they fall. There is enough corruption, depravity, and wickedness in the heart of the most holy man that is now alive to damn his soul to all eternity, if free and sovereign grace does not prevent. O Christian! thou hast need for constant caution. But I think I hear you saying, "Is thy servant a dog that I should do this thing?" So said Hazael, when the prophet told him that he would slay his master; but he went home, and took a wet cloth and spread it over his master's face and choked him, and did the next day the sin which he

abhorred before, Think it not enough to ab~~I~~
you may yet fall into it. Say not, "I never
drunken, for I have such an abhorrence of d~~I~~
ness;" thou mayest fall where thou art most
Say not, "I can never blaspheme God, for
never done so in my life;" take care, you x
swear most profanely. Job might have said,
never curse the day of my birth;" but he live~~I~~
it. He was a patient man; he might have ;
will never murmur; though he slay me, yet wi~~I~~
in him;" and yet he lived to wish that the d~~I~~
darkness wherein he was brought forth. B
then, O Christian! by faith thou standeth. "c
that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fal~~I~~



DO not try to pump yourselves up into :
degree of love to Christ by some extra
means. Go and live with him, meditate u
continually, picture to yourself his sufferings
and then you will love him.



DOUT the Eternal! Distrust the Orr
O traitorous fear! thinkest thou that
which piled the heavens, and sustains th~~E~~
of the earth, shall ever be palsied? :

brow which eternal ages have failed to scathe, at last be furrowed by old age? What! Shall the Eternal fail thee? God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind; leave off doubting him, and begin to trust him: for in so doing thou wilt put a crown on his head; but in doubting him, thou dost trample his crown beneath thy feet.



KEEP prayer going; do not neglect your prayer meetings. Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer. He says, "Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." And so it is. Mind you keep that bell going. Pull it well. Come up to prayer meetings. Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will your answers be!



WE never read that Joshua's hand was weary with wielding the sword, but Moses' hand was weary with holding the rod. The more spiritual the duty, the more apt we are to tire of it. We could stand and

preach all day; but we could not pray all day. We could go forth to see the sick all day; but we could not be in our closets all day one half so easily. To spend a night with God in prayer would be far more difficult than to spend a night with man in preaching. Oh! take care, take care, Church of Christ, that thou dost not cease thy prayers!



ANGELS had been present on many august occasions, and they had joined in many a solemn chorus to the praise of their Almighty Creator. They were present at the Creation: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." They had seen many a planet fashioned between the palms of Jehovah, and wheeled by his eternal hands through the infinitude of space. They had sung solemn songs over many a world which the Great One had created. We doubt not they had often chanted, "Blessing and honour, and glory, and majesty, and power, and dominion, and might, be unto him that sitteth on the throne," manifesting himself in the work of creation. I doubt not, too, that their songs had gathered force through ages. As when first created, their first breath was song, so when they saw God create new worlds, their song received another note; they rose a little higher in the gamut of adoration. But, when they saw God stoop from

his throne, and become a babe, hanging upon a woman's breast, they lifted their notes higher still ; and reaching to the uttermost stretch of angelic music, they gained the highest notes of the divine scale of praise, and they sung, "Glory to God *in the highest*," for higher in goodness they felt God could not go. Thus their highest praise they gave to him in the highest act of his Godhead. If it be true that there is a hierarchy of angels rising tier upon tier in magnificence and dignity—if the apostle teaches us that there be "angels, and principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions," amongst these blest inhabitants of the upper world—I can suppose that when the intelligence was first communicated to those angels that are to be found upon the outskirts of the heavenly world, when they looked down from heaven and saw the new-born babe, they sent the news backward to the place whence the miracle first proceeded, singing—

"Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your downward flight to earth,
Ye who sing creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King."

And as the message ran from rank to rank, at last the presence-angels, those four cherubim that perpetually watch around the throne of God—those wheels with eyes—took up the strain, and gathering up the song of all the inferior grades of angels, surmounted the

divine pinnacle of harmony with their own solemn chant of adoration, upon which the entire host shouted, "The highest angels praise thee."—"Glory to God in the highest." Ay, there is no mortal that can ever dream how magnificent was that song. Then, note, if angels shouted before and when the world was made, their hallelujahs were more full, more strong, more magnificent, if not more hearty, when they saw Jesus Christ born of the Virgin Mary, to be man's redeemer. "Glory to God in the highest."



THE Bible is a vein of pure gold, unalloyed by quartz, or any earthly substance. This is a star without a speck; a sun without a blot; a light without darkness; a moon without its paleness; a glory without dimness. O Bible! it cannot be said of any other book, that it is perfect and pure; but of thee we can declare all wisdom is gathered up in thee, without a particle of folly. This is the judge that ends the strife, where wit and reason fail. This is the book untainted by any error; composed alone of pure, unalloyed, perfect truth.

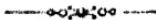


WE too often flog the church when the whip should be laid on our own shoulders. We drag the church, like a colossal culprit, to the altar;

we bind her, and try to execute her at once: we bind her hands fast, and tear off thongful after thongful of her quivering flesh—finding fault with her where there is none, and magnifying her little errors, while we too often forget ourselves.



I DO think that one of the worst sins a man can be guilty of in this world is to be idle. I can almost forgive a drunkard, but a lazy man there is very little pardon for. A man who is idle has as good a reason to be penitent before God as David had when he was an adulterer, for the most abominable thing in the world is for a man to let the grass grow up to his ankles and do nothing. God never sent a man into the world to be idle. And there are some who make a tolerably fair profession, but who do nothing from one year's end to the other. Verily their profession is vain.



SATAN is an arch enemy; he has been so and is so still; and if he does not now attack us as the roaring lion, roaring against us in persecution, he attacks us as the adder, creeping silently along the path, endeavouring to bite our heel with his poisoned fangs, and weaken the power of grace, and ruin the life of godliness within us.

DEATH is a part of Satan's dominion; he brought sin into the world when he tempted our mother Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, and with sin he brought also death into the world, with all its train of woes. There had been likely no death, if there had been no devil. If Satan had not tempted, mayhap man had not revolted, and if he had not revolted, he would have lived for ever, without having to undergo the painful change which is caused by death. I think death is the devil's masterpiece. With the solitary exception of hell, death is certainly the most satanic mischief that sin hath accomplished. Nothing ever delighted the heart of the devil so much as when he found that the threatening would be fulfilled, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die; and never was his malicious heart so full of hellish joy as when he saw Abel stretched upon the earth, slain by the club of his brother. "Aha!" said Satan, "this is the first of all intelligent creatures that has died. Oh, how I rejoice! This is the crowning hour of my dominion. It is true that I have marred the glory of this earth by my guileful temptation; it is true the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain by reason of the evil that I have brought into it; but this, this is my masterpiece; I have killed man; I have brought death into him, and here lieth the first—the first dead man." Since that time Satan hath ever gloated over the death of the human race, and he hath had some cause of glory, for that death has been

universal. All have died. Though they had been wise as Solomon, their wisdom could not spare their heads; though they had been virtuous as Moses, yet their virtue could not avert the axe. All have died; and therefore the devil hath boasted in his triumph. But twice hath he been defeated; but two have entered heaven without dying; the mass of mankind have had to feel the scythe of death; and he has rejoiced because this, his mightiest work, has had foundations broad as earth, and a summit that reached as high as the virtues of mankind could climb.

NONE of you can be the people of God without provoking envy; and the better you are, the more you will be hated. The ripest fruit is most pecked by the birds, and the blossoms that have been longest on the tree, are the most easily blown down by the wind. But fear not; you have nought to do with what man shall say of you. If God loves you, man will hate you; if God honours you, man will dishonour you. But recollect, could ye wear chains of iron for Christ's sake, ye should wear chains of gold in heaven; could ye have rings of burning iron round your waists, ye should have your brow rimmed with gold in glory; for blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's name's sake; for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

"O H!" cries one, "I wish I could escape the wrath of the law! Oh that I knew that Christ did keep the law for me!" Stop, then, and I will tell you. Do you feel to-day that you are guilty, lost, and ruined? Do you, with tears in your eyes, confess that none but Jesus can do you good? Are you willing to give up all trusts, and cast yourself alone on him who died upon the cross? Can you look to Calvary, and see the bleeding sufferer, all crimson with streams of gore? Then he kept the law for you, and the law cannot condemn whom Christ has absolved.



DOH the moon stay herself to lecture every dog that bayeth at her? Doth the lion turn aside to rend each cur that barketh at him? Do the stars cease to shine because the nightingales reprove them for their dimness? Doth the sun stop in its course because of the officious cloud which veils it? Or doth the river stay because the willow dippeth its leaves into its waters? Ah! no; God's universe moves on, and if men will oppose it, it heeds them not. It is as God hath made it; it is working together for good, and it shall not be stayed by the censure nor hastened by the praise of man. Let your bows, my brethren, abide. Do not be in a hurry to set yourselves right. God will take care of you. Leave yourselves alone; only be very valiant for the Lord God of Israel; be steadfast in the truth of Jesus and your bow shall abide in strength.

SOME of you have lost your friends; ye have planted flowers upon their tombs, ye go and sit at eventide upon the greensward, bedewing the grass with your tears, for there your mother lies, and there your father, or your wife. Oh! in pensive sorrow come with me to the dark garden of our Saviour's burial; come to the grave of your best friend—your brother, yea, one who "sticketh closer than a brother." Come thou to the grave of thy dearest relative, O Christian, for Jesus is thy husband, "Thy maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." Doth not affection draw you? Do not the sweet lips of love woo you? Is not the place sanctified where one so well-beloved slept, although but for a moment? Surely ye need no eloquence; if it were needed I have none. I have but the power, in simple, but earnest accents, to repeat the words, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."



VOLTAIRE said he lived in the twilight of Christianity. He meant a lie; he spoke the truth. He did live in its twilight; but it was the twilight before the morning—not the twilight of the evening, as he meant to say; for the morning comes when the light of the sun shall break upon us in its truest glory. The scorners have said that we should soon forget to honour Christ, and that one day no man should acknow-

ledge him. "His name shall endure for ever," as to the honour of it. Yes, I will tell you how long it will endure. As long as on this earth there is a sinner who has been reclaimed by omnipotent grace, Christ's name shall endure; as long as there is a Mary ready to wash his feet with tears and wipe them with the hair of her head; as long as there breathes a chief of sinners who has washed himself in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; as long as there exists a Christian who has put his faith in Jesus, and found him his delight, his refuge, his stay, his shield, his song, and his joy, there will be no fear that Jesus' name will cease to be heard. We can never give up that name. We let the Unitarian take the gospel without a Godhead in it; we let him deny Jesus Christ; but as long as Christians, true Christians, live; as long as we taste that the Lord is gracious, have manifestations of his love, sights of his face, whispers of his mercy, assurances of his affection, promises of his grace, hopes of his blessing, we cannot cease to honour his name. But if all these were gone—if *we* should cease to sing his praise, would Jesus Christ's name be forgotten then? No; the stones would sing, the hills would be an orchestra, the mountains would skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs: for is he not their Creator? And if these lips, and the lips of all mortals were dumb at once, there are creatures enough in this wide world besides. Why, the sun would lead the chorus; the moon would play upon her silver harp, and sweetly

sing to her music; stars would dance in their measured courses; the shoreless depths of ether would become the home of songs! and the void immensity would burst out in one great shout, "Thou art the glorious Son of God; great is thy majesty, and infinite thy power." Can Christ's name be forgotten? No; it is painted on the skies; it is written on the floods; the winds whisper it; the tempests howl it; the seas chant it; the stars shine it; the beasts low it; the thunders proclaim it; earth shouts it; heaven echoes it. But if that were gone—if this great universe should all subside in God, just as a moment's foam subsides into the wave that bears it, and is lost for ever—would his name be forgotten then? No. Turn your eyes up yonder; see heaven's *terra firma*. "Who are these that are arrayed in white, and whence came they?" "These are they that came out of great tribulation; they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore they are before the throne of God, and praise him day and night in his temple." And if these were gone, if the last harp of the glorified had been touched with the last fingers; if the last praise of the saints had ceased; if the last hallelujah had echoed through the then deserted vaults of heaven—for they would be gloomy then; if the last immortal had been buried in his grave, if graves there might be for immortals—would his praise cease then? No, by heaven! no; for yonder stand the angels; they too sing his

glory; to him the cherubim and seraphim do cry without ceasing, when they mention his name, in that thrice holy chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies." But if these were perished—if angels had been swept away, if the wing of seraph never flapped the ether, if the voice of the cherub never sung his flaming sonnet, if the living creatures ceased their everlasting chorus, if the measured symphonies of glory were extinct in silence, would his name then be lost? Ah! no; for as God upon the throne he sits, the Everlasting One, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Self-existent, having no need of creatureship to increase the treasures of his essential glory.



JESUS rose again from the dead, and as the Lord our Saviour rose, so all his followers must rise. Die I must—this body must be a carnival for worms; it must be eaten by those tiny cannibals; peradventure it shall be scattered from one portion of the earth to another; the constituent particles of this frame will enter into plants, from plants pass into animals, and thus be carried into far distant realms; but, at the blast of the archangel's trumpet, every separate atom of my body shall find its fellow; like the bones lying in the valley of vision, though separated from one another, the moment God shall speak, the bone will creep to its bone; then the flesh shall come upon

it; the four winds of heaven shall blow, and the breath shall return. So let me die, let beasts devour me, let fire turn this body into gas and vapour, all its particles shall yet again be restored; this very self-same actual body shall start up from its grave, glorified and made like Christ's body, yet still the same body, for God hath said it. Christ's same body rose; so shall mine. O my soul, dost thou now dread to die? Thou wilt lose thy partner-body a little while, but thou wilt be married again in heaven; soul and body shall again be united before the throne of God. The grave—what is it? It is the bath in which the Christian puts the clothes of his body to have them washed and cleansed. Death—what is it? It is the waiting-room where we robe ourselves for immortality; it is the place where the body, like Esther, bathes itself in spices that it may be fit for the embrace of its Lord.



LET me remind you of one thing, wherein your practice will be very much improved if you often visit Calvary. We are members of different denominations of Christ's church, and how often are we affected with that cruel disease, *bigotry!* How frequently are our spirits set against each other! Now, if we would love all Christians, we must "behold the man" Christ Jesus. We have seen Christians

fight, and fight woefully against each other; but there is one spot that was never yet profaned by the foot of controversy. That hallowed shrine of peace is Calvary; there the word goes forth, "Sheath swords, combatants! the battle is over, this is holy ground, for here Jesus died." Oh! there is something that touches our hearts, when we begin to talk of Jesus. We care not who the man is, whether he be the sweet George Herbert of the Church of England, or the equally excellent Rutherford of the Church of Scotland, whether he be Dissenter, or Conformist, when he comes to talk of Christ, we all stand with him then. "Come," we say, "we would fight each other fearfully on other points, but when we come here we are all one in Christ Jesus;" and out go our hands at once, for we feel we are members of the same body. That touch, not of nature but of grace, makes the whole Christian world one in an instant. Oh thou little-souled man, who hast no love for any unless he conform to thine own sect, thou knowest little of Christ, for if thou livedst near to him, thou wouldst have a large and loving heart.



WHEN no eye seeth you except the eye of God, when darkness covers you, when you are shut up from the observation of mortals, even then be ye like Jesus Christ. Remember his ardent piety, his

secret devotion—how, after laboriously preaching the whole day, he stole away in the midnight shades to cry for help from his God. Recollect how his entire life was constantly sustained by fresh inspirations of the Holy Spirit, derived by prayer. Take care of your secret life; let it be such that you will not be ashamed to read at the last great day.

S EEST thou yonder thief hanging upon the cross? Behold the fiends at the foot thereof, with open mouths; charming themselves with the sweet thought, that another soul shall give them meat in hell. Behold the death-bird fluttering his wings o'er the poor wretch's head; vengeance passes by and stamps him for her own; deep on his breast is written, "a condemned sinner;" on his brow is the clammy sweat, expressed from him by agony and death. Look in his heart, it is filthy with the crust of years of sin; the smoke of lust is hanging within in black festoons of darkness; his whole heart is hell condensed. Now, look at him. He is dying. One foot seems to be in hell; the other hangs tottering in life—only kept by a nail. There is a power in Jesus' eye. That thief looks: he whispers, "Lord, remember me." Turn your eye again there. Do you see that thief? Where is the clammy sweat? It is there. Where is that horrid anguish? It is *not* there. Positively there is a

smile upon his lips. The fiends of hell, where are they? There are none; but a bright seraph is present, with his wings outspread, and his hands ready to snatch that soul, now a precious jewel, and bear it aloft to the palace of the great King. Look within his heart; it is white with purity. Look at his breast; it is not written "condemned," but "justified." Look in the book of life; his name is graven there. Look on Jesus' heart; there, on one of the precious stones he bears that poor thief's name. Yea, once more, look! seest thou that shining one among the glorified, brighter than the sun, and fairer than the moon? That is the thief! This is the power of Jesus; and this power shall endure for ever.

THERE on that death-bed lies a saint; no gloom is on his brow, no terror on his face; weakly, but placidly, he smiles; he groans, but yet he sings. He sighs now and then, but oftener he shouts. Stand by him. "My brother, what makes thee look in death's face with such joy?" "Jesus," he whispers. What makes thee so placid and calm? "The name of Jesus." See, he forgets everything! Ask him a question; he cannot answer it—he does not understand you. Still he smiles. His wife comes, inquiring, "Do you know my name?" He answers, "No." His dearest friend requests him to remember

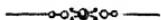
his intimacy. "I know you not," he says. Whisper in his ear, "Do you know the name of Jesus?" and his eyes flash glory, and his face beams heaven, and his lips speak sonnets, and his heart bursts with eternity; for he hears the name of Jesus, and that name shall endure for ever. He who landed one in heaven will land me there. Come on, death. I will mention Christ's name, and tell thee to thy face that I fear thee not! O grave! this shall be my glory, the name of Jesus! Hell-dog! this shall be thy death—for the sting of death is extracted by Christ our Lord.

LAVATER says, "The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends—cold enemies; half friends—half enemies; fervid enemies—warm friends." Knowing this to be a truth, I have often congratulated myself, when my enemies have spoken fiercely against me. Well, I have thought, "My friends love me hard and fast; let the enemies be as hot as they please; it only indicates that the friends are proportionately firm in affection." Then we draw this inference, that if Christ, our friend, will surely abide with us, then our enemies will never leave us till we die. O Christian! because Christ sticketh closer than a brother, the devil will stick close too; he will be at you and with you; the dog of hell will never cease his howlings till you reach the other side

of Jordan; no place in this world is out of bowshot of that great enemy; till you have crossed the stream, his arrows *can* reach you, and they will. If Christ gave himself for you, the devil will do all he can to destroy you; if Christ has been long suffering to you, Satan will be persevering, in hopes that Christ may forget you; he will strive after you, right diabolically, until he shall see you safely landed in heaven.

CHRIST'S was no common grave; it is not an excavation dug out by the spade for a pauper in which to hide the last remains of his miserable and over-wearied bones. It was a princely tomb! it was made of marble, cut in the side of a hill. Stand here, believer, and ask why Jesus had such a costly sepulchre. He had no elegant garments; he wore a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout, without an atom of embroidery. He owned no sumptuous palace, for he had not where to lay his head. His sandals were not rich with gold, or studded with brilliants. He was poor. Why, then, does he lie in a noble grave? We answer, for this reason: Christ was unhonoured till he had finished his sufferings; Christ's body suffered contumely, shame, spitting, buffeting, and reproach, until he had completed his great work; he was trampled under foot, he was "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows,

and acquainted with grief;" but the moment he had finished his infinite labours, God said, "No more shall that body be disgraced; if it is to sleep, let it slumber in an honourable grave; if it is to rest, let nobles bury it; let Joseph, the councillor, and Nicodemus, the man of Sanhedrim, be present at the funeral; let the body be embalmed with precious spices, let it have honour; it has had enough of contumely, and shame, and reproach, and buffeting; let it now be treated with respect." Christian, dost thou discern the meaning? Jesus, after he had finished his work, slept in a costly grave; for now his Father honoured him, since his work was done.



"**T**HE archers have sorely shot at him." Though all weapons are alike approved by the warrior in his thirst for blood, there seems something more cowardly in the attack of the archer than in that of the swordsman. The swordsman plants himself near you, foot to foot, and lets you defend yourself, and deal your blows against him; but the archer stands at a distance, hides himself in ambuscade, and, without your knowing it, the arrow comes whizzing through the air, and perhaps penetrates your heart. Just so are the enemies of God's people. They very seldom come foot to foot with us; they will not show their faces before us: they hate the light, they love darkness; they

dare not come and openly accuse us to our face, for then we could reply; but they shoot the bow from a distance, so that we cannot answer them; cowardly and dastardly as they are, they forge their arrow-heads, and aim them, winged with hell-birds' feathers, at the hearts of God's people.



THE death of the saints is precious in the sight of the Lord. On their account we have cause rather to rejoice than to weep. And why? Because we have a hope—we hope that they are safely housed in heaven. Yes, we have the fond and firm persuasion that already their redeemed spirits have flown up to the eternal throne. We believe that they are at this moment joining in the hallelujahs of paradise, feasting on the fruits of the tree of life, and walking by the side of the “river, the streams whereof make glad the heavenly city of our God.” We know they are supremely blest; we think of them as glorified spirits above, who are present with the Lord Jesus.



IF you desire truth to go round the world you must hire an express train to pull it; but if you want a lie to go round the world, it will fly, it is as light as a feather, and a breath will carry it. It is well said in

the old proverb, "A lie will go round the world while truth is pulling its boots on." Nevertheless, it does not injure us; for if light as a feather, it travels as fast, its effect is just about as tremendous as the effect of down when it is blown against the walls of a castle; it produces no damage whatever, on account of its lightness and littleness. Fear not, Christian. Let slander fly, let envy send forth its forked tongue, let it hiss at you, your bow shall abide in strength. Oh! shielded warrior, remain quiet, fear no ill; but, like the eagle in its lofty eyrie, look thou down upon the fowlers in the plain, turn thy bold eye upon them and say, "Shoot ye may, but your shots will not reach half-way to the pinnacle where I stand. Waste your powder upon me if ye will; I am beyond your reach." Then clap your wings, mount to heaven, and there laugh them to scorn, for ye have made your refuge God, and shall find a most secure abode.



If any of you desire to be saved by works, remember one sin will spoil your righteousness; one dust of this earth's dross will spoil the beauty of that perfect righteousness which God requires at your hands. If ye would be saved by works, ye must be as holy as the angels, ye must be as pure and as immaculate as Jesus; for the law requires perfection, and nothing short of it; and God, with unflinching vengeance, will smite every

man low who cannot bring him a perfect obedience. If I cannot, when I come before his throne, plead a perfect righteousness as being mine, God will say, " You have not fulfilled the demands of my law; depart, accursed one! You have sinned, and you must die."



IT is childish to doubt; it is manhood's glory to trust. Plant your foot upon the immovable Rock of Ages; lift your eye to heaven; scorn the world; never play craven; bend your fist in the world's face, and bid defiance to it and hell, and you are a man, and noble. But crouch, and cringe, and dread, and doubt, and you have lost your Christian dignity, and are no longer what you should be.



OUR finally impenitent friends are lost for ever; we recollect that there is no shadow of a hope for them; when the iron gate of hell is once closed upon them, it shall never be unbarred again, to give them free exit; when once shut up within those walls of sweltering flame which girdle the fiery gulf, there is no possibility of flight. We recollect, with horror, that they have "for ever" stamped upon their chains, "for ever" carved in deep lines of despair upon their hearts.

It is the hell of hell, that everything there lasts for ever. Here, time wears away our griefs, and blunts the keen edge of sorrow; but there time never mitigates the woe; hell grows more hellish as eternity marches on with its mighty paces. The abyss becomes more deep and fiery—the sufferers grow more ghastly and wretched, as years, if there be such sad variety in that fixed state, roll their everlasting rounds. Here the sympathy of loving kindred, in the midst of sickness or suffering can alleviate our pain; but there, the tortured ghosts are sport for fiends, and the mutual upbraiding and reproaches of fellow-sinners give fresh stings to torment too dread to be endured. Here, too, when nature's last palliative shall fail, to die may be a happy release: a man can count the weary hours till death shall give him rest! but, oh! remember, there is no death in hell; death which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If death could go there, all the damned would fall down and worship him; every tongue would sing, and every heart would praise; each cavern then would echo with a shout of triumph till all was still, and silence brooded where terrors reigned. But no, the terrible reality is this—“Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

LET me imagine a man entering heaven without a change of heart. He comes within the gates. He hears a sonnet. He starts! It is to the praise of his

enemy. He sees a throne, and on it sits one who is glorious, but he is his *enemy*. He walks streets of gold, but those streets belong to his *enemy*. He sees hosts of angels, but those hosts are the servants of his *enemy*. He is in an *enemy's* house; for he is at *enmity* with God. He could not join the song, for he would not know the tune. There he would stand, silent, motionless, till Christ would say, with a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, "What dost thou here? Enemies at a marriage banquet? Enemies in the children's house? Enemies in heaven? Get ye gone! 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire in hell!'"

WE must amalgamate with our boldness the *loveliness* of Jesus' disposition. Let courage be the brass, let love be the gold. Let us mix the two together, so shall we produce a rich Corinthian metal, fit to be manufactured into the beautiful gate of the temple.

THE artist, when he paints, knows right well that he shall not be able to excel Apelles; but that does not discourage him; he uses his brush with all the greater pains, that he may at least in some humble measure resemble the great master. So the sculptor, though

persuaded that he will not rival Praxiteles, will hew out the marble still, and seek to be as near the model as possible. Just so the Christian man; though he feels he can never mount to the heights of complete excellence, and though he perceives that he never can on earth become the exact image of Christ, still holds the Saviour's example before him, and measures his own deficiencies by the distance between himself and Jesus. This will he do; forgetting all he has attained, he will press forward, crying, *Excelsior!* going upwards still, desiring to be conformed more and more to the image of Christ Jesus.



TAKE the cold iron, and attempt to weld it. How fruitless the effort! Lay it on the anvil, seize the blacksmith's hammer with all your might, let blow after blow fall upon it, and you shall have done nothing. Twist it, turn it, use all your implements, but you shall not be able to fashion it as you would. But put it in the fire, let it be softened and made malleable, then lay it on the anvil, and each stroke shall have a mighty effect, so that you may fashion it into any form you may desire. So take your heart, not cold as it is, not stony as it is by nature, but put it into the furnace of the Spirit's fiery influences, there let it be molten, and after that, it can be turned like wax to the seal, and fashioned into the image of Jesus Christ.

O H! if you could have heard Paul preach, you would not have gone away as you do from some of us, with a suspicion that we do not mean what we say. His eyes preached a sermon as eloquently as his lips, and his lips preached the gospel, not in a cold and frigid manner, but every word fell with an ixexpressible fervour, and with an overwhelming power upon the hearts of his hearers. He preached with power, because he was in downright earnest. You had a conviction when you saw him, that he was a man who felt he had work to do—so solemn, so divine, that his soul was bowed down with the burden, and he could not contain himself until his message was delivered. He was the kind of preacher whom you would expect to see walk down the pulpit-stairs straight into his coffin, and then stand before his God, ready for his last account—Oh! for more of such preachers!



O HRIST'S sepulchre was cut in a rock. It was not cut in mould that might be worn away by the water, or might crumble and fall into decay. The sepulchre in the rock may remain even unto this day. However that may be, we are sure that spiritually it abideth for ever. The same sepulchre which received the sins of Paul shall take my iniquities into its bosom; for if I ever lose my guilt, it must roll off my shoulders into the sepulchre. It was cut in a rock, so that if a

sinner were saved a thousand years ago, I too can be delivered, for my sins shall be buried in the selfsame rocky tomb.



IT will not save me to know that Christ is *a* Saviour; but it will save me to *trust* him to be *my* Saviour. I shall not be delivered from the wrath to come, by believing that his atonement is sufficient; but I shall be saved, by making that atonement my trust, my refuge, and my all. The pith, the essence of faith lies in this—a casting one's self on the promise. It is not the life-buoy on board the ship that saves the man when he is drowning, nor is it his belief that it is an excellent and successful invention. No! he must have it around his loins, or his hand upon it, or else he will sink.



THE greatest of unregenerate men are as much in need of new hearts as the meanest of their fellows. There be some men that are born into this world master-spirits, who walk about it as giants, wrapped in mantles of light and glory. I refer to the poets, men who rise aloft, like Colossi, mightier than we, seeming to be descended from celestial spheres. There be others of acute intellect, who, searching into mysteries of science, discover things that have been hidden from

the creation of the world; men of keen research, and mighty erudition; and yet, of each of these—poet, philosopher, metaphysician, and great discoverer—it must be said, “The carnal mind is enmity against God!” Ye may train an unrenewed man, ye may make his intellect almost angelic, ye may strengthen his soul until he shall unravel mysteries in a moment; ye may make him so mighty, that he can read the iron secrets of the eternal hills, tearing the hidden truth from the bowels of ancient marvels; ye may give him an eye so keen, that he can penetrate the arcana of rocks and mountains; ye may add a soul so potent, that he may slay the giant Sphinx, that had for ages troubled the mightiest men of learning; yet, when ye have done all, his mind shall be a depraved one, and his carnal heart shall still be in opposition to God, unless the Holy Spirit shall create him anew in Christ Jesus.



I READ in God's word that the angel shall plant one foot upon the earth, and the other upon the sea, and shall “swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there shall be time no longer.” How vain then is the foolish hope that the soul may be annihilated; for if a soul could die in a thousand years, it would die in *time*;

if a million of years could elapse, and then the soul could be extinguished, there would be such a thing as *time*; for, talk to me of years, and there is *time*. But, sirs, when that angel has spoken the word. “*Time* shall be no longer,” things will then be eternal; the spirit shall proceed in its ceaseless revolution of weal or woe, never to be stayed, for there is no time to stop it; the fact of its ceasing would imply time; but everything shall be eternal, for time shall not exist. It well becomes you, then, to consider where ye are and whither ye are going. Oh! stand and tremble on the narrow neck of land ‘twixt the two unbounded seas, for God in heaven alone can tell how soon thou mayest be launched upon the eternal future. May God grant that, when that last hour may come, we may be prepared for it! Like the thief, unheard, unseen, it steals through night’s dark shade. Perhaps, as here I stand, and rudely speak of these dark, future things, soon may the hand be stretched, and dumb the mouth that lisps the faltering strain. Oh, thou that dwellest in heaven, thou power supreme, thou everlasting King, let not that hour intrude upon me in an ill-spent season; but may it find me wrapt in meditation high, hymning my great Creator.

THE holiest men, the most free from *impurity*, have always felt most keenly, that sin dwelleth in them and marreth all their works. He whose garments are

the whitest, will best perceive the spots upon them. He whose crown shineth the brightest, will know where he hath lost a jewel. He who giveth the most light in the world, will always be able to discover his own darkness. The angels of heaven veil their faces; and the angels of God on earth, his chosen people, may always veil their faces with humility, when they think of what they are in themselves.

MIIGHTIER than giants are men of the race of heaven; should they once arouse themselves to battle they could laugh at the spear and the halberd. But they are a patient generation, enduring ills without resenting them, suffering scorn without reviling the scoffer. Their triumph is to come when their enemies shall receive the vengeance due; then shall it be seen by an assembled world that the "little flock" were men of high estate, and the "offscouring of all things" were verily men of real strength and dignity.

IF by the power of the Spirit ye become followers of Jesus, ye shall enter glory. For at heaven's gate there sits an angel, who admits no one who does not bear the same features as our adorable Lord. Then

comes a man with a crown upon his head. "Yes," he says, "thou hast a crown, it is true, but crowns are not the medium of access here." Another approaches, dressed in robes of state and the gown of learning. Yes," says the angel, "these may be honourable things among men, but gowns and learning are not the marks that shall admit you here." Another advances, fair, beautiful, and comely. "Yes," saith the angel, "that might please on earth, but beauty is not wanted here." There cometh another, who is heralded by fame, and prefaced by the applauding clamour of mankind; but the angel saith, "Those acclamations are no passport to the skies." Then there appears another; poor he may have been; illiterate he may have been; but the angel, as he looks at him, smiles and says, "It is Christ I see upon thy brow; I mark the heavenly lineaments of his countenance. Come in, come in. Eternal glory thou shalt win. Thou art like Christ; in heaven thou shalt sit, because thou art like him." Oh, to be like Christ is to enter heaven; but to be unlike Christ is to descend to hell.



MAN cannot please God without bringing to himself a great amount of happiness; for, if any man pleases God, it is because God accepts him as his son, gives him the blessings of adoption, pours upon him the bounties of his grace, makes him a blessed

man in this life, and insures him a crown of everlasting life, which he shall wear, and which shall shine with unfading lustre, when the wreaths of earth's glory have all been melted away; while, on the other hand, if a man does not please God, he inevitably brings upon himself sorrow and suffering in this life; he puts a worm and a rottenness in the core of all his joys; he fills his death-pillow with thorns, and he supplies the eternal fire with fagots of flame which shall for ever consume him.



If there be one virtue which most commends Christians, it is that of kindness: it is to love the people of God, to love the Church, to love poor sinners, to love all. But how many have we in our churches of crab-tree Christians, who have mixed such a vast amount of vinegar, and such a tremendous quantity of gall in their constitutions, that they can scarcely speak one good word to you. They imagine it impossible to defend religion except by passionate ebullitions; they cannot speak for their dishonoured Master without being angry with their opponent; and if anything is awry, whether it be in the house, the church, or anywhere else, they conceive it to be their duty to set their faces like flint, and to defy everybody. They are like isolated icebergs, no one cares to go near them. They float about on the sea of forgetfulness, until at

last they are melted and gone; and though, good souls, we shall be happy enough to meet them in eternity, we are precious glad to get rid of them from this time state. They were always so unamiable in disposition, that we would rather live an eternity with them in heaven than five minutes on earth. Be ye not thus. Imitate Christ in your loving spirits; speak kindly, act kindly, and think kindly, that men may say of you, "He has been with Jesus."



WHAT with the myrmidons of Rome, the turbanned warriors of Mahomet, the demon legions of idolatry, and the myriad hosts of infidelity, many are the enemies of God, and mighty are the hosts of hell. Lo, you see them gathered together this day; horsemen and footmen, and chariots, like the sand of the sea, for multitude, are gathered together. I see the trembling church, fearing to be overthrown; I mark her leaders bending their knees in solemn prayer, and crying, "Lord, save thy people, and bless thy heritage." But mine eye looks through the future with telescopic glance, and I see the happy period of the latter days, when the storm of battle shall have died away into the sabbath of peace, and when Christ shall reign triumphant. Ask, in those future days, where is Babel? where is Rome? where is Mahomet? and echo shall answer—Where? Why they are buried in the depths;

SPURGEON'S GEMS.

they have sunk to the bottom as a stone. Deep in the bowels of the eternal sea of glass, the horrid fire devours them, for the sea of glass is mingled with the fire of judgment. To-day I see a battle-field; the whole earth is torn by the hoofs of horses; there is the rumble of cannon and the roll of drums. "To arms! to arms!" both hosts are shouting. But wait awhile, and you shall walk across this plain of battle, and say, "Seest thou that colossal system of error cut to pieces and slain? There lies another, all frozen in ghastly death, and scorned in righteous execration. There lieth infidelity; there sleepeth secularism and the secularist; there lie those who defied God." I see all this vast host of rebels scattered like snow on Salmon, and I hear the shout of the victors, "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; Jehovah has gotten unto himself the victory, and all his enemies are destroyed." Then shall be the time of the singing of "the song of Moses and of the Lamb."



CHRIST in a man, the gospel in the soul, is the power of God in our experience. We will picture the Christian from his beginning to his end. He begins there, in that prison-house, shut in with huge iron bars, which he cannot file, with all the labour he can spend upon them. In that dark damp cell, where pestilence and death are bred, he is fast secured. There, in poverty

and nakedness, without a pitcher to put to his thirsty lips, without a mouthful of dry crust to satisfy his hunger, that is where he finds himself, when he begins to live—in the prison chamber of conviction, powerless, lost and ruined. Between the bars the Comforter thrusts in his hand and gives him the name of Christ to plead. Look at him; he has been flinging away at these bars many and many a day, without their yielding an inch; but now he has the name of Christ upon his lips; he puts his hand upon the bars, and one of them is gone, and another, and another; and he makes a happy escape, crying, “I am free, I am free, I am free! Christ has delivered me from the horrible pit.” No sooner is he free, however, than a thousand doubts meet him. He soon comes into the furnace of trouble; he is thrust into the innermost prison, and his feet are made fast in the stocks. God has put his heavy hand of chastisement upon him. He is in deep trouble; at midnight he begins to sing of *Christ*; and lo! the walls begin to totter, and the foundation of the prison shakes, and the man’s chains are taken off, and he comes out free, for Christ hath delivered him from trouble. Here is a hill to climb on the road to heaven. Wearily he pants up the side of that hill, and thinks he must die ere he can reach the summit. The name of Jesus is whispered in his ear; he leaps to his feet and pursues his way with fresh courage until the summit is gained, when he cries, “Jesus Christ is my strength and my song; he also

hath become my salvation." See him again a sudden beset by many enemies: how slay them? With this true sword, this true blade, *Christ—crucified*. With this he keeps at arm's length; with this he fights against lust, against spiritual wickedness in. With this he overcomes. Now, he has come into struggle; the river Death rolls black and swift against him; dark shapes rise upward from the flood and fright him. How shall he cross the stream? shall he find a landing-place on the other side? thoughts perplex him for a moment; he is at a loss; he remembers *Jesus died*; and catching up a word he ventures to the flood. Before Jordan flies apace; like Israel of old, he walks dry shod, singing as he enters heaven, "Come, Christ is with me, passing through Victory, victory, victory, to him that loveth me."

THE Word is able to convert just as easily as God the Spirit pleases to apply it; and no reason why, if converts come in by thousands now, there should not be a time when hundreds of thousands shall come to God. The sum which God blesses to ten, if he please to bless to a hundred. I know not but latter days, when Christ shall come, and

to take the kingdom to himself, every minister of God shall be as successful as Peter on the day of Pentecost. I am sure the Holy Spirit is able to make the Word successful; and the reason why we do not prosper, is, that we have not the Holy Spirit attending us with might and energy, as they had of old.

THE heroes of our Saviour's stories are most of them selected to illustrate traits of character entirely dissimilar to their general reputation. What would you think of a moral writer of our own day, should he endeavour in a work of fiction, to set before us the gentle virtue of benevolence by the example of a Sepoy? And yet, Jesus Christ has given us one of the finest examples of charity in the case of a Samaritan. To the Jews, a Samaritan was as proverbial for his bitter animosity against their nation, as the Sepoy is among us for his treacherous cruelty, and he was as much an object of contempt and hatred; but Jesus Christ, nevertheless, chose his hero from the Samaritans, that there should be nothing adventitious to adorn him, but that all the honour might be given to the grace of charity. Thus, too, our Saviour, being desirous of setting before us the necessity of humiliation in prayer, has not selected some distinguished saint who was famed for his humility, but he has chosen a tax gatherer, probably one of the most extortionate of his class, for

the Pharisee seems to hint as much; and I doubt not he cast his eye askance at this publican, when he observed, with self-gratulation, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as *this publican*." Still, our Lord, in order that we might see that there was nothing to predispose in the person, but that the acceptance of the prayer might stand out, set even in a brighter light by the black foil of the publican's character, has selected this man to be the pattern and model of one who should offer an acceptable prayer unto God. Note that, and you will not be surprised to find the same characteristic exhibited very frequently in the parables of our Lord Jesus Christ.

CHILDREN of God, if Christ were here on earth, what would you do for him? If it should be rumoured to-morrow that the Son of Man had come down from heaven, as he came at first, what would you do for him? If there should be an infallible witness that the feet that trod the holy acres of Palestine were actually treading the roads of Great Britain, what would you do for him? Oh, I can conceive that there would be a tumult of delighted hearts—a superabundance of liberal hands—that there would be a sea of streaming eyes to behold him. "Do for him," says one; "do for him! Did he hunger I would give him

meat, though it were my last crust. Did he thirst I would give him drink, though my own lips were parched with fire. Was he naked, I would strip myself and shiver in the cold to clothe him. Do for him? I should scarcely know what to do. I would hurry away, and I would cast myself at his dear feet, and I would beseech, if it would but honour him, that he would tread upon me, and crush me in the dust, if he would but be raised one inch the higher thereby. Did he want a soldier, I would enlist in his army; did he need that some one should die, I would give my body to be burned, if he stood by to see the sacrifice, and cheer me in the flames." O ye daughters of Jerusalem! would ye not go forth to meet him? Would ye not rejoice with the tabret, and in the dance? Dance then ye might, like Miriam, by the side of Egypt's waters, red with blood. We, the sons of men, would dance, like David before the ark, exulting for joy, if Christ were come. Ah! we think we love him so much that we should do all this; but there is a grave question about the truth of this matter after all. Do you not know that Christ's wife and family are here? And if we love him, would it not follow, as a natural inference, that you would love his bride and his offspring? "Ah!" says one, "Christ has no bride on earth." Has he not? Has he not espoused unto himself *his church*? Is not his church, the mother of the faithful, his own chosen wife? And did he not give his blood to be her dower; And has he not declared that he will never be divorced

from her, for he hates to put away; and that he will consummate the marriage in the last great day, when he shall come to reign with his people upon the earth? And has he no children here? The daughters of Jerusalem and the sons of Zion, who hath begotten me these? Are not they the offspring of the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the child born, the son given? Surely they are; and if we love Christ, as we think we do, as we pretend we do, we shall love his church and people also.

I BELIEVE that to the most of men the terrors of the law, although they ought to be exceedingly terrible, have but little restraining power. I met with a story the other day which showed me, if nothing else, the utter powerlessness of terror for curbing the heart from sin. It is pretended by some that it is necessary that men who commit murder should be capitally executed in order to deter others from crime. There is not, however, I believe, the shadow of a hope that the execution of a murderer will ever produce any such effect. Three traitors were once executed in this country—Thistlewood was one of them,—and when the executioner smote off the head of the first man and held it up, saying, "This is the head of a traitor," there was a shudder running through the multitude, a chill, cold feeling,

which was perceptible even by the executioner. When he killed the next man, and held up the head in like manner, it was evidently looked upon with intense curiosity and awe, but with nothing like so much thrilling emotion as the first. And strange to say when the third head was smitten off, the man was about to hold it up, but he let it drop, and the crowd with one voice cried, "Aha! butter fingers!" and laughed. Would you have supposed that an English crowd, on seeing a poor man die, could have become so hardened in so short a time, as actually to make a joke of such an incident? Yet so it is; law and terrors of themselves never do and never will produce any other effect than to drive men to sin and make them think lightly of it. I would not, therefore, advise a Christian, if he would get rid of his sins, to indulge continually in the thought of the punishment; but let him adopt a better process: let him go and sit at the cross of Christ, and endeavour to draw evangelical repentance from the atonement which Christ has offered for our guilt. I know of no cure for sin in a Christian like an abundant intercourse with the Lord Jesus. Dwell much with him, and it is impossible for you to dwell much with sin.



O H! hast thou ever thought how many souls sink to hell every hour? Did the dreary thought that the death-knell of a soul is tolled by every tick of

yonder clock, ever strike thee? Hast thou ever considered that myriads of thy fellow-creatures are in hell now, and that myriads more are hastening thither? and yet dost thou sleep? What! physician, wilt thou sleep when men are dying? Sailor, wilt thou sleep when the wreck is out at sea, and the life-boat is waiting for hands to man it? Christian, wilt thou tarry while souls are being lost? I do not say that thou canst save them—God alone can do that—but thou mayest be the instrument; and wouldest thou lose the opportunity of winning another jewel for thy crown in heaven? wouldest thou sleep while work is to be done, and while men are being damned?



MENTAL power may fill a chapel; but spiritual power fills the *church*. Mental power may gather a congregation; spiritual power will save souls. We want spiritual power. Oh! my brethren, we know some ministers before whom we shrink into nothing as to talent, but who have no spiritual power, and when they speak they have not the Holy Spirit with them; but we know others, simple-hearted, worthy men, who speak their country dialect, and who stand up to preach in their humble sanctuary, and the Spirit of God clothes every word with power; hearts are broken, souls are saved, and sinners are born again. Spirit of the living God! we want thee Thou art the life and

soul of all our hopes; thou art the source of all our success; without thee we can do nothing, with thee we can do everything.



SOME say that children learn sin by imitation. But no; take a child away, place it under the most pious influences, let the very air it breathes be purified by piety; let it constantly drink in draughts of holiness; let it hear nothing but the voice of prayer and praise, let its ear be always kept in tune by notes of sacred song; and that child, notwithstanding, may still become one of the grossest of transgressors; and though placed apparently on the very road to heaven, it shall, if not directed by divine grace, march downwards to the pit. The young crocodile, when broken from the shell, will in a moment begin to put itself in a posture of attack, opening its mouth as if it had been taught and trained to fight. We know that young lions, when tamed and domesticated, will still retain the wild nature of their fellows of the forest, and were liberty given them, would prey as fiercely as others. So with the child; you may bind him with the green withes of education, but the strong Samson of his evil heart shall soon rend the bonds in twain. You may do what you will with him, but since you cannot change his heart, that carnal mind shall still be at enmity against God; and notwithstanding training, education, chastisement,

and good example, he will still be an enemy to God. Hence the absolute necessity of earnest prayer for our children, that they may receive the grace of God.



IN hell, there is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying—the hope of being annihilated. They are for ever—for ever—FOR EVER—lost! On every chain in hell, there is written “for ever.” In the fires, there blazes out the word “for ever.” Up above their heads, they read “for ever.” Their eyes are scorched, and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is “for ever.” Oh! if I could tell you to-night that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be a jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be—it is an eternity of hell without hope of escape.



WE who constitute the Israel of God, were once the slaves of sin and Satan; we served with hard bondage and rigour whilst in our natural state; no bondage was ever more terrible than ours; we indeed made bricks without straw, and laboured in the very fire. But by the strong hand of God we have been delivered. We have come forth from the prison-house;

with joy we behold ourselves emancipated—the Lord's free men. The iron yoke is taken from our necks; we no longer serve our lusts, and pay obedience to the tyrant sin. With a high hand and an outstretched arm, our God has led us forth from the place of our captivity, and joyfully we pursue our journey through the wilderness.



SLEEPY Christian, let me shout in thine ears; thou art sleeping while souls are being lost; sleeping while men are being damned; sleeping while hell is being peopled; sleeping while Christ is being dis-honoured; sleeping while the devil is grinning at thy sleepy face; sleeping while demons are dancing round thy slumbering carcass, and all hell is mocking, because a Christian is asleep. You will never find the devil drowsy. Watch, and be sober, that ye may be always up to do your duty.



SINNER, thy sins are the seed-corn of an eternal harvest. What a harvest is that which thou hast prepared for thy poor soul! Thou hast sown the wind, thou shalt reap the whirlwind; thou hast sown iniquity, thou shalt reap damnation. Consider how thou hast sinned against *the gospel*? Remember,

how many times thou hast heard it preached. Why, since thy birth, there have been waggon-loads of sermons wasted on thee. Thy parents prayed for thee in thy youth; thy friends instructed thee till thou didst come to manhood. Since then how many a tear has been wept by the minister for thee! How many an earnest appeal has been shot into thine heart! But thou hast rent out the arrow. Ministers have been concerned to save thee, and thou hast never been concerned about thyself. Oh, how ill hast thou used the Lord Jesus? Remember, Christ is very pitiful to sinners now, but in the day of judgment you shall find that he is full of justice too. There is nothing which burns more fiercely than that soft substance oil, so there is nothing that will be so terrible as that gentle-hearted Saviour, when he comes to be your judge. Fiercer than a lion on his prey is love when once incensed. Despise Christ on the cross, and it will be a fearful thing to be judged by Christ on his throne.



BELoved brethren, can you conceive how much your gracious Lord will love you when you are in heaven? Have you ever tried to fathom that bottomless sea of affection in which you shall swim, when you shall bathe yourself in seas of heavenly rest? Did you ever think of the love which the

dear Redeemer will manifest to you, when he shall present you without spot, or blemish, or any such thing, before his Father's throne? Well, pause, and remember that he loves you at this hour as much as he will love you then; for he is the unchanging God, the same for ever as he is to-day, and the same to-day as he will be for ever. This one thing I know: if Jesus' heart is set on me he will not love me one atom better when this head wears a crown, and when this hand shall with joyous fingers touch the strings of golden harps, than he does now, amidst all my sin, and care, and woe. I believe that most gracious saying of my most loving Lord—"As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you" A higher degree of love we cannot imagine. The Father loves his Son infinitely, and even so to-day, believer, doth the Son of God love thee. Every bowel yearns over thee; all his heart flows out to thee. All his life is thine; all his person is thine. He cannot love thee more; he will not love the less. "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."



AFTER passing the Red Sea, the song of Moses was sung by the side of a sea, which was glassy, and still. For a little season the floods had been disturbed, divided, separated, congealed, but afterwards when Israel had passed the flood, they became smooth

and tranquil; for the enemy had sunk to the bottom like a stone, and the sea returned to its strength when the morning appeared. Is there ever a time, then, when this great sea of Providence, which now stands parted to give a passage to God's saints, shall become a level surface? Is there a day when the now divided dispensations of God, which are kept from following out their legitimate tendency to do justice upon sin—when the two seas of justice shall commingle, and the one sea of God's providence shall be "a sea of glass mingled with fire?" Yes, the day is drawing nigh when God's enemies shall no longer make it necessary for God's providence to be apparently disturbed to save his people, for the great designs of God shall be accomplished, and therefore manifest order shall be restored, the walls of water shall roll together whilst in their inmost depths the everlasting burning fire shall consume the wicked. Oh! the sea shall be calm upon the surface; the sea upon which God's people shall walk, shall be a sea that is clear, without a weed, without an impurity; whilst down in its hollow bosom, far beyond all mortal ken, shall be the horrid depths where the wicked must for ever dwell in the fire which is mingled with the glass.



FROM the fiery days of the stakes of Smithfield even until now, the world's black heart has hated the

church, and the world's cruel hand and laughing lip have been for ever against her. The host of the mighty are pursuing the little flock, thirsting for our blood, and anxious to cut us off from the earth. Such is our position unto this hour; we are in the land of the enemy; and such must it be until we are landed on the other side of Jordan, or until our glorious Leader comes to reign upon the earth.



DID you ever think of the value of a soul? Ah! ye have not heard the howls and yells of hell; ye have not joined in the mighty songs and hosannas of the glorified; ye have not ploughed the shoreless sea of eternity, nor beheld the terrors of the throne of judgment, and till then ye cannot know the full value of the soul.



CHRIST is the same; upon his brow there is ne'er a furrow; his locks are grey with venerable eternity, but not with imbecile decay; his feet stand as firm as when they trod the everlasting mountains in the years before the world was made—his eycs are as piercing as when, for the first time, he looked upon a new-born world. Christ's person never changes. Should he come on earth to visit us again, as sure he

will, we should find him the same Jesus; as loving, as approachable, as generous, as kind; and though arrayed in nobler garments than he wore when first he visited earth, though no more the Man of Sorrows and grief's acquaintance, yet he would be the same person; unchanged by all his glories, his triumphs, and his joys. We bless Christ, that amid his heavenly splendours his person is just the same, and his nature unaffected. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."



GOD'S first and greatest object is his own glory. There was a time before all time, when there was no day but the Ancient of days, when God dwelt alone in the magnificence of his sublime solitude. Whether he should create, or not create, was a question depending upon the answer to another question—Would it be to his honour or not? He determined that he would glorify himself by creating; but in creating, beyond all doubt, his motive was his glory. And since that time, he hath ever ruled the earth, and even blessed it with the same object in his infinite mind—his own glory and honour. Lesser motive for God to have, were less than divine; it is the highest position to which you or I could attain, to live for God; and the very highest virtue of God is, for him to magnify himself in all his greatness as the Infinite and the

Eternal. Whatever, then, God permits or does, he doth with this one motive—his own glory. And even salvation, costly though it was, and infinitely a benefaction to us, had for its first object, and for its grand result, the exaltation of the Being and of the attributes of the Supreme Ruler.

WHENEVER God has blessed the Church, he has secured himself the glory of the blessing, though we have had the profit of it. Sometimes he has been pleased to redeem his people by might; but then he has so used the power that all the glory hath come to him, and his head alone hath worn the crown. Did he smite Egypt, and lead forth his people with a strong hand and an outstretched arm? the glory was not to the rod of Moses, but to the Almighty power which made the rod so potent. Did he lead his people through the wilderness and defend them from their enemies? Still, did he, by teaching the people their dependance upon him, preserve to himself all the glory. So that not Moses or Aaron amongst the priests or prophets could share the honour with him. And tell me, if ye will, of slaughtered Anak, and the destruction of the tribes of Canaan; tell me of Israel's possessing the promised land; tell me of Philistines routed, and laid heaps on heaps; of Midianites made to fall on each other; tell me of kings and princes who fled apace and fell, until the ground was white, like the snow in

Salmon. I will say of every one of these triumphs, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;" and I will say at the end of every victory, "Crown him, crown him, for he hath done it; and let his name be exalted and extolled, world without end.

Did you ever hear of a nation under British rule being converted to God? Mr. Moffat and our great friend, Dr. Livingstone, have been labouring in Africa with great success, and many have been converted. Did you ever hear of the conversion of Caffir tribes protected—or, rather, enslaved—by England? It is only a people that have been left to themselves, and preached to by men as men, that have been brought to God. For my part, I conceive, that when an enterprise begins in martyrdom, it is none the less likely to prosper; but when a conquering nation begins to preach the gospel to those they have conquered, it is not likely to succeed. All the swords that have ever flashed from scabbards, have not aided Christ's cause a single grain. Mohamed's religion might be propagated by the scimitar, but Christ's gospel must be sustained by love. The great crime of war can never promote the religion of peace. The battle, and the garment rolled in blood, are not a fitting prelude to "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." I do firmly hold, that the slaughter of

men, that bayonets, and swords, and guns, have never yet been, and never can be, promoters of the gospel. The gospel will proceed without them, but never through them. "Not by might." Now do not be befooled again, if you hear of the English conquering in China; do not go down on your knees and thank God for it, and say, it is such a heavenly thing for the spread of the gospel, *for it is not*. Experience teaches us the reverse: and if you look upon the map, you will find I have stated the truth, that where our arms have been victorious, the gospel has been hindered rather than assisted; so that where South Sea Islanders have bowed their knees to heaven and cast their idols to the bats, British Hindoos have kept their idols; and where Bechuanas and Bushmen have turned unto the Lord, British Caffirs have not been converted; not, perhaps, because they were British, but because the very fact of the missionary being a Briton, put him above them, and weakened his influence among them. Hush thy trump, O war; put away thy gaudy trappings and thy blood-stained drapery; if thou thinkest that the cannon with the cross upon it, is really sanctified, and if thou imaginest that thy banner hath become holy, because it is adorned with a Christian emblem, thou dreamest of a lie. The scarlet is the red stain of murder, and thy glories are but boastings in a most diabolical crime. God wanteth not thee to help his cause. "It is not by armies, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

WE have delighted in our happier moments, in days that have rolled away, to think of that precious Redeemer, who loved us when we had no being; we have often sung with rapture of him that loved us when we loved not him.

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger
Interposed his precious blood.”

We have looked back, too, upon the years of our troubles and our trials; and we can bear our solemn, though humble witness, that he has been true to us in all our exigencies, and has never failed us once. Come, then, let us comfort ourselves with this thought—that though to-day he may distress us with a sense of sin, yet his heart is the same to us as ever. Christ may wear masks that look black to his people, but his face always shines with the same smile of love. Christ may sometimes take a rod in his hand instead of a golden sceptre; but the name of his saints is as much engraved upon the hand that grasps the rod as upon the palm that clasps the sceptre.



UNDERSTANDING can never arrive at that peace which the Christian hath attained. The philosopher may teach us much, but he can never give us rules whereby to reach the peace that Christians enjoy.

in their conscience. Diogenes may tell us to do with, out everything, and may live in his tub, and then think himself happier than Alexander, and that he enjoys peace; but we look upon the poor creature, and though we may be astonished at his courage, yet we are obliged to despise his folly. We do not believe that even when he had dispensed with everything, he possessed a quiet of mind, a total and entire peace—such as the true believer can enjoy. We find the greatest philosophers of old laying down maxims for life, which they thought would certainly promote happiness. We remark that they were not always able to practise them themselves, and many of their disciples, when they laboured hard to put them in execution, found themselves encumbered with impossible rules to accomplish impossible objects. But the Christian man does with faith what a man can never do himself. “We that have believed do enter into rest.”



GOD will not acquit the wicked, *because he is good.* The judge must condemn the murderer, because he loves his nation. The kindness of a king demands the punishment of those who are guilty. It is not wrathful in the legislature to make severe laws against great sinners; it is but love towards the good, that sin should be restrained. Yon great flood-gates, which keep back the torrent of sin, are painted black, and

look right terrible; like horrid dungeon-gates, they affright my spirit; but are they proofs that God is not good? No; if ye could open wide those gates, and let the deluge of sin flow on us, then would you cry, "O God, O God! shut-to the gates of punishment again; let law again be established, set up the pillars, and swing the gates upon their hinges; shut again the gates of punishment, that this world may not again be utterly destroyed by men who have become worse than brutes." It needs for very goodness' sake that sin should be punished. Mercy, with her weeping eyes (for she hath wept for sinners), when she finds they will not repent, looks more terribly stern in her loveliness than Justice in all his majesty; she drops the white flag from her hand, and saith "No; I called, and they refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; let them die, let them die;" and that terrible word from the lip of Mercy's self is harsher thunder than the very damnation of Justice. Oh, yes, the goodness of God demands that men should perish, if they will not turn from sin.



SOMETIMES tears are base things; the offspring of a cowardly spirit. Some men weep when they should knit their brows, and many a woman weepeth when she should resign herself to the will of God. Many of those briny drops are but an expression of

child-like weakness. It were well if we could wipe such tears away, and face a frowning world with a constant countenance. But oftentimes tears are the index of strength. There are periods when they are the noblest things in the world. The tears of *penitents* are precious; a cup of them were worth a king's ransom. It is no sign of weakness when a man weeps for sin; it shows that he hath strength of mind; nay more, that he hath strength imparted by God, which enables him to forswear his lusts and overcome his passions, and to turn unto God with full purpose of heart. And there are other tears, too, which are the evidences not of weakness, but of might—the tears of *tender sympathy* are the children of strong affection, and they are strong like their parents. He that loveth much, must weep much; much love and much sorrow must go together in this vale of tears. The unfeeling heart, the unloving spirit may pass from earth's portal to its utmost bound almost without a sigh, except for itself; but he that loveth hath digged as many wells of tears as he has chosen objects of affection; for by as many as our friends are multiplied, by so many must our griefs be multiplied too, if we have love enough to share in their griefs and to bear their burden for them. The largest hearted man will miss many sorrows that a smaller one will feel, but he will have to endure many sorrows the poor narrow-minded spirit never knoweth.—Let all men know that there are such men as *weepers who are blest*

ALL things have changed. We believe that not only in appearance but in reality, the world is growing old. The sun itself must soon grow dim with age; the folding up of the worn out vesture has commenced; the changing of the heavens and the earth has certainly begun. "They shall perish; they all shall wax old as doth a garment:" but for ever blessed be him who is the same, and of whose years there is no end. The satisfaction that the mariner feels when, after having been tossed about for many a day, he puts his foot upon the solid shore, is just the satisfaction of a Christian, when, amidst all the changes of this troublous life, he plants the foot of his faith upon such a text as this—"The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The same stability that the anchor gives the ship, when it hath at last got the grip of some immovable rock, that same stability doth our hope give to our spirit, when, like an anchor, it fixes itself in a truth so glorious as this—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."



IT would seem as if some men had been sent into this world, for the very purpose of being the world's weepers. God's great house is thoroughly furnished with everything; everything that can express the thoughts and the emotions of the inhabitants God hath made. I find, in nature, plants to be everlasting

weepers. There by the lonely brook, where the maiden cast away her life, the willow weeps for ever ; and there, in the graveyard, where men lie slumbering till the trumpet of the archangel shall awaken them, stands the dull cypress, mourning in its sombre garments. Now, as it is with nature, so it is with the race of man. Mankind have bravery and boldness ; they must have their heroes to express their courage. Mankind have some love to their fellow-creatures ; they must have their philanthropists to live out mankind's philanthropy. Men have their sorrows ; they must have their weepers ; they must have men of sorrows, who have it for their avocation and their business, to sigh from the cradle to the grave, to be ever weeping, not so much for themselves as for the woes of others.

THERE is one expression in the Song of Moses which ought to be, and I believe is, when set to music, very frequently repeated. It is that part of the song, as recorded in the Psalms, where it is declared that the whole host of Pharaoh were utterly destroyed, and there was not one of them left. When that great song was sung by the side of the Red Sea, there was no doubt a special emphasis laid upon that expression, "not one." I think I hear the hosts of Israel. When the words were known by them, they began and they proceeded thus :—"There is not one of them left;" and

then, in various parts, the words were repeated, "Not one, not one." And then the women with their sweet voices sang, "Not one, not one." I believe that at the last great day, a part of our triumph will be the fact, that there is not one enemy left. We shall look abroad throughout the earth, and see it all a level sea; and not one foeman pursuing us—"not one, not one!" Raise thyself never so high, O thou deceiver, thou canst not live; for not one false prophet shall escape. Lift thy head never so proudly, O despot, thou canst not live; for not one tyrant shall be spared. Oh! heir of heaven, not one sin shall cross the Jordan after thee; not one shall swim the Red Sea to overtake thee; but this shall be the summit of thy triumph—"Not one, not one! not one of them is left."

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

DEAR friends, the last song in this world, the song of triumph, shall be full of God, and of no one else. Here you praise the instrument; to-day you look on this man and on that, and you say, "Thank God

for this minister, and for this deacon!" To-day you say, "Blessed be God for Luther, who shook the Vatican; and thank God for Whitfield, who stirred up a slumbering church;" but in that day you shall not sing of Luther, nor of Whitfield, nor of any of the mighty ones of God's hosts; forgotten shall their names be for a season, even as the stars refuse to shine when the sun himself appeareth. The song shall be unto Jehovah, and Jehovah only; we shall not have a word to say for preachers nor pastors, not a syllable to say for good men and true; but the whole song from first to last shall be, "Unto him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory for ever and ever. Amen"



O H! ye that lean wearily on your staff, the support of your old age, have ye not sins still clinging to your garments? Are your lives as white as the snowy hair that crowns your head? Do you not still feel that transgression besmears the skirts of your robe, and mars its spotlessness? How often are you now plunged into the ditch till your own clothes do abhor you. Cast your eyes over the sixty, the seventy, the eighty years, during which God hath spared your lives; and can ye for a moment think it possible, that ye can number up your innumerable transgressions, or compute the weight of the crimes which you have com-

mitted? O ye stars of heaven! the astronomer may measure your distance and tell your height, but as for you, ye sins of mankind! ye surpass all thought. O ye lofty mountains! the home of the tempest, the birth-place of the storm! man may climb your summits and stand wonderingly upon your snows; but ye hills of sin! ye tower higher than our thoughts; ye chasms of transgressions! ye are deeper than our imagination dares to dive. Do you accuse me of slandering human nature? It is because you know it not. If God had once manifested your heart to yourself, you would bear me witness, that so far from exaggerating, my poor words fail to describe the desperateness of our evil. Oh! if we could each of us look into our hearts to-day—if our eyes could be turned within, so as to see the iniquity that is graven as with the point of the diamond upon our stony hearts, we should then say to the minister, that however he may depict the desperateness of guilt, yet can he not by any means surpass it. How great then, beloved, must be the ransom of Christ, when he saved us from all these sins! Then men for whom Jesus died, however great their sin, when they believe, are justified from all their transgressions. Though they may have indulged in every vice and every lust which Satan could suggest, and which human nature could perform, yet once believing, all their guilt is washed away. Year after year may have coated them with blackness, till their sin hath become of double dye; but in one moment of faith, one trium-

phant moment of confidence in Christ, the great redemption takes away the guilt of numerous years. Nay, more, if it were possible for all the sins that men have done, in thought, or word, or deed, since worlds were made, or time began, to meet on one poor head—the great redemption is all-sufficient to take all these sins away, and wash the sinner whiter than the driven snow.



YOU know, beloved, that after all, the greatest works that have been done have been accomplished by the ones. The hundreds do not often effect much; the companies never do; it is the units, just the single individuals, that after all, are the power and the might. Take any parish in England where there is a well-regulated society for doing good—it is some young woman or some young man who is the very life of it. Take any Church, there are multitudes in it, but it is some two or three that do the work. Look on the Reformation; there might be many reformers,—there was but one Luther; there might be many teachers,—there was but one Calvin. Look ye upon the preachers of the last age, the mighty preachers who stirred up the churches; there were many coadjutors with them; but after all, it was not Whitfield's friends, nor Wesley's friends, but the men themselves that did it. Individual effort is, after all, the grand

thing. A man alone can do more than a man with fifty men at his heels to fetter him. Committees are very seldom of much use; and bodies and societies are sometimes a loss of strength instead of gain. It is said, that if Noah's Ark had had to be built by a company, they would not have laid the keel yet; and it is perhaps true. There is scarcely anything done by a body; it almost always fails; because what is many men's business is just nobody's business at all. It is the same with religion, the grand things must be done by the ones, the great works of God must be accomplished by single men. Look back through old history. Who delivered Israel from the Philistines? It was a solitary Samson. Who was it gathered the people together to rout the Midianites? It was one Gideon, who cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Who was he that smote the enemy? It was one Shamgar with his ox goad, or it was an Ehud with his dagger. Separate men—Davids with their slings and stones, have done more than armies will accomplish.



YOU see yonder ship. After a long voyage, it has neared the haven, but is much injured; the sails are rent to ribbons, and it is in such a forlorn condition that it can scarcely enter the harbour: a steam-tug is pulling it in with the greatest possible difficulty. That is like the righteous being, "scarcely saved." But do

you see that other ship? It has made a prosperous voyage; and now, laden to the water's edge, with the sails all set, and with the white canvas filled with the wind, it rides into the harbour joyously and nobly. That is an "abundant entrance;" and if you and I are helped by God's Spirit to add to our "faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity," we shall have, at the last, an "abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WHEN Moses sang at the Red Sea, he not only rejoiced for what had been done, but for the future consequences of it. He said in himself—"The people of Canaan, whom we are about to attack, will now be seized with sudden fear; by the greatness of thy arm they shall be as still as a stone." Oh! I think I hear them singing that verse of the song, sweetly and softly—"as still as a stone." How would the words roll forth, like gentle thunder heard in the distance—"as still as a stone." And when we shall get on the other side the flood, see the triumph over our enemies, and behold our Master reigning, this will form a part of our song—that our foes must henceforth be "as still as a stone." There will be a hell, but it will not

be a hell of roaring devils, as it now is. They shall be "as still as a stone." There will be legions of fallen angels, but they shall no longer have courage to attack us, or to defy God: they shall be "as still as a stone." Oh! how grand will that sound, when the hosts of God's redeemed, looking down on the demons chained, bound, silenced, struck dumb with terror, shall sing exultingly over them! They must be "as still as a stone;" there they must lie, and bite their iron bands. The fierce despiser of Christ can no more spit in his face; the proud tyrant can no more lift his hands to oppress the saints; even Satan can no more attempt to destroy. They shall all be "as still as a stone."

O H! who shall measure the heights of the Saviour's all-sufficiency? First, tell how high is sin, and then, remember that as Noah's flood prevailed over the tops of earth's mountains, so the flood of Christ's redemption prevails over the tops of the mountains of our sins. In heaven's courts there are to-day men that once were murderers, and thieves, and drunkards, and whoremongers, and blasphemers, and persecutors; but they have been washed—they have been sanctified. Ask them whence the brightness of their robes hath come, and where their purity hath been achieved, and they, with united breath, tell you that they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.



H! how did heaven wonder! how did the stars stand still with astonishment! and how did the angels hush their songs in reverent amazement, when for the first time, God showed how he might be just and yet be gracious! Oh! I think I see heaven astonished, and silence in the courts of God for the space of an hour, when the Almighty said, "Sinner, I must and will punish thee on account of sin! But I love thee; the bowels of my love yearn over thee. How can I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim; My justice says 'smite,' but my love stays my hand, and says, 'Spare, spare the sinner!' Oh! sinner, my heart hath devised it; my Son, the pure and perfect, shall stand in thy stead, and be accounted guilty, and thou, the guilty, shall stand in my Son's stead, and be accounted righteous!" It would make us leap upon our feet in astonishment if we did but realize this thoroughly—the wonderful mystery of the substitution of Christ for the sinner.



SOMETIMES, right solemnly, the sacred mysteries of eternal wrath must be preached, but far oftener let us preach the wondrous love of God. There are more souls won by wooing than by threatening. It is not hell, but Christ, we desire to preach. O sinners! we are not afraid to tell you of your doom, but we do not choose to be for ever dwelling on that doleful theme.

We rather love to tell you of Christ, and him crucified. We want to have our preaching rather full of the frankincense of the merits of Christ, than of the smoke and fire, and terrors of Mount Sinai; we are not come unto Mount Sinai, but unto Mount Zion—where milder words declare the will of God, and rivers of salvation are abundantly flowing.

FULL many a time has a preacher rendered Scripture dark by his explanations, instead of making it brighter. Many a preacher has been like a painted window, shutting out the light instead of admitting it.

HAST thou never fled to Christ for refuge? Dost thou not believe in the Redeemer? Hast thou never confided thy soul to his hands? Then hear me; in God's name, hear me just a moment. My friend, I would not stand in thy position for an hour for all the stars twice spelt in gold! For what is thy position? Thou hast sinned, and God will not acquit thee; he will punish thee. He is letting thee live; thou art reprieved. Poor is the life of one that is reprieved without a pardon! Thy reprieve will soon run out; thine hour-glass is emptying every day. I see on some of you death has put his cold hand, and

frozen your hair to whiteness. Ye need your staff; it is the only barrier between you and the grave now; and you are, all of you, old and young, standing on a narrow neck of land, between two boundless seas—that neck of land, that isthmus of life narrowing every moment, and you are yet unpardoned. Behold, as in a glass, the folly and danger of your delays. There is a city to be sacked, and you are in it. Soldiers are at the gates; the command is given that every man in the city is to be slaughtered, save he who can give the password. Sleep on, sleep on! the attack is not to-day; sleep on. But it is to-morrow, sir. Ay, it is not to-day, then, sleep on, sleep on! it is not till to-morrow, procrastinate! procrastinate. Hark! I hear a rumbling at the gates; the battering ram is at them; the gates are tottering. Sleep on, sleep on; the soldiers are not yet at your doors! Ay, but I hear the shrill clarion sound; they are in the streets. Hark to the shrieks of men and women! Fierce men are slaughtering them; they fall like grass before the mower! Sleep on; they are not yet at your door. But, hark! they are at the gate; with heavy tramp I hear the soldiers marching up the stairs! Nay, sleep on, sleep on; they are not yet in your room. Why, they are there; they have burst open the door that parted you from them, and there they stand! No, sleep on, sleep on; the sword is not yet at your throat. It is at your throat; you start with horror. Sleep on, sleep on! But you are

gone. "Demon, why didst thou tell me to slumber? It would have been wise in me to have escaped the city when first the gates were shaken. Why did I not ask for the password before the troops came? Why, by all that is wise, why did I not rush into the streets, and cry the password when the soldiers were there? Why stood I till the knife was at my throat? Ay, demon that thou art, be cursed; but I am cursed with thee for ever!" You know the application; it is a parable you can all expound; ye need not that I should tell you that death is after you, that justice must devour you, that Christ crucified is the only password that can save you; and yet you have not learnt it—that with some of you death is nearing, nearing, nearing, and that with all of you he is close at hand! I need not expound how Satan is the demon, how in hell you shall curse him and curse yourselves, because you procrastinated—how that seeing God was slow to anger, you were slow to repentance—how, because he was great in power and kept back his anger, therefore you kept back your steps from seeking him; and as foolish procrastinators, you slept at the gates of hell.



PRAIER is the certain forerunner of salvation. Sinner, thou canst not pray and perish; prayer and perishing are two things that never go together. I ask you not what your prayer is; it may be a groan,

it may be a tear, a wordless prayer, or a prayer in broken English, ungrammatical and harsh to the ear: but if it be a prayer from thy inmost heart, thou shalt be saved.

SINNER, unconverted sinner, thou hast often tried to save thyself; but thou hast always failed. Thou hast, by thine own power and might, sought to curb thy evil passions and licentious desires. With thee, I lament that all thine efforts have been unsuccessful, and I warn thee that they will be always so, for thou never canst by thine own might save thyself; with all the strength thou hast, thou never canst regenerate thine own soul; thou canst never cause thyself to be born again. And though the new birth is absolutely necessary, it is absolutely impossible to thee, unless God the Spirit shall do it.

WORKS of art require some education in the beholder, before they can be thoroughly appreciated. We do not expect that the uninstructed should at once perceive the varied excellencies of a painting from a master hand; we do not imagine that the superlative harmonies of the Princes of Song will enrapture the ears of clownish listeners. There

must be something in the man himself, before he can understand the wonders either of nature or of art. Certainly, this is true of character. By reason of failure in our character, and faults in our life, we are not capable of understanding all the separate beauties, and the united perfection of the character of Christ, or of God his Father. Were we ourselves as pure as the angels in heaven, were we what our race once was, in the garden of Eden—immaculate and perfect—it is quite certain that we should have a far better and nobler idea of the character of God than we can by possibility attain unto in our fallen state. But you cannot fail to notice, that men, through the alienation of their natures, are continually misrepresenting God, because they cannot appreciate his perfection. Does God at one time withhold his hand from wrath? Lo, they say that God hath ceased to judge the world, and looks upon it with listless, phlegmatic indifference. Does he at any time punish the world for sin? They say he is severe and cruel. Men *will* misunderstand him, because they are imperfect themselves, and are not capable of admiring the character of God.



C^OMING to Christ is just the one essential thing for a sinner's salvation. He that cometh not to Christ, do what he may, or think what he may, is yet in "the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity."

Coming to Christ is the very first effect of regeneration. No sooner is the soul quickened than it at once discovers its lost estate, is horrified thereat, looks out for a refuge, and believing Christ to be a suitable one, flies to him and reposes in him. Where there is not this coming to Christ, it is certain that there is as yet no quickening; where there is no quickening, the soul is dead in trespasses and sins, and being dead it cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

O MY heart, I bid thee now put thy treasure where thou canst never lose it. Centre it in Christ; place all thine affections upon his person, all thy boast in his triumphs, all thy trust in his efficacious blood, all thy joy in his presence, and then thou wilt have put thyself and put thine all where thou canst never lose anything, because it is secure. Remember, O my heart, that the time is coming when all things must fade, and when thou must part with all. Death's gloomy night must soon put out thy sunshine; the dark flood must soon roll between thee and all thou hast below. Then put thine heart with him who will never leave thee; trust thyself with him who will go with thee through the black and surging current of death's stream, and who will walk with you up the steep hills of heaven and make thee sit together with him in heavenly places for ever. Go, tell thy secrets to that

friend that sticketh closer than a brother. My heart, I charge thee, trust all thy concerns with him who never can be taken from thee, who will never leave thee, and who will never let thee leave him, even "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

I HAVE stood by the graves of many servants of the Lord. I have buried some of the excellent of the earth; and when I bid farewell to my brother down below there, slumbering in his coffin, I usually commence my speech with those words, "So he giveth his beloved sleep." Dear servants of Jesus! There I see them! What can I say of them, but that "so he giveth his beloved sleep?" Oh! happy sleep! This world is a state of tossing to and fro; but in that grave they rest. No sorrows there; no sighs, no groans, to mingle with the songs that warble from immortal tongues. Well may I address the dead thus:—"My brother, oftentimes hast thou fought the battles of this world; thou hast had thy cares, thy trials, and thy troubles; but now thou art gone—not to worlds unknown, but to yonder land of light and glory. Sleep on, brother. Thy soul sleepeth not, for thou art in heaven; but thy body sleepeth. Death hath laid thee in thy last couch; it may be cold, but it is sanctified; it may be damp, but it is safe; and on the resurrection morning, when the

archangel shall set his trumpet to his mouth, thou shalt rise. ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ Sleep on in thy grave, my brother, for thou shalt rise to glory.” “So he giveth his beloved sleep.”

THIE cross of Christ is Christ's glory. Man seeks to win his glory by the slaughter of others—Christ by the slaughter of himself: men seek to get crowns of gold—he sought a crown of thorns: men think that glory lieth in being exalted over others—Christ thought that his glory did lie in becoming “a worm and no man,” a scoff and reproach amongst all that beheld him. He stooped when he conquered; and he counted that the glory lay as much in the stooping as in the conquest.

IF kingdoms should go to rack, the Christian need not tremble. Imagine for a moment a riot of horrors. Suppose for the next three days the sun should not rise, and that the moon should be turned into a clot of blood; imagine that a darkness which might be felt, brooded over all men; imagine next that all the world did tremble in an earthquake, till every tower and house and hut fell down; conceive

next that the sea forgot its place and leaped upon the earth, and that the mountains lost their stability, and began to tremble from their pedestals; conceive that a blazing comet streamed across the sky—that the thunder bellowed incessantly—that the lightnings without a moment's pause followed one the other; imagine then that thou didst behold divers ghastly hordes of fiendish ghosts and grim spirits; imagine next, that the sound of the dread trumpet of judgment waxed exceeding loud and long, and was attended by a dolorous chorus of the shrieks of despairing, damned, and tormented souls. And now, pause a moment, and imagine that in the midst of all this confusion there was to be found a saint, a believer. My friend, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” would keep him as secure amidst all these horrors as we are to-day. O rejoice; I have pictured the worst that can come. *Then* you would be secure. Come what may, you are safe, for Jesus Christ is a sure Redeemer.



GOD knows the burial places of all his people. He notes as well the resting-place of the man who is buried tombless and alone, as that of the monarch over whom a mausoleum has been raised. The traveller who fell in the barren desert, whose body became the prey of the vulture, and whose bones were bleached in the sun—the mariner, who was wrecked far out at sea, and

over whose corpse no dirge was ever wailed, except the howling of the winds, and the murmuring of the wild waves—the thousands who have perished in battle, unnumbered and unburied—the many who have died alone, amid dreary forests, frozen seas, and devouring snow-storms—all these, and the places of their sepulchre, are known to God. That silent grot within the sea, where pearls lie deep, where now the shipwrecked one is sleeping, is marked by God as the death-place of one of his redeemed; that place upon the mountain side, the deep ravine into which the traveller fell and was buried in a snow-drift, is marked in the memory of God as the tomb of one of the human race. No body of man, however it may have been interred or uninterred, has passed beyond the range of God's knowledge. Blessed be his name, if I shall die, and lie where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, in some neglected corner of the churchyard, I shall be known and rise as surely recognised by my glorious Father, as if interred in the cathedral, where forests of gothic pillars proudly stand erect, and where the songs of myriads perpetually salute high heaven. I shall be known as well as if I had been buried in solemn pomp, and had been interred with music and with dread solemnities; and I shall be recognised as well as if the marble trophy and the famous pillar had been raised to my remembrance; for God knoweth no such thing as forgetfulness of the burying places of his children. Moses sleeps in some spot that eye hath not seen; God

kissed away his soul, and he buried him where Israel could never find him, though they may have searched for him. But God knoweth where Moses sleeps; and if he knows that, he understands where all his children are hidden. Ye cannot tell me where is the tomb of Adam; ye could not point out to me the sleeping place of Abel. Is any man able to discover the tomb of Methuselah, and those long-lived dwellers in the time before the flood? Who shall tell where the once-treasured body of Joseph now sleeps in faith? Can any of you discover the tombs of the kings, and mark the exact spot where David and Solomon rest in solitary grandeur? No, those things have passed from human recollection, and we know not where the great and mighty of the past are buried; but God knoweth, for death and hades are open before the Lord.

B RING out your fears, and hang them here upon the scaffold. Blow them away at the great guns of the promises, let them be destroyed for ever. They are renegade mutineers; let them be cut off, let them be utterly destroyed, and let us sing, "Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

LEARN to look upon God as being as severe in his justice as if he were not loving, and yet as loving as if he were not severe. His love does not diminish his justice, nor does his justice, in the least degree, make warfare upon his love. The two things are sweetly linked together in the atonement of Christ. But, mark, we can never understand the fulness of the atonement till we have first grasped the Scriptural truth of God's unswerving justice. There was never an ill word spoken, nor an ill thought conceived, nor an evil deed done, for which God will not have punishment from some one or another. He will either have satisfaction from you, or else from Christ. If you have no atonement to bring through Christ, you must for ever lie paying the debt (which you never can pay) in eternal misery; for as surely as God is God, he will sooner lose his Godhead than suffer one sin to go unpunished, or one particle of rebellion to escape his word.

WHAT would her Majesty think of her soldiers, if they should swear they were loyal and true, and yet should say—"Your Majesty, we prefer not to wear these regimentals; let us wear the dress of civilians! we are right honest men, and upright; but do not care to stand in your ranks, acknowledged as your soldiers: we had rather slink into the enemy's camp, and into your camp too, we therefore prefer not to wear anything

that would mark us as being your soldiers!" Ah! some of you do the same with Christ. You are going to be secret Christians, are you, and slink into the devil's camp, and into Christ's camp, but acknowledged by none? Well, ye must take the chance of it, if ye will be double-minded; but I should not like to risk it. It is a solemn threatening—"Of him will I be ashamed when I come in the glory of my Father, and all his holy angels with me!" It is a solemn thing, I say, when Christ says, "Except a man take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple."



THE universal law of love will not allow us to shut out any man from our love, however vile he may be. The common habit with the harlot and the profligate is to drive them out of society as a curse. It is not right, it is not Christian-like. We are bound to love even such as these, and not to drive them from the land of hope, but seek to reclaim them. Is a man a rogue, a thief, or a liar? I cannot love his roguery, or I should be a rogue myself. I cannot love his lying, or I should be untrue; but I am bound to love *him* still, and even though I am wronged by him, yet I must not harbour one vindictive feeling, but as I would desire God to forgive me, so I must forgive him, and if he so sins against the law of the land, that he is condemned to be punished (and rightly so) I am to love him in the punishment; for I am not to condemn him

to imprisonment vindictively, but I am to do it for his good, that he may be led to repent through the punishment; I am to give him such a measure of punishment as shall be adequate, not as an atonement for his crime, but to teach him the evil of it, and to induce him to forsake it. But let me condemn him with a tear in my eye, because I love him still. And let me, when he is thrust into prison, take care that all his keepers attend to him with kindness, and although there be a necessity for sternness and severity in prison discipline, let it not go too far lest it merge into cruelty, and become wanton, instead of useful. I am bound to love him, though he be sunken in vice and degraded. The law knows of no exception. It claims my love for him. I must love him. I am not bound to take him to my house; I am not bound to treat him as one of my family. There may be some acts of kindness which would be imprudent, seeing that by doing them I might ruin others and reward vice. I am bound to set my *face* against him, as I am just, but I feel I ought not to set my *heart* against him, for he is my brother-man; and though the devil has besmeared his face, and spits his venom in his mouth, so that when he speaks he speaks in oaths, and when he walks, his feet are swift to shed blood, yet he is a man, and, as a man, he is my brother, and as a brother I am bound to love him; and if by stooping, I can lift him up to something like moral dignity, I am wrong if I do not do it, for I am bound to love him as I love myself.

SUPPOSE a liar says that it is not in his power to speak the truth, that he has been a liar so long that he cannot leave it off; is that an excuse for him? Suppose a man, who has long indulged in lust should tell you that he finds his lusts have so girt about him, like a great iron net, that he cannot get rid of them, would you take that as an excuse? Truly, it is none at all. If a drunkard has become so foully a drunkard, that he finds it impossible to pass a public-house without stepping in, do you therefore excuse him? No; because his inability to reform lies in his nature, which he has no desire to restrain or conquer. The thing that is done, and the thing which causes it, being both from the root of sin, are two evils which cannot excuse each other. What though the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots? It is because you have learned to do evil that you cannot now learn to do well; and instead, therefore, of letting you sit down to excuse yourselves, let me put a thunderbolt beneath the seat of your sloth, that you may be startled by it and aroused. Remember, that to sit still is to be damned to all eternity.

WHEN you bewail the world's iniquity, let not your emotions end in tears; mere weeping will do nothing without action. Get on your feet; ye that have voices and knowledge, go forth and preach the

gospel, preach it in every street and lane of this huge city; ye that have wealth, go forth and spend it for the poor, and sick, and needy, and dying, the uneducated, the unenlightened; ye that have time, go forth and occupy it in deeds of goodness; ye that have power in prayer, go forth and pray; ye that can handle the pen, go forth and write down iniquity—every man to his post, every one of you to your gun in this day of battle; now for God and for his truth; for God and for the right; let every one of us who knows the Lord seek to fight under his banner!



DREAMS—the disordered fabrics of a wild imagination, the totterings of the fair pillars of a grand conception—how can they be the means of salvation? You know Rowland Hill's good answer; I must quote it in default of a better. When a woman pleaded that she was saved because she dreamed so, he said, "Well, my good woman, it is very nice to have good dreams when you are asleep; but I want to see how you act when you are awake; for if your conduct is not consistent with religion when you are awake, I will not give a snap of the finger for your dreams." Ah, I marvel that ever any person should go to such a depth of ignorance as to tell the pastor the stories that I have heard myself about dreams. Poor dear creatures, when they were sound asleep they saw the gates of

heaven opened, and a white angel came and washed their sins away, and then they saw that they were pardoned; and since then they have never had a doubt or a fear. It is time that you should begin to doubt, then—high time that you should; for if that is all the hope you have, it is a poor one. Remember it is, “ Whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved,” not whosoever dreams about him. Dreams may do good. Sometimes people have been frightened out of their senses in them; and they were better out of their senses than they were in, for they did more mischief when they were in their senses than they did when they were out; and the dreams did good in that sense. Some people, too, have been alarmed by dreams; but to trust to them is to trust to a shadow, to build your hopes on bubbles, scarcely needing a puff of wind to burst them into nothingness. Oh! remember, you want no vision, no marvellous appearance. If you have had a vision or a dream, you need not despise it; it may have have benefited you; but do not trust to it. But if you have had none, remember the promise is appended to believing, and not to dreaming.



THROUGH the fall, and through our own sin, the nature of man has become so debased, and depraved, and corrupt, that it is impossible for him to come to Christ without the assistance of God the Holy

Spirit. Now, in trying to exhibit how the nature of man thus renders him unable to come to Christ, you must allow me to take this figure. You see a sheep; how willingly it feeds upon the herbage! You never knew a sheep sigh after carrion; it could not live on lion's food. Now bring me a wolf; and you ask me whether a wolf cannot eat grass, whether it cannot be just as docile and just as domesticated as the sheep. I answer, No; because its nature is contrary thereunto. You say, "Well, it has ears and legs; can it not hear the shepherd's voice, and follow him wheresoever he leadeth it?" I answer, certainly, there is no physical cause why it cannot do so, but its nature forbids, and therefore I say it *cannot* do so. Can it not be tamed? cannot its ferocity be removed? Probably it may so far be subdued that it may become apparently tame, but there will always be a marked distinction between it and the sheep, because there is a distinction in nature. Now, the reason why man cannot come to Christ, is not because he cannot come, so far as his body or his mere power of mind is concerned, but because his nature is so corrupt that he has neither the will nor the power to come to Christ, unless drawn by the Spirit. But let me give you a better illustration. You see a mother with a babe in her arms. You put a knife into her hand and tell her to stab that babe to the heart. She replies, and very truthfully, "I cannot." Now, so far as her bodily power is concerned, she can, if she pleases; there is the knife, and there is

the child. The child cannot resist, and she has quite sufficient strength in her hand immediately to stab it to its heart. But she is quite correct when she says she cannot do it. As a mere act of the mind, it is quite possible she might think of such a thing as killing the child, and yet she says she cannot think of such a thing; and she does not say falsely, for her nature as a mother forbids her doing a thing from which her soul revolts. Simply because she is that child's parent she feels she cannot kill it. It is even so with a sinner. Coming to Christ is so obnoxious to human nature that, although, so far as physical and mental forces are concerned (and these have but a very narrow sphere in salvation) men could come if they would: it is strictly correct to say that they cannot, and will not, unless the Father who hath sent Christ doth draw them.



THE whole world was drowned except those happy creatures who were found in the ark. The mightiest beast, and the tiniest insect, the stately elephant and the loathsome reptile, the fleet horse and the creeping snail, the graceful antelope, and the ugly toad—every living substance that was upon the face of the ground was involved in one common doom, save those only who were preserved alive in the ark. The noblest animals endowed with the finest instincts were drowned, despite their powers of swimming (if they were not fish), save those only who were sheltered in the ark.

The strongest winged fowls that ever cut the air were all wearied in their flight, and fell into the water, save those only who were housed in the ark. The proudest tenants of the forest, those who ranged fearlessly in the broad light of day, or those who prowled stealthily under the cover of night, the strongest, the mightiest, all were swallowed up in the vast abyss, save those only who were commanded by God to hide themselves within the shelter of the ark. Even so, there is only one way of salvation for all men living under heaven. There is only one name whereby they can be saved. Wouldst thou be saved, rich man? There is no way but that whereby the poverty-stricken pauper is also to be saved. Wouldst thou be delivered, thou man of intelligence? Thou shalt be saved in the same way as the most ignorant. "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. There were not two arks, but one ark; so there are not two Saviours, but one Saviour. There was no other means of salvation except the ark; so there is no plan of deliverance except by Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. In vain you climb the lofty top of Sinai; fifteen cubits upwards shall the waters prevail. In vain you climb to the highest pinnacles of your self-conceit and your worldly merit: ye shall be drowned—drowned beyond the hope of salvation; for "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid—Jesus Christ and him crucified."

A VAUNT, Satan! While I am at peace with God, I am a match for all thy temptations. Thou offerest me silver; I have gold. Thou bringest before me the riches of the earth; I have something more substantial than these. Avaunt! tempter of human kind! Avaunt! thou fiend! Thy temptations and blandishments are lost on one who has peace with God.



THE wrath of man shall praise God. I believe the last song of the redeemed, when they shall ultimately triumph, will celebrate in heavenly stanzas the wrath of man overcome by God. Sometimes, after great battles, monuments are raised to the memory of the fight; and of what are they composed? They are composed of weapons of death and of instruments of war, which have been taken from the enemy. Now, to use that illustration as I think it may be properly used, the day is coming when fury, and wrath, and hatred, and strife, shall all be woven into a song; and the weapons of our enemies, when taken from them, shall serve to make monuments to the praise of God. Rail on, rail on, blasphemer! Smite on, smite on, tyrant! Lift thy heavy hand, O despot! crush the truth, which thou canst not crush; dash from his head the crown—the crown that is far above thy reach—poor puny impotent mortal as thou art! Go on, go on! But all thou doest shall but increase his glories.

For aught we care, we bid you still proceed with all your wrath and malice. Though it shall be worse for you, it shall be more glorious for our Master; the greater your preparations for war, the more splendid shall be his triumphal chariot, when he shall ride through the streets of heaven in pompous array. The more mighty your preparations for battle, the more rich the spoil which he shall divide with the strong. O Christian, fear not the foe! Remember, the harder his blows, the sweeter thy song; the greater his wrath, the more splendid thy triumph; the more he rages, the more shall Christ be honoured in the day of his appearing.



NEITHER Paul, nor an angel from heaven, nor Apollos, nor Cephas can help you in salvation. It is not of man, neither by man; and neither pope, nor archbishop, nor bishop, nor priest, nor minister, nor any one hath any grace to give to others. We must each of us go ourselves to the fountain-head, pleading this promise—"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord Jesus, shall be saved." If I were shut up in the mines of Siberia, where I could never hear the gospel, if I called upon the name of Christ, the road is just as straight without the minister as with him, and the path to heaven is just as clear from the wilds of Africa, and from the dens of the prison-

house and the dungeon, as it is from the sanctuary of God. Nevertheless, for edification, all Christians love the ministry, though not for salvation; though neither in priest nor preacher do they trust, yet the word of God is sweet to them, and "beautiful on the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace."

CAN ye think what must have been the greatness of the atonement which was the substitution for all the punishment which God would have cast upon us, if he had not poured it upon Christ? Look with solemn eye through the shades that part us from the world of spirits, and see that house of misery which men call *hell*! Ye cannot endure the spectacle. Remember that in that place there are spirits for ever paying their debt to divine justice; but though some of them have been for these four thousand years sweltering in the flame, they are no nearer a discharge than when they began; and when ten thousand times ten thousand years shall have rolled away, they will no more have made satisfaction to God for their guilt than they have done up till now. And now can you grasp the thought of the greatness of your Saviour's mediation when he paid your debt, and paid it all at once; so that there now remaineth not one farthing of debt owing from Christ's people to their God, except a debt of love. To justice

the believer oweth nothing; though he owed originally so much that eternity would not have been long enough to suffice for the paying of it, yet, in one moment Christ did pay it all, so that the man who believeth, is entirely justified from all guilt, and set free from all punishment, through what Jesus hath done. Think ye, then, how great his atonement if he hath done all this.



MY God, I could not drink from thy well, if thou hadst not put there the earthen pitcher of my Saviour; but with him living waters from thy sacred well I draw. Heaven! thou art too bright; I could not bear thy insufferable light if I had not this shade with which to cover myself; but through it, as through a mist, I behold the halo of thy glory, undiminished in its effulgence, but somewhat diminished in its potency which would be my destruction.



WE never read that Noah called up Shem, Ham, and Japheth to work at the pumps, nor yet that they had any, for there was not a bit of leakage about the ark. No doubt there were storms that year; but we do not hear that the ship was ever in danger of being wrecked. The rocks, it is true, were too low down to touch her bottom; for fifteen cubits upwards

did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. Rising twenty-seven feet above the loftiest mountains, she had no quicksands to fear; they were too deep below her keel. But of course she was exposed to the winds; sometimes the hurricane might have rattled against her, and driven her along. Doubtless, at another time, the hail beat on her top, and the lightnings scarred the brow of night; but the ark sailed on, not one was cast out from her, nor were her sailors wearied with constant pumping to keep out the water, or frequent repairs to keep her secure. Though the world was inundated and ruined, that one ark sailed triumphantly above the waters. The ark was safe, and all who were in her were safe too.



BELOVED, thy deepest woes have been felt by some one, even more keenly than thou feelest them now. Thou sayest, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." There have been some that have sunk far deeper than thou hast sunk. Thou art up to thy ankles; I have known some to have been up to the loins, and there have been some that have been covered over their very heads, so that they could say, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." Your distresses are very painful, but they are not singular; others have had to endure the same. Be comforted, it is not an uninhabited island; others have

been there too; and if they have passed through this, and won the crown, thou shalt pass through it, and inherit yet the future glory of the believer.



BEGIN with the science of Christ crucified, and you stand in the sun, from which you see every other science moving in complete harmony. The greatest mind in the world will be assisted in its researches by beginning at the right end. The old saying is, "Go from nature up to nature's God;" but it is hard working up hill. The best thing is to go from nature's God down to nature; and if you once get to nature's God, and believe him, and love him, it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whisperings of the winds; to see God everywhere, in the stones, in the rocks, in the rippling brooks, and hear him everywhere in the lowing of cattle, in the rolling of thunders, and in the singing of birds. Get Christ first, put him in the right place, and you will find him to be the wisdom of God in your own experience.



THE devil, who has been a liar from the beginning, we will credit; but if our God promises anything, we say, "Surely this is too good to be true," and we

doubt the fulfilment, because it is not brought to pass exactly at the time and in the way we anticipate. Let us never harbour such suspicions of our God. If we say in our haste, "All men are liars," let us preserve this one truth, "God cannot lie."



IN nature, after evening time there cometh night. The sun hath had its hours of journeying; the fiery steeds are weary; they must rest. Lo, they descend the azure steeps and plunge their burning fetlocks in the western sea, while night in her ebon chariot follows at their heels. God, however, oversteps the rule of nature. He is pleased to send to his people times when the eye of reason expects to see no more day, and fears that the glorious landscape of God's mercies will be shrouded in the darkness of his forgetfulness; but instead thereof, God overleapeth nature, and declares that at evening-time, instead of darkness, there shall be light.



GOD is "slow to anger." When mercy cometh into the world, she driveth winged steeds: the axles of her chariot-wheels are glowing, hot with speed; but when wrath cometh, it walketh with tardy footsteps; it is not in haste to slay, it is not swift to condemn.

God's rod of mercy is ever in his hands outstretched; God's sword of justice is in its scabbard: not rusted in it—it can be easily withdrawn—but held there by the hand that presses it back into its sheath, crying, “Sleep O sword, sleep; for I will have mercy upon sinners, and will forgive their transgressions.” God hath many orators in heaven; some of them speak with swift words. Gabriel, when he cometh down to tell glad tidings, speaketh swiftly: angelic hosts, when they descend from glory, fly with wings of lightning, when they proclaim, “Peace on earth, good will towards men;” but the dark angel of wrath is a slow orator; he speaks with many a pause between, where melting pity joins her languid notes; and when but half his oration is completed he often stays, and withdraws himself from his rostrum, giving way to pardon and to mercy; he having but addressed the people that they might be driven to repentance, and so might receive peace from the sceptre of God’s love.



THE ARK HAD SUNDRY STORIES IN IT. They were not all of one height. There were lower, second, and third stories. Now, this is a figure of the different kinds of Christians who are carried to heaven. There is my poor mourning brother, who lives in the bottom story; he is always singing, “Lord what a wretched land is this!” He lives just near the keel, on the bare

ribs of the ark. He is never very happy. A little light reaches him from the window at times; but generally he is so far from the light that he walks in darkness, and sees very little indeed. His state is that of constant groaning; he likes to hear it said, "Through much tribulation you will enter the kingdom of heaven;" if you paint the Christian life as a very gloomy one, he will like your picture, for his is gloomy indeed; he is always poring over texts such as these, "Oh, wretched man that I am," or that other, "They that pass through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools." He is down in the lower story of the ark. But never mind; he is in the ark, though he has little faith, and very much doubt. "With lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it." There is one of our brethren up a little higher, and he is saying, "I cannot exactly say I am safe; yet I have a hope that my head will be kept above the billows, though it goes hard with me at times. Now and then, too, the Lord bestows 'some drops of heaven' upon me. Sometimes I am like the mountains of Hermon, where 'the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.'" He is in the second story. Well, but he is no safer than the other one. He that is in the second story is no safer, though he is happier than the man on the ground floor. All are safe, so long as they are in the ark. For my part, I like the uppermost story best. I had rather live up there, where I can sing, "O God, my heart is fixed, I

will sing and give praise, even with my glory." I love the place where the saints are always admonishing and encouraging one another with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs. I confess that I am obliged to go down to the lower story sometimes; but I like running up the ladder to the third deck, whenever I can. But I am no more safe when I am in the top story than I am when I am in the bottom. The same wave that would split the ship and drown me, were I in the lowest story, would drown me if I were in the highest. However high some of us, and however low others of us may be, the same vessel bears us all, for we are one crew in one boat, and there is no dividing us. Come, then, my poor desponding hearer, is that your place, somewhere down at the bottom of the hold along with the ballast? Are you always in trials and troubles? Ah! well, fear not, so long as you are in the ark. Do not be afraid, Christ is your strength and righteousness. A wave comes against the side of the ship, but it does not hurt the ship, it only drives the wedges in tighter. The Master is at the helm—will not that assure your heart? It has floated over so many billows—will not that increase your confidence? It must, indeed, be a strong billow that will sink it now; there never shall be such an one. And where, think you, is the power that could destroy the souls who are sheltered in the ark of our salvation? Who can lay anything to the charge of God's elect, since Christ hath died, and God the Father hath justified us?

Happy assurance! We are all safe, so sure as we are in the covenant. The ark floated triumphantly on amidst all the dangers without, and when it finally rested on Mount Ararat, and God spake to Noah again, saying, "Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing;" then the inventory was complete, all were safely landed. So, too, will Christ present the perfect number of all his people to the Father in the last day; not one shall perish. The ark of our salvation shall bring all its living freight into the haven of everlasting rest.



"*THIS do in remembrance of me.*" Christians have many treasures to lock up in the cabinet of memory. They ought to remember their *election*,—"Chosen of God ere time began." They ought to be mindful of their *extraction*—that they were taken out of the miry clay, hewn out of the horrible pit. They ought to recollect their *effectual calling*, for they were called of God, and rescued by the power of the Holy Ghost. They ought to remember their *special deliverances*—all that has been done for them, and all the mercies bestowed on them. But there is one whom they should embalm in their souls with the most costly spices—one who above all other gifts of God, deserves to be had in perpetual remembrance. *One* I said, for

I mean not an act, I mean not a deed; but it is a person, whose portrait I would frame in gold and hang up in the state-room of the soul. I would have you earnest students of all the *deeds* of the conquering Messiah. I would have you conversant with the *life* of our Beloved. But O forget not his *person*; for the text says, "This do in remembrance of ME." It is Christ's glorious person which ought to be the object of our remembrance. It is his image which should be enshrined in every temple of the Holy Ghost.



LET us spend five minutes in remembering Jesus. Let us remember him in his *baptism*, when, descending into the waters of Jordan, a voice was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Behold him as he comes up dripping from the stream! Surely the conscious water must have blushed that it contained its God. He slept within its waves a moment, to consecrate the tomb of baptism, in which those who are dead with Christ are buried with him. Let us remember him in the *wilderness*, whither he went straight from his immersion. Oh! I have often thought of that scene in the desert, when Christ, weary and way-worn, sat him down, perhaps, upon the gnarled roots of some old tree. Forty days had he fasted, he was an hungred, when in the extremity of his weakness there came the evil spirit. Perhaps he had veiled his demon royalty in the form

of some aged pilgrim, and, taking up a stone, said, "Way-worn pilgrim, if thou be the Son of God, command this stone to be made bread." Methinks I see him, with his cunning smile, and his malicious leer, as he held the stone, and said, "If"—blasphemous if—"If thou be the Son of God, command that this stone shall become a meal for me and thee, for both of us are hungry, and it will be an act of mercy; thou canst do it easily; speak the word and it shall be like the bread of heaven; we will feed upon it, and thou and I will be friends for ever." But Jesus said—and O how sweetly did he say it—"Man shall not live by bread alone." Oh! how wonderfully did Christ fight the tempter! Never was there such a battle as that. It was a duel foot to foot—a single-handed combat—when the champion-lion of the pit and the mighty Lion of the Tribe of Judah fought together. Splendid sight! Angels stood around to gaze upon the spectacle, just as men of old did sit to see the tournament of noted warriors. There Satan gathered up his strength; here Apollyon concentrated all his satanic power, that in this giant-wrestle he might overthrow the seed of the woman. But Jesus was more than a match for him; in the wrestling he gave him a deadly fall, and came off more than a conqueror. Lamb of God! I will remember thy desert strivings when next I combat with Satan. When next I have a conflict with roaring Diabolus, I will look to him who conquered once for all, and broke the dragon's head with his mighty blows.

THERE are some persons whose eyes are so weak that the light seems to be injurious to them, especially the red rays of the sun, and a glass has been invented, which rejects the rays that are injurious, and allows only those to pass which are softened and modified to the weakness of the eye. It seems as if the Lord Jesus were some such a glass as this. The grace of God, the Trinity, shining through the man Christ Jesus, becomes a mellow, soft light, so that mortal eye can bear it.



WHEREVER the church is, there is God. God is pleased, in his mercy and condescension, to stoop from the highest heavens to dwell in this lower heaven—the heaven of his church. It is here, among the household of faith, he deigns—let me say it with sacred reverence—to unbend himself, and hold familiar intercourse with those whom he hath adopted into his family. He may be a consuming fire abroad, but when he comes into his own house he is all mercy, mildness, and love. Abroad he does great works of power; but at home in his own house he does great works of grace.



YOU are not dying now; but you will be dying soon. None of you have taken a lease of your lives; it is impossible for you to guarantee to yourselves

existence for another hour. And if you are Godless and Christless, ye have all in your veins the venom of that death unutterable which will make your departure doleful beyond expression! Men are dying every day around us; at this very hour there are thousands departing into the world of spirits. In upper chambers, where mourning relatives are pouring floods of tears upon their burning brows; far away on the wild sea, where the sea-gull utters the only scream over the shipwrecked mariner; down, deep, deep, deep, in the lowest valley, and high upon the loftiest hills, men are dying now, and dying in agonies. Ah, and ye must die also! and will ye march on heedlessly? will ye go on step after step, singing merrily all the way, and dreaming not of that which is to come? Oh, will ye be like the silly bullock that goeth easily to the slaughter, or will ye be like the lamb that licks the butcher's knife! Mad, mad, O man, that thou shouldst go to eternal wrath and to the chambers of fell destruction, and yet no sigh comes from thy heart; no groan is uttered by thy lips! Thou diest every day, but groanest never, till the last day of thy death, which is the beginning of thy misery.



IT is singular that some men think they shall live for ever, but men convinced of sin, who seek a Saviour, are afraid they shall not live another moment.

You have known the time when you dared not shut your eyes for fear you should not open them again on earth; when you dreaded the shadows of the night lest they should darken for ever the light of the sun, and you should dwell in outer darkness throughout eternity. You have mourned as each day has entered and you have wept as it has departed, because you fancied that your next step might precipitate you into your eternal doom. I have known what it is to tread the earth and fear lest every tuft of grass should but cover a door to hell; trembling lest every particle, and every atom, and every stone, should be so at league with God against me as to destroy me.

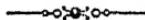


GOD is slow to anger, and great in power. When God's power doth restrain HIMSELF, then it is power indeed, the power to curb power, the power that binds omnipotence is omnipotence surpassed. God is great in power, and therefore doth he keep in his anger. A man who has a strong mind can bear to be insulted, can bear offences because he is strong. The weak mind snaps and snarls at the little; the strong mind bears it like a rock, it moveth not though a thousand breakers dash upon it, and cast their pitiful malice in the spray upon its summit. God marketh his enemies, and yet he moveth not; he standeth still, and letteth them curse him, yet he is not wrathful. If he were

less of a God than he is, if he were less mighty than we know him to be, he would long ere this have sent forth the whole of his thunders, and emptied the magazines of heaven; he would long ere this have blasted the earth with the wondrous mines he hath prepared in its lower surface; the flame that burneth there would have consumed us, and we should have been utterly destroyed. We bless God that the greatness of his power is just our protection; he is slow to anger because he is great in power.



THERE was never a soul yet that sincerely sought the Saviour who perished before he found him. No; the gates of death shall never shut on thee till the gates of grace have opened for thee; till Christ has washed thy sins away thou shalt never be baptised in Jordan's flood. Thy life is secure, for this is God's constant plan—he keeps his own elect alive till the day of his grace, and then he takes them to himself. And inasmuch as thou knowest thy need of a Saviour, thou art one of his, and thou shalt never die until thou hast found him.



THE pillars of the earth were placed in their everlasting sockets by the omnipotent right hand of Christ; the curtains of the heavens were drawn upon

their rings of starry light by him who was from everlasting the all-glorious Son of God. The orbs that float in ether, those ponderous planets, and those mighty stars, were placed in their positions, or sent rolling through space by the eternal strength of him, who is "the first and the last." "the Prince of the kings of the earth." Christ is the power of God, for he is the Creator of all things, and by him all things exist.

MANY men believe in the existence of a God, but they do not love that belief. They know there is a God, but they greatly wish there were none. Some of you would set the bells a-ringing if you could be assured that there were no God. Why, if there were no God, then you might live just as you liked; if there were no God, then you might run riot and have no fear of future consequences. It would be to you the greatest joy that could be, if you heard that the eternal God had ceased to be. But the Christian never wishes any such a thing as that. The thought that there is a God is the sunshine of his existence. His intellect bows before the Most High; not like a slave who bends his body because he must, but like the angel who prostrates himself because he loves to adore his Maker. His intellect is as fond of God as his imagination. "Oh!" he saith, "my God, I bless thee that thou art; for thou art my highest treasure, my richest and my rarest delight. I

love thee with all my intellect; I have neither thought, nor judgment, nor conviction, nor reason, which I do not lay at thy feet, and consecrate to thine honour."

METHINKS, when God launched the sun from his hand and sent him on his course, he said, "Prove me now; see, O Sun, if I do not uphold thee till thou hast done thy work and finished thy career. Rejoice thou mayest, 'as a strong man to run a race, but while thou fulfillest thy circuits, and nothing is hid from thy heat, thou shalt prove my glory and shed light upon my handiwork.'" When the Almighty whirled the earth in space, methinks he said, "Prove me now, O earth, see if I do not perpetuate thy seasons and give thee seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, refreshing thee with incessant providence." And to each creature he made, I can almost think the Almighty said, "Prove me now. Tiny gnat, thou art about to dance in the sunshine; thou shalt prove my goodness. Huge leviathan, thou shalt stir up the deep and make it frothy; go forth, and prove my power. Ye creatures, whom I have endowed with various instincts, wait on me; I will give you your meat in due season. And you, ye mighty thunders and ye swift lightnings, go, teach the world reverence and show forth my omnipotence."

I HAVE often remarked that when men have been adopting a patent process of building up a church, by the revivalist sermons of some thundering, crazy-brained preachers, after the first excitement has subsided that church has become sickly and fallen into a very sad and grievous state. Those revivalists have often been like locusts in our churches, devouring every green thing; and the revivals they have stimulated have well-nigh brought us to destruction. God will not have men usurp his prerogative in the building; and though they may with their own hand speedily pile up a mighty structure, yet, like the baseless fabric of a vision, it soon disappears and it is gone. In his building he suffers no man to use trowel or hammer: he will use men for trowels and hammers, but he will not allow them to make use of themselves or of others. His own hands shall perform it.



WHEN the light of God's grace comes into your heart, it is something like the opening of the windows of an old cellar that has been shut up for many days. Down in that cellar, which has not been opened for many months, are all kinds of loathsome creatures, and a few sickly plants blanched by the darkness. The walls are dark and damp by the trail of reptiles; it is a horrid filthy place in which no one would willingly enter. You may walk there in the

dark very securely, and except now and then for the touch of some slimy creature, you would not believe the place was so bad and filthy. Open those shutters, clean a pane of glass, let a little light in, and now see how a thousand noxious things have made this place their habitation. Sure, 'twas not the light that made this place so horrible, but it was the light that showed how horrible it was before. So let God's grace just open a window and let the light into a man's soul, and he will stand astonished to see at what a distance he is from God.



CHRIST JESUS cast into the river of God, makes all the streams more sweet; and when the believer sees God in the person of the Saviour, he then sees the God whom he can love, and to whom with boldness he can approach.



LET every man remember, that if he perish, after having heard the gospel, he will be his own murderer. Sinner! thou wilt drive the dagger into thine heart thyself. If thou despisest the gospel thou art preparing fuel for thine own bed of flames, thou art hammering out the chain, for thine own everlasting binding; and when damned, thy mournful reflection will be this:—I have damned myself, I cast

myself into this pit, for I rejected the gospel, I despised the message, I trod under foot the Son of Man, I would have none of his rebukes, I despised his Sabbaths, I would not hearken to his exhortations, and now I perish by mine own hand, the miserable suicide of my own soul.

God "will not acquit the wicked;" how prove I this? I prove it thus: never once has he pardoned an unpunished sin; not in all the years of the Most High, not in all the days of his right hand, has he once blotted out sin without punishment. What! say you, are not those in heaven pardoned? Are there not many transgressors pardoned, and do they not escape without punishment? Has he not said, "I have blotted out thy transgressions like a cloud, and like a thick cloud thine iniquities?" Yes, true, most true, and yet my assertion is true also—not one of all those sins that have been pardoned were pardoned without punishment. Do you ask me why, and how such a thing as that can be the truth? I point you to yon dreadful sight on Calvary; the punishment which fell not on the forgiven sinner fell there. The cloud of fustice was charged with fiery hail; the sinner deserved it; it fell on him; but, for all that, it fell and spent its fury; it fell there, in that great reservoir of misery; it fell into the Saviour's heart. The plagues, which need

should light on our ingratitude, did not fall on us, but they fell somewhere; and who was it that was plagued? Tell me, Gethsemane; tell me, O Calvary's summit, who was plagued? The doleful answer comes, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?*" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is Jesus, suffering all the plagues of sin. Sin is still punished, though the sinner is delivered.

SEE what vitality the gospel has. Plunge her under the wave, and she rises the purer from her washing; thrust her into the fire and she comes out the more bright for her burning; cut her in sunder, and each piece shall make another church; behead her, and, like the hydra of old, she shall have a hundred heads for every one you cut away. She cannot die, she must live; for she has the power of God within her.

IT is a singular thing that THERE WAS ONLY ONE WINDOW IN THE ARK. That one window may fitly represent *the ministry of the Holy Ghost*. There is only one light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world, if he be lightened at all. Christ is the light, and it is the Holy Spirit of truth by whom Christ is revealed. Thus we discern sin, righteousness, and judgment. No other conviction is

of any real value. As we are brought under the teachings of the Spirit, we perceive our guilt and misery in ourselves, and our redemption and refuge in Christ. No other means exist. There is only one window to the ark. "Why," says one, "there are some of us who see light through one minister and some through another." True, my friend; but still there is only one window. Ministers are only like panes of glass, and you can obtain no light through them but by the operations of the same Spirit that worketh in them. And even then the different panes of glass give different shades of light. There you have your fine polished preacher; he is a bit of stained glass, not very transparent, made to keep the light out rather than to let it in. There is another pane; he is a square cut diamond; he seems an old-fashioned preacher, but still he is a bit of good glass, and lets the light through. Another one is cut after a more refined style; but still he is plain and simple, and the light shines through him. But there is only one light, and only one window. He who revealeth to us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is the Holy Spirit.



IF we listen to the rippling of the freshet at the mountain side, to the tumbling of the avalanche, to the lowing of the cattle, to the singing of the birds,

to every voice and sound of nature, we shall hear this answer to the question, "God is our Maker; he hath made us, and not we ourselves."

BEHOLD the whole mystery of the sacred Eucharist. It is bread and wine which are lively emblems of the body and blood of Jesus. The power to excite remembrance consists in *the appeal thus made to the senses*. Here the eye, the hand, the mouth find joyful work. The bread is tasted, and entering within works upon the sense of taste, which is one of the most powerful. The wine is sipped, the act is palpable, we know that we are drinking: and thus the senses, which are usually clogs to the soul, become wings to lift the mind in contemplation. Again, much of the influence of this ordinance is found in its simplicity. How beautifully simple the ceremony is—bread broken and wine poured out. There is no calling that thing a chalice, that thing a paten, and that a host. Here is nothing to burden the memory—here is the simple bread and wine. He must have no memory at all who cannot remember that he has eaten bread, and that he has been drinking wine. Note again, the *mighty pregnancy* of these signs—how full they are of meaning. Bread broken—so was your Saviour broken. Bread to be eaten—so his flesh is meat indeed. Wine poured out, the pressed juice of the grape—so was your Saviour

crushed under the foot of divine justice: his blood is your sweetest wine. Wine to cheer your hearts—so does the blood of Jesus. Wine to strengthen and invigorate you—so does the blood of the mighty sacrifice. Oh! make that bread and wine to your souls a sweet and blessed help of remembrance of that dear Man who once on Calvary died. Like the little ewe lamb, you are now to eat your Master's bread, and drink from his cup. Remember the hand which feeds you.

THE sin of unbelief will appear to be extremely heinous when we remember that *it is the parent of every other iniquity*. There is no crime which unbelief will not beget. I think that the fall of man is very much owing to it. It was in this point that the devil tempted Eve. He said to her, "Yea, *hath* God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" He whispered and insinuated a doubt, "Yea, *hath* God said so?" as much as to say, "Are you *quite sure* he said so?" It was by means of unbelief—that thin part of the wedge—that the other sin entered; curiosity and the rest followed; she touched the fruit, and destruction came into this world. Since that time, unbelief has been the prolific parent of all guilt. An unbeliever is capable of the vilest crime that ever was committed. Unbelief, sirs! why it hardened the heart of Pharaoh, it gave licence to the tongue of blaspheming Rabshekali,

yea, it became a deicide, and murdered Jesus. Unbelief has sharpened the knife of the suicide ; it has mixed many a cup of poison ; thousands it has brought to the halter, and many to a shameful grave, who have murdered themselves, and rushed with bloody hands before their Creator's tribunal, because of unbelief. Give me an unbeliever—let me know that he doubts God's word—let me know that he distrusts his promise and his threatening—and with that for a premise, I will conclude that the man shall by-and-bye, unless there is amazing restraining power exerted upon him, be guilty of the foulest and blackest crimes. Ah ! this is a Beelzebub sin ; like Beelzebub, it is the leader of all evil spirits. It is said of Jeroboam, that he sinned and made Israel to sin ; and it may be said of unbelief, that it not only sins itself, but makes other sins ; it is the egg of all crime—the seed of every offence ; in fact everything that is evil and vile, lies couched in that one word—Unbelief!



OLD Ignatius, the martyr, used to call himself Theophorus, or the God-bearer, "because," said he, "I bear about with me the Holy Ghost." And truly every Christian is a God-bearer. Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost? for he dwelleth in you. That man is no Christian who is not the subject of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit—he may talk well,

he may understand theology, and be a sound Calvinist—he will be the child of nature finely dressed, but not the living child. He may be a man of so profound an intellect, so gigantic a soul, so comprehensive a mind and so lofty an imagination, that he may dive into all the secrets of nature, may know the path which the eagle's eye hath not seen, and enter into depths where the ken of mortals reacheth not, but he shall not be a Christian with all his knowledge; he shall not be a son of God with all his researches, unless he understands what it is to have the Holy Ghost dwelling in him, and abiding in him, yea, and that for ever.



LIBERTY is the birthright of every man. He may be born a pauper; he may be a foundling; his parentage may be altogether unknown; but his liberty is his inalienable birthright. Black may be his skin; he may live uneducated and untaught; he may be as poor as poverty itself; he may never have a foot of land to call his own; he may scarce have a particle of clothing, save a few rags to cover him; but poor as he is, nature has fashioned him for freedom—he has a right to be free, and if he has not liberty, it is his birthright, and he ought not to be content until he wins it. Liberty is the heir-loom of all the sons and daughters of Adam. But where do you find liberty unaccompanied by religion? True it is that all men have

a right to liberty, but it is equally true that you do not meet it in any country save where you find "the Spirit of the Lord." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Thank God this is a free country. This is a land where I can breathe the air and say it is untainted by the groan of a single slave; my lungs receive it, and I know there has never been mingled with its vapours the tear of a single slave woman shed over her child which has been sold from her. This land is the home of liberty. But why is it so? I take it, it is not so much because of our institutions as because the Spirit of the Lord is here—the spirit of true and hearty religion. There was a time, remember, when England was no more free than any other country, when men could not speak their sentiments freely, when kings were despots, when parliaments were but a name. Who won our liberties for us? who have loosed our chains? Under the hand of God, I say, the men of religion—men like the great and glorious Cromwell, who would have liberty of conscience or die—men who if they could not reach king's hearts because they were unsearchable in cunning, would strike kings low, rather than they would be slaves. We owe our liberty to men of religion, to men of the stern Puritanical school, men who scorned to play the craven and yield their principles at the command of man. And if we ever are to maintain our liberty (as God grant we may!) it shall be by religion. This Bible is the Magna Charta of Old Britain: its truths, its doctrines have snapped our fet-



ters, and they never can be rivetted on again whilst men, with God's Spirit in their hearts, go forth to speak its truths. In no other land save where the Bible is unclasped—in no other realm save where the gospel is preached can you find liberty. Roam through other countries, and you speak with bated breath: you are not free. Why? Because you are under the tyranny engendered by a false religion; you have not free Protestantism there, and it is not till Protestantism comes that there can be freedom. It is "where the Spirit of the Lord is," that "there is liberty," and nowhere else. Men talk about being free—they describe model governments, Platonic republics, or Owenite paradises—but they are dreamy theorists; for there can be no freedom in the world, save "where the Spirit of the Lord is."



A SINNER without grace attempting to reform himself is like Sisyphus rolling the stone up hill, which always comes down with greater force. A man without grace attempting to save himself is engaged in as hopeless a task as the daughters of Danaus, when they attempted to fill a vast bucket with bottomless buckets. He has a bow without a string, a sword without a blade, a gun without powder. He needs strength. I grant you he may produce a hollow reformation: he may earth up the volcano and sow flowers around its crater; but when it once begins to stir again

it shall move the earth away, and the hot lava shall roll over all the fair flowers which he hath planted, and devastate both his works and his righteousness.



A ROMAN once said he wished he had a window to his heart, that all people might see what was going on there. I am very glad I have not; if I had, I would shut it up as closely as Apsley House used to be; I would take care to have all the shutters up.



I REMEMBER a story of a great commander, who, having won many victories, led his troops into a defile, and when there, a large body of the enemy surrounded him. He knew a battle was inevitable on the morning, he therefore went round to all the tents, to hear in what condition his soldiers' minds were—whether they were dispirited or not. He came to one tent, and as he listened, he heard a man say, "There is our general; he is very brave, but he is very unwise this time; he has led us into a place where we are sure to be beaten: there are so many of the enemy's cavalry, and so many infantry;" and then the man counted up all the troops on their own side, and made them only so many. Then the commander, after he had heard the tale, gently drew aside a part of the tent, and said,

"How many do you count *me* for? You have counted the infantry and cavalry, but how many do you count *me* for—*me*, your mighty captain who have won so many victories?" Now, Christian, I say, How many do you count Christ for? How many do you put him down for? Hast thou put him down for one? He is not one, nor a thousand: he is the "chief among ten thousand." But he is more than that. Oh! put him down for a high figure. And when thou contestest up thine aids and auxiliaries, put down Christ for "All in All," for in him victory is certain—the triumph is secure.



I HAVE sometimes likened the hour of our death to that celebrated picture which I think you have seen in the National Gallery, of Perseus holding up the head of Medusa. That head turned all persons into stone who looked upon it. There is a warrior there with a dart in his hand: he stands stiffened, turned into stone, with the javelin even in his fist. There is another with a poignard beneath his robe about to stab; he is now the statue of an assassin, motionless and cold. Another is creeping along stealthily, like a man in ambuscade, and there he stands a consolidated rock; he has looked only upon that head, and he is frozen into stone. Well, such is death. What I am when death is held before me, that I must be for ever. When my spirit goes, if God finds me hymning his

praise, I shall hymn it in heaven; doth he find me breathing out oaths, I shall follow up those oaths in hell. Where death leaves me judgment finds me. As I die, so shall I live eternally.

FEAR hath kept many a child of God from doing his duty, from making a bold profession. Fear has brought bondage into his spirit. Fear misused, thou art the Christian's greatest curse, and thou art the sinner's ruin. Thou art a sly serpent, creeping amongst the thorns of sin, and when thou art allowed to twist thyself around manhood, thou dost crush it in thy folds, and poison it with thy venom. Nothing can be worse than this sinful fear; it hath slaughtered its myriads and sent thousands to hell. But it yet may seem a paradox; fear, when rightly employed, is the very brightest state of Christianity, and is used to express all piety, comprehended in one emotion. "The fear of God" is the constant description which the Scripture gives of true religion.

REMEMBER that the time thou hast for self-examination is, after all, very short. Soon thou wilt know the great secret. I perhaps may not say words rough enough to rend off the mask which thou

Last now upon thee, but there is one called Death who will stand for no compliments. You may masquerade it out to-day in the dress of the saint, but death will soon strip you, and you must stand before the judgment-seat in all your nakedness, be that naked innocence or naked guilt. Remember, too, though you may deceive yourself, you will not deceive your God. You may have light weights, and the beam of the scale in which you weigh yourself may not be honest, and may not therefore tell the truth; but when God shall try you he will make no allowances; when the everlasting Jehovah grasps the balances of justice and puts his law into one scale, ah, sinner, how wilt thou tremble when he shall put thee into the other; for unless Christ be thy Christ thou wilt be found light weight—thou wilt be weighed in the balances and found wanting, and be cast away for ever.

MEEN who are passionate and swift in anger give a word and a blow; sometimes the blow first and the word afterwards. Oftentimes kings, when subjects have rebelled against them, have crushed them first, and then reasoned with them afterwards; they have given no time of threatening, no period of repentance; they have allowed no space for turning to their allegiance; they have at once crushed them in their hot displeasure, making a full end of them. Not so

God; he will not cut down the tree that doth much cumber the ground, until he hath digged about it, and dunged it; he will not at once slay the man whose character is the most vile; until he has first hewn him by the prophets, he will not hew him by the judgments; he will warn the sinner ere he condemn him; he will send his prophets, "rising up early and late," giving him "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." He will not smite the city without warning; Sodom shall not perish until Lot hath been within her. The world shall not be drowned, until eight prophets have been preaching in it, and Noah, the eighth, cometh to prophesy of the coming of the Lord. He will not smite Nineveh till he hath sent a Jonah. He will not crush Babylon, till his prophets have cried through its streets. He will not slay a man until he hath given many warnings, by sicknesses, by the pulpit, by providence, and by the consequences of sin.



LOOK back on the paths of your pilgrimage. Some of you can count as many Ebenezers as there are milestones from here to York; Ebenezers piled up with oil on the top of them; places where you have said, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." Look through the pages of your diary, and you will see time after time, when your perils and exigencies were

such as no earthly skill could relieve, and you felt constrained to witness what others among you have never felt—you felt that there is a God, that there is a providence—“a God who compasseth your path,” and “is acquainted with all your ways.”



EACH of God's saints is sent into the world to prove some part of the divine character. Perhaps I may be one of those who shall live in the valley of ease, having much rest, and hearing sweet birds of promise singing in my ears. The air is calm and balmy, the sheep are feeding round about me, and all is still and quiet. Well, then, I shall prove the love of God in sweet communings. Or, perhaps, I may be called to stand where the thunder clouds brew, where the lightnings riot, and tempestuous winds are howling on the mountain top. Well, then, I am born to prove the power and majesty of our God; amid dangers he will inspire me with courage; amid toils he will make me strong. Perhaps it shall be mine to preserve an unblemished character, and so prove the power of sanctifying grace in not being allowed to backslide from my professed dedication to God. I shall then be a proof of the omnipotent power of grace, which alone can save from the power as well as the guilt of sin. The divers cases of all the Lord's family are intended to illustrate different parts of his ways; and in heaven

I do think one part of our blest employ will be to read the great book of the experience of all the saints, and gather from that book the whole of the divine character as having been proved and illustrated. Each Christian man is a manifestation and display of some position or other of God; a different part may belong to each of us, but when the whole shall be combined, when all the rays of evidence shall be brought, as it were, into one great sun, and shine forth with meridian splendour, we shall see in Christian experience a beautiful revelation of our God.



GIVE me ten thousand pounds, and one reverse of fortune may scatter it all away; but let me have a spiritual hold of this divine assurance—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"—then I am all right—I am enriched for life. I cannot break with such stock as this in hand. I never can be a bankrupt, for I hold this security—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."



O BELOVED! surely it wants but little teaching in the school of grace to make out that we ourselves are fools. True wisdom is sure to set folly in a strong light. I have heard of a young man who

went to college; and when he had been there one year, his parent said to him, "What do you know? Do you know more than when you went?" "Oh! yes," said he, "I do." Then he went the second year, and was asked the same question—"Do you know more than when you went?" "Oh! no," said he, "I know a great deal less." "Well," said the father, "you are getting on." Then he went the third year, and was asked the same question—"What do you know now?" "Oh!" said he, "I don't think I know anything." "That is right," said the father, "you have now learnt to profit, since you say you know nothing." He who is convinced that he knows nothing of himself as he ought to know, gives up steering his ship, and lets God put his hand on the rudder. He lays aside his own wisdom, and cries, "Oh God! my little wisdom is cast at thy feet; my little judgment is surrendered to thee."



WARS, confusions, and tumults, are but the rough physic wherewith God will purge the diseased body of this earth from its innumerable ills. They are but a terrible tornado with which God shall sweep away the pestilence and fever that lurk in the moral atmosphere; they are but the great hammers with which he breaks in pieces the gates of brass, to make a way for his people; they are but the threshing wains,

with which he doth thresh the mountains and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff, that Israel may rejoice in the Lord, and that the sons of Jacob may triumph in their God. As it has been in the beginning, so it shall be even unto the end. The noise and the tumult of war in India shall produce good; the blood of our sisters shall be avenged, not by the sword, but by the gospel. On India's blood-red gods, the arm of the Lord shall yet be felt; the might of him that sits upon the throne shall be acknowledged by the very men, who, first in the fray, have blasphemed the God of Israel. Let us not fear, let us not tremble; the end of all things cometh at last, and that end shall certainly be the desired one, and all the wrath of man shall not frustrate the designs of God. The past troubles assure us for the present, and console us for the future. "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth."



O H, when you get to heaven, ye children of God, will ye praise any but your Master? Calvinists, to-day you love John Calvin; will you praise him there? Lutheran, to-day thou dost love the memory of that stern reformer; wilt thou sing the song of Luther in heaven? Follower of Wesley, thou hast a reverence for that evangelist; wilt thou in heaven have a note for John Wesley? None, none, none! Giving

up all names, and all honours of men, the strain shall rise in undivided andunjarring unison “ Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”



IT seems that everything Christ-like must have a history like that of Christ. His beginnings were small—the manger and the stable. So with the beginnings of the missionary enterprise, which we love, and which we believe to be the very incarnation of the Spirit of Christ. Its beginnings also were small; but its latter end shall doubtless greatly increase—for, hath not the end of Christ become exceedingly glorious? He hath ascended up on high; he sitteth at the right hand of God, our Father, and doubtless this agency which God now employeth for the conversion of the world, shall have its ascension, and God shall greatly magnify it. But as Christ was called to suffer, so must everything Christ-like suffer with him. The Christian who is the most like his Master, will understand the most of the meaning of that term, “ fellowship with him in his sufferings;” and inasmuch as the Missionary Society is like Christ, and hath Christ’s heart and Christ’s aim, it also must suffer like Jesus. This year we have been made to sip of that cup. The blood of our martyrs has been shed; our confessors have witnessed to the faith of the Lord Jesus; at the hands of

bloodthirsty and cruel men they have met their fate, and again the seed of the church has been sown in the blood of the martyred saint.



I BEG you read the page of history, and mark the various catastrophes which have happened to this world; and I appeal to you, as persons who have understanding, and who can trace the Lord's hand in these matters—have not all these things worked together for good? and hitherto, have not the revolutions, the destructions of empires, and the fall of dynasties, been eminent helps to the progress of the gospel? Far be it from us to lay the blood of men at God's door. Let us not for one moment be guilty of any thought that the sin and the iniquity which have brought war into the world is of God; but, at the same time, as firm believers in the doctrine of predestination, and as firmly holding the great truth of a Divine providence, we must hold that God is the author of the darkness, as well as of the light—that he creates the providential evil as well as the good—that while he sendeth the shower from on high, he also is the father of the devastating storm. Oh! I say, then, come and see the Lord's hand in “Aceldama, the field of blood.” Come ye, and behold the Lord's hand in every rocking of the pillars of the monarchies of earth. See the Lord's hand in the rumblng of every tower and the

tumbling down of every pinnacle which had aspired to heaven. For he hath done it—he hath done it! God is present everywhere.



THAT maniac nonsense about God doing his own work and our sitting still and doing nothing, ought to have been buried long ago. I know not how to characterise it: it has done us immense damage. We know that God has accomplished his own work; but he always has worked and always will work with means.



YOU know that in Solomon's temple there was no sound of hammer heard, for the stones were made ready in the quarries, and brought all shaped and marked so that the masons might know the exact spot in which they were to be placed; so that no sound of iron was needed. All the planks and timbers were carried to their right places, and all the catches with which they were to be linked together were prepared, so that there might not be even the driving of a nail—everything was ready beforehand. It is the same with us. When we get to heaven, there will be no sanctifying us there, no squaring us with affliction, no hammering us with the rod, no making us meet there.

We must be made meet here; and blessed be his name, all that Christ will do beforehand. When we get there we shall not need angels to put this member of the Church in one place, and that member in another; Christ who brought the stones from the quarry and made them ready, shall himself place the people in their inheritance in paradise. For he has himself said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away, I will come again and I will receive you unto myself." Christ shall be his own usher; he shall receive his people himself; he shall stand at the gates of heaven himself to take his own people, and to put them in their allotted heritage in the land of the blessed.



IF you would find God, he dwelleth on every hill-top, and in every valley, God is everywhere in creation; but if you want a special display of him, if you would know what is the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High, the inner chamber of divinity, you must go where you find the church of true believers, for it is here he makes his continual residence known—in the hearts of the humble and contrite, who tremble at his word.



HAPPY the day when every war-horse shall be houghed, when every spear shall become a pruning-hook, and every sword shall be made to till the

soil which once it stained with blood. This is the great climax of the gospel dispensation. This will be the grand triumph of Christ; before death itself shall be dead; death's great jackal, war, must die also, and then shall there be peace on earth, and the angel shall say, "I have gone up and down through the earth, and the earth sitteth still and is at rest; I heard no tumult of war nor noise of battle." This is what we hope for. Let us fight the battles of peace with diligence and earnestness.



H EAVEN singeth evermore. Before the throne of God, angels and redeemed saints extol his name. And this world is singing too; sometimes with the rolling thunder of the boiling sea, of the dashing cataract, and of the lowing cattle; and often with that still, solemn harmony, which floweth from the vast creation, when in its silence it praiseth God. Such is the song which gushes in silence from the mountain lifting its head to the sky, covering its face sometimes with the wings of mist, and at other times unveiling its snow-white brow before its Maker, and reflecting back his sunshine, gratefully thanking him for the light with which it has been made to glisten and for the gladness of which it is the solitary spectator, as in its grandeur it looks down upon the laughing valleys. The tune to which heaven and earth are set, is the same. In heaven

they sing, "The Lord be exalted ; let his name be magnified for ever." And the earth singeth the same : "Great art thou in thy works, O Lord ! and unto thee, be glory."

ON the morning, when the ark door was opened, you might have seen in the sky a pair of eagles, a pair of sparrows, a pair of vultures, a pair of ravens, a pair of humming-birds, a pair of all kinds of birds that ever cut the azure, that ever floated on wing, or whispered their song to the evening gales, in they came. But if you had watched down on the earth, you would have seen come creeping along, a pair of snails, a pair of snakes, and a pair of worms. There ran along a pair of mice ; there came a pair of lizards, and in there flew a pair of locusts. There were pairs of creeping creatures, as well as pairs of flying creatures. Do you see what I mean by that ? There are some of you that can fly so high in knowledge, that I should never be able to scan your great and extensive wisdom ; and others of you so ignorant, that you can hardly read your Bibles. Never mind ; the eagle must come down to the door, and you must go up to it. There is only one entrance for you all ; and as God saved the birds that flew, so he saved the reptiles that crawled. Are you a poor, ignorant, crawling creature, that never was noticed—without intellect, without repute, without

fame, without honour? Come along, crawling one! God will not exclude you. I have often wondered how the poor snail crawled in; but I dare say he started many a year before. And some of you have started for years, and still you keep crawling on. Ah! then come along with thee, poor snail! If I could just pick thee up, and help thee on a yard or two, I would be glad to do it. It is strange how long you have been nigh to the ark, but not yet entered in; how long you have been near the portals of the church, but never joined it.



THE truth leads her followers in a rough road. The good bark of the Church has had to plough her way through seas of blood, and those who have manned her have been bespattered with the bloody spray; yea, they have had to man her and keep her in motion, by laying down their lives unto the death.



BUT do ye want further proof that God will not acquit the wicked? Need I lead you through a long list of terrible wonders that God has wrought—the wonders of his vengeance? Shall I show you blighted Eden? Shall I let you see a world all drowned—sea monsters whelping and stablising in the

palaces of kings? Shall I bid you listen to the last shriek of the last drowning man as he falls into the flood and dies, washed by that huge wave from the hill-top? Shall I compel you to behold death riding upon the summit of a crested billow, upon a sea that knows no shore, and triumphing because his work is done, his quiver empty, for all men are slain, save where life floats in the midst of death in yonder ark? Need I picture Sodom, with its terrified inhabitants, when the volcano of Almighty wrath spouted fiery hail upon it? Shall I show you the earth opening its mouth to swallow up Korah, Dathan and Abiram? Need I take you to the plagues of Egypt? Shall I again repeat the death-shriek of Pharaoh, and the drowning of his host? Surely, ye need not to be reminded of cities that are in ruins, or of nations that have been cut off in a day; ye need not to be told how God has smitten the earth, until her inmost bowels trembled, and her rocky heart was melted like wax. Nay, we have proofs enough in history, proofs enough in Scripture, that "he will not at all acquit the wicked." If ye wanted the best proof however, ye should borrow the black wings of a miserable imagination, and fly beyond the world, through the dark realm of chaos, on, far on, where those battlements of fire are gleaming with a horrid light—if through them, with a spirit's safety ye would fly, and would behold the worm that never dies, the pit that knows no bottom, and could you there see the fire unquenchable, and listen to the shrieks and wails of men that are ban-

ished for ever from God—if sirs, it were possible for you to hear the “sullen groans, and hollow moans, and shrieks of tortured ghosts,” then would you come back to this world, amazed and petrified with horror, and you would say, “Indeed, he will not acquit the wicked.”



WE endure ten times as much anxiety in this world as we need, because we confide not in the divine promise half as much as we might. If we were to live more on God’s promise, and less on creature feelings, we should be happier men and women, all of us. If we were to get hold of a promise, and say, “There, let me abide by this: though the world says it is not true, I will believe it.” Could we live always in faith on the promises, the shafts of the enemy could never reach us.



BRING me here a Hottentot, or a man from Kam-schatka, a wild savage who has never listened to the Word. That man may have every sin in the catalogue of guilt except one; but that one I am sure he has not. He has not the sin of rejecting the gospel when it is preached to him. But you, when you hear the gospel, have an opportunity of committing a fresh sin; and if you have rejected it, you have added a fresh iniquity to all those others that hang about your neck.

HIRAM prepared much of the material of the temple In this, Jesus Christ excels Solomon, for he provides all the materials. He hews them himself; he rough-casts them first, and then afterwards, during life, polishes them till he makes them ready to transport them to the hill of God, whereon his temple is to be built. I was thinking what a pretty figure was that floating of the trees of Lebanon after being sawn into planks and made ready to be fixed as pillars of the temple—what a fine emblem of death! Is it not just so with us? Here we grow, and are at length cut down, and made ready to become pillars of the temple. Across the stream of death, we are ferried by a loving hand, and brought to the port of Jerusalem, where we are safely landed, to go no more out for ever, but to abide as eternal pillars in the temple of our Lord. Now, you know, the Tyrians floated these rafts; but no stranger, no foreigner shall float us across the stream of death. It is remarkable that Jesus Christ always uses expressions with regard to his people, which impute their death to him alone. You will recollect the expression in the Revelation—"Thrust in thy sickle and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe!" But when he begins to reap, not the vintage, which represents the wicked that were to be crushed, but the harvest which represents the godly, then it is said, "He that sat upon the throne thrust in the sickle." He did not leave it to his angels, he did it himself. It is so with the bringing of those planks,

and the moving of those stones. I say no king of Tyre and Sidon shall do it; Jesus Christ, who on the death of death and hell's destruction, himself shall pilot us across the stream, and land us safe on Canaan's side, "He shall build the temple of the Lord."

AFFLICTIONS cannot sanctify us, except as they are used by Christ, as his mallet and his chisel. Our joys and our efforts cannot make us ready for heaven, apart from the hand of Jesus who fashioneth our hearts aright, and prepareth us to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

THE men who come between two belligerents, and bear the stroke themselves—the men who will lie down on the earth, and plead with others that they would cease from warfare—these are the blessed. How rarely are they set on high. They are generally set aside, as people who cannot be blessed, even though it seems that they try to make others so. Here is the world turned upside down. The warrior with his garment stained in blood, is put into the ignoble earth to die and rot; but the peace-maker is lifted up, and God's crown of blessing is put round about his head, and men one day shall see it, and, struck with admiration, they

shall lament their own folly, that they exalted the blood-red sword of the warrior, but that they did rend the modest mantle of the man who did make peace among mankind.



I SUPPOSE there is scarce a kingdom of the world where you do not see God's handiwork in crushing his enemies. It is to the shame of the idolater that he worships a God which his fathers knew not. Although there be some hoary systems of iniquity; in most cases the system is still new—new compared with the giant mountains, the first-born of nature—new compared with those old idolatries that have long since died away in the clouds of forgetfulness. It seems to me to be a very pleasing theme for us to speak of these desolations that God has made. For mark this—again we say it—as it was in the beginning, it is now, and for ever shall be. The false gods shall yet yield their sway; the temples shall yet be unroofed; their houses shall be burned with fire, and their names shall be left for a reproach; their dignity shall not be honoured, neither shall homage be given unto their name.



WHAT a dreadful thing it must be to be an unfaithful preacher on a dying-bed (Oh that I may be saved from that!) To be upon one's bed

when life is over; to have had great opportunities, mighty congregations, and to have been so diligent about something else as to have neglected to preach the full and free gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ! Methinks as I laid in my bed a-dying, I should see spectres and grim things in the room. One would come and stare upon me and say, "Ah! you are dying. Remember how many times I sat in the front of the gallery, and listened to you, but you never once told me to escape from the wrath to come; you were talking to me about something I did not understand; but the simple matter of the gospel you never preached to me, and I died in doubt and trembling. And now you are coming to me to the hell which I have inherited because you were unfaithful." And when in our grey and dying age we see the generations which have grown up around our pulpits, we shall think of them all. We shall think of the time when as striplings we first began to preach; we shall recollect the youths that then crowded, then the men, and then the grey heads that passed away. And methinks as they come on in grim procession, they will everyone leave a fresh curse upon our conscience because we were unfaithful. The death-bed of a man who has murdered his fellows, of some grim tyrant who has let the bloodhounds of war loose upon mankind, must be an awful thing. When the soldier, and the soldier's widow, and the murdered man of peace rise up before him; when the smoke of devastated

countries seems to blow into his eyes and make them sore and red; when the blood of men hangs on his conscience like a great red pall; when bloody murder, the grim chamberlain, draws red curtains round his bed, and when he begins to approach the last end where the murderer must inherit his dreary doom, it must be a fearful time indeed. But, methinks to have murdered souls must be more awful still—to have distributed poison to children instead of bread, to have given them stones when they asked us for right food, to have taught them error, when we ought to have taught them the truth as it is in Jesus, or to have spoken to them with cold listlessness when earnestness was needed.



A S long as there is a particle of selfishness remaining in us, it will mar our sweet enjoyment of Christ; and until we get a complete riddance of it, our joy will never be unmixed with grief. We must dig at the roots of our selfishness to find the worm which eats our happiness.



TWO men go up to the temple to pray, the one a believer, the other an unbeliever. He that is an unbeliever may have the gifts of oratory, the mightiest fluency of speech, but his prayer is an abomination

unto God, whilst the feeblest utterance of the true believer is received with smiles by him that sits upon the throne. Two persons go to the Master's table—the one loveth the ordinance in its outward sign, and reverenceth it with superstition, but he knows not Christ; the other believes in Jesus, and knows how to eat his flesh and drink his blood as a worthy partaker in that divine ordinance; God is honoured in the one, the ordinance is dishonoured in the other.

IT seems to me, that every Sunday-school teacher has a right to put "Reverend" before his name as much as I have, or if not, if he discharges his trust he certainly is a "Right Honourable." He teaches his congregation and preaches to his class. I may preach to more, and he to less, but still he is doing the same work, though in a smaller sphere. I am sure I can sympathize with Mr. Carey, when he said of his son Felix, who left the missionary work to become an ambassador, "Felix has drivelled into an ambassador;" meaning to say, that he was once a great person as a missionary, but that he had afterwards accepted a comparatively insignificant office. So I think we may say of the Sabbath-school teacher, if he gives up his work because he cannot attend to it, on account of his enlarged business, he drivels into a rich merchant. If he forsakes his teaching because he finds there is so much

else to do, he drivels into something less than he was before; with one exception, if he is obliged to give up to attend to his own family, and makes that family his Sabbath-school class—there is no drivelling there; he stands in the same position as he did before.



HAVE you not noticed how magnificently peace winneth its reprisals at the hands of war? Look through this country. Methinks if the angel of peace should go with us, as we journey through it, and stop at the various ancient towns, where there are dismantled castles, and high mounds from which every vestige of a building has long been swept, the angel would look us in the face, and say, "I have done all this: war scattered my peaceful subjects, burned down my cottages, ravaged my temples, and laid my mansions with the dust. But I have attacked war in his own strongholds and I have routed him. Walk through his halls. Can you hear now the tramp of the warrior? Where now the sound of the clarion and the drum?" The sheep is feeding from the cannon's mouth, and the bird builds his nest where once the warrior did hang his helmet. As rare curiosities we dig up the swords and spears of our forefathers, and little do we reck that in this we are doing tribute to peace. For peace is the conqueror. It hath been a long duel, and much blood hath been

shed; but peace hath been the victor. War, after all, has but spasmodic triumphs; and again it sinks—it dies; but peace ever reigneth. If she be driven from one part of the earth, yet she dwelleth in another; and while war, with busy hand, is piling up here a wall, and there a rampart, and there a tower, peace with her gentle finger, is covering o'er the castle with the moss and the ivy, and casting the stone from the top, and levelling the rampart with the earth.



A HEEDLESS spirit is a curse to the soul; a rash, presumptuous conversation will eat as doth a canker. "Too-bold" was never Too-wise nor Too-loving. Careful walking is one of the best securities of safe and happy standing. It is solemn cause for doubting when we are indifferent in our behaviour to our best Friend.



E VERY stone that is in the temple, Jesus Christ ordained should be put where it is; even those stones that are most contemptible and unseen were put in their places by him. There is not one board of cedar, one piece of burnished pinnacle, that was not foreseen and pre-arranged in that eternal covenant of grace which was the great plan that Christ, the Almighty Architect, did draw for the building of the temple to his praise.

I CHALLENGE the ungodly to the test of the tremendous day of God's wrath. I imagine that the hour is come, and thus I defy them:— Laugh at religion now! scoff at Christ now! now that the angels are gathering for the judgment; now that the trumpet sounds exceedingly loud and long; now that the heavens are red with fire, that the great furnace of hell o'erleaps its boundary, and is about to encircle thee in its flame; now despise religion! Ah! no. I see thee. Now thy stiff knees are bending; now thy bold forehead for the first time is covered with the hot sweat of trembling; now thine eyes that once were full of scorn are wet with tears; thou dost look on him whom thou didst despise, and thou art weeping for thy sin. O sinner, it will be too late then; there is no cutting of the stone after it gets to Jerusalem. Where thou fallest there thou liest. Where judgment finds thee, there eternity shall leave thee. Time shall be no more when judgment comes, and when time is no more, change is impossible! In eternity there can be no change, no deliverance, no signing of acquittal. Once lost, lost for ever; once damned, damned to all eternity.



THE sun will shine on the dunghill, but Christ will not shine on the backslider while he is indulging in his lusts.

I BELIEVE that different denominations are sent on purpose to set out different truths. There are some of our brethren a little too high, they bring out better than any other people the grand old truths of sovereign grace. There are some, on the other hand, a little too low; they bring out, with great clearness, the great and truthful doctrine of man's responsibility. So that two truths that might have been neglected, either the one or the other, if only one form of Christianity existed, are both brought out, both made resplendent, by the different denominations of God's people, who are alike chosen of God, and precious to him.

IF there be a place under high heaven more holy than another, it is the pulpit from which the gospel is preached. This is the Thermopylæ of Christendom; here must the great battle be fought between Christ's church and the invading hosts of a wicked world. This is the last vestige of anything sacred that is left to us. We have no altars now; Christ is our altar: but we have a pulpit still left, a place which, when a man entereth, he may well put off his shoes from his feet, for the place whereon he standeth is holy. Consecrated by a Saviour's presence, established by the clearness and the force of an apostle's eloquence, maintained and upheld by the faithfulness and fervour of a

succession of evangelists who, like stars, have marked the era in which they lived, and stamped it with their names, the pulpit is handed down to those of us who occupy it now with a prestige of everything that is great and holy. Yet I have seen the wicked come and go from it. Alas! if there be a sinner that is hardened, it is the man who sins and yet occupies his pulpit. We have heard of such a man living in the commission of the foulest sins, and at length he has been discovered; and yet such is the filthiness of mankind, that when he had the impudence to preach again, the people clustered round the beast for the mere sake of hearing what he would say to them. We have known cases, too, where men, when convicted to their own forehead, have unblushingly persevered in proclaiming a gospel which their lives denied. Perhaps these are the hardest of all sinners to deal with. Oh! if the garment be once defiled, away with all thoughts of the pulpit then! He must be clean who ministers at the altar. Every saint must be holy, but he should be holiest of all who ministers before the Lord. Yet, we must mourn to say it, the church of God has had suns which scattered darkness instead of light, and moons that were as clots of blood, destitute of all brightness or beauty. Happy the church when God gives her holy ministers; but unhappy the assembly where wicked men preside. I know ministers to this day, however, who know more about fishing rods than they do about chapters in the Bible; more about fox-hounds than about

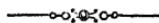
hunting after men's souls; who understand a great deal more about the spring and the net, than they do of the net for catching souls, or earnest exhortations for men to flee from the wrath to come. We know such even now: still uproarious at a farmer's dinner, still the very loudest to give the toast and clash the glass, still mightiest among the Nimrods; fond of the gay, the wild, and the dissolute. Pity on the church that still allows it! Happy the day when all such persons shall be purged from the pulpit; then shall it stand forth "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."



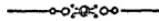
O BELIEVER, dispute not with divine decrees, but sit down and draw honey out of this rock, and wine out of this flinty rock. The doctrine of Election is a hard, hard doctrine to a man who has no interest in it, but when a man has once a title to it, then it is like the rock in the wilderness; it streams with refreshing water whereat myriads may drink and never thirst again. Well does the Church of England say of that doctrine, it "is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons." And though it be like the Tarpeian rock, whence many a malefactor has been dashed to pieces by his presumption, yet it is like Pisgah, from whose lofty summit the spires of heaven may be seen in the distance.

ONE reformation will never serve the church; she requires perpetual cleansing. Like a great clock, she needs continually to be wound up, and set again afresh; for her works run down, and she does not act as she used to do. The bold, bald doctrines that Luther brought out, began to be a little modified, until layer after layer was deposited upon them, and at last the old rocky truth was covered up, and there grew upon the superficial subsoil an abundance of green and flowery errors, which looked fair and beautiful, but were in no way whatever related to the truth, except as they were the products of its decay. Then there came bold men who excavated the truth again, and said, "Clear away this rubbish; let the blast light upon these deceitful beauties; we want them not; bring out the old truth once more!" And the gospel was again brought forth to the light of day, and emancipated from its bondage. But the tendency of the church perpetually is, to be covering up its own naked simplicity, forgetting that the truth is never so beautiful as when it stands in its own unadorned, God-given glory. And now, at this time, we need to have the old truths restored to their places. The subtleties and the refinements of the preacher must be laid aside. We must give up the grand distinctions of the schoolmen, and all the lettered technicalities of men who have studied theology as a system, but have not felt the power of it in their hearts; and when the good old truth is once more preached by men whose lips are touched as with a live coal from off

the altar, this shall be the instrument, in the hand of the Spirit, for bringing about a great and thorough revival of religion in the land.



LITTLE do we know when we look from this pulpit, upon our congregation, what may be hidden among you. This place looks like one great field of flowers, fair to look upon, but how many a root of deadly henbane and noxious nightshade groweth here; and though you all look fair and goodly, yet "I have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy."



SOLDIER of the cross! the hour is coming when the note of victory shall be proclaimed throughout the world. The battlements of the enemy must soon succumb; the swords of the mighty must soon be given up to the Lord of Lords. What! soldier of the cross! in the day of victory wouldest thou have it said that thou didst turn thy back in the day of battle? Dost thou not wish to have a share in the conflict, that thou mayest have a share in the victory? If thou hast to endure the hottest part of the battle, wilt thou flinch and fly? Thou shalt have the brightest part of the victory, if thou art in the fiercest of the conflict. Wilt thou turn

and lose thy laurels? Wilt thou throw down thy sword? Shall it be with thee as when a standard-bearer fainteth? Nay, man, up to arms again! for the victory is certain. Though the conflict be severe, I beseech you hasten to it again! On, on, ye lion-hearted men of God, to the battle once more! for ye shall yet be crowned with immortal glory.

THERE are moments when the Christian feels the chains of earth all broken, and his wings are loosed, and he begins to fly; and up he soars, till he forgets earth's sorrows, leaving them far behind; and up he goes, till he forgets earth's joys, and leaves them like the mountain-tops far below, as when the eagle flies to meet the sun; and upward still he goes, with his Saviour full before him almost in vision beatific. His heart is full of Christ; his soul beholds his Saviour, and the cloud that darkened his view of the Saviour's face seems to be dispersed. At such a time the Christian can sympathize with Paul. He says, "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth!" but I am, as it were, "caught up to the third heaven." And how is this rapture produced? By the music of flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of instruments? No. How then? By riches? By fame? By wealth? Ah! no. By a strong mind? By a lively disposition? No; *by the name of Jesus.*

The name is all-sufficient to lead the Christian
ights of transport that verge upon the region
the angels dwell in cloudless day.

Have you ever felt the spirit of adoption? There nought like it beneath the sky. Save heaven there is nought more blissful than to enjoy the gift of adoption. Oh! when the wind of trouble is gone, and waves of adversity are rising, and the soul is clinging to the rock, how sweet then to say, "My Father," and to believe that his strong hand is on the shoulder—when the bones are aching, when the loins are girded with pain, and when the cup is brimming over with wormwood and gall, to say "My Father," and that Father's hand holding the cup to the lip, takes it steadily to the very dregs, because we can say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." Well, Martin Luther, in his Exposition of the Galatians, sees more eloquence in that word, Abba, Father, than all the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero put together. "My father!" Oh! there is music there; there is eloquence there; there is the very essence of man's own bliss in that word, "My Father," when uttered to God, and when uttered by us with an unfaltering confidence, through the inspiration of the Spirit of the God.

IF the church be a true church, and a holy church, she must be armed: there are so many untrue things and unholy things, that she must be perpetually with her sword in her hand, carrying on combat against them. Every child of God proveth by experience that this is the land of war. We are not yet come to the time when every man shall sit under his vine, and under his fig tree, none daring to make him afraid. The mountains do not yet bring peace to the people, nor the little hills righteousness. On the contrary, the children of God hear the sound of war; the shrill clarion is constantly sounding in their ears; they are compelled to carry with them the sword and the shield, and constantly to wear their armour, for they are not yet come to the land of peace.



THREE is nothing makes a man have a large heart like a great trial. I always find that little miserable people, whose hearts are about the size of a grain of mustard-seed, never have had much to try them. I have found that those people who have no sympathy for their fellows—who never weep for the sorrows of others—very seldom have had any woes of their own. Great hearts can only be made by great troubles. But more, the spade of trouble digs the reservoir of comfort deeper, and makes more room for consolation. God comes into our heart, he finds it full, he begins to break our

comforts and to make it empty; then there is more room for grace. The humbler a man lies, the more comfort he will always have. I recollect walking with a ploughman one day—a man who was deeply taught, although he was a ploughman, and really, ploughmen would make a great deal better preachers than many college gentlemen—and he said to me, “Depend upon it, my good brother, if you or I ever get one inch above the ground, we shall just get that inch too high.” I believe it is true; for the lower we lie, and the more our troubles humble us, the more fit we are to receive comfort: and God always gives us comfort when we are most fit for it.



SOME people call troubles weights. Verily they are so. A ship that has large sails and a fair wind, needs ballast. Troubles are the ballast of a believer. The eyes are the pumps which fetch out the bilge-water of his soul, and keep him from sinking. But if trials be weights, I will tell you of a happy secret. There is such a thing as making a weight lift you. If I have a weight chained to me it keeps me down; but give me pulleys and certain appliances, and I can make it lift me up. Yes, there is such a thing as making troubles raise me towards heaven. A gentleman once asked a friend, concerning a beautiful horse of his, feeding about in the pasture with a clog on its foot,

"Why do you clog such a noble animal?" "Sir." said he, "I would a great deal sooner clog him than lose him: he is given to leap hedges." That is why God clogs his people. He would rather clog them than lose them; for if he did not clog them, they would leap the hedges and be gone. They want a tether to prevent their straying, and their God binds them with afflictions, to keep them near to him, to preserve them, and have them in his presence.

I HAVE met with men of prudish and mock-modesty, who would like to alter the Bible; and (I almost blush to say it) I have heard ministers alter God's Bible, because they were afraid of it. Have you never heard a man say, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not,"—What does the Bible say? "shall be *damned*." But that does not happen to be polite enough, so they say, "shall be *condemned*." Gentlemen! pull the velvet out of your mouths; speak God's word as it stands; we want none of your alterations. I have heard men in prayer, instead of saying, "Make your calling and *election* sure," say, "Make your calling and *salvation* sure." Pity they were not born in eternity, that they might have taught the Infinitely Wise how to write his own word. Oh, impudence beyond all bounds! Oh, full blown self-conceit! To attempt to dictate to the All-wise—to teach the

Omniscient, and instruct the Eternal! Strange that there should be men so vile as to use the pen-knife of Jehoiakim, to cut passages out of the Word, because they are unpalatable.



IT is a singular fact, but nevertheless most certain, that the vices are the counterfeits of virtues. Whenever God sends from the mint of heaven a precious coin of genuine metal, Satan will imitate the impress, and utter a vile production of no value. God gives love: it is his nature and essence. Satan also fashioneth a thing which he calls love, but it is lust. God bestows courage; and it is a good thing to be able to look one's fellow in the face, fearless of all men in doing our duty. Satan inspires fool-hardiness, styles it courage, and bids the man rush to the cannon's mouth for "bubble reputation." God creates in man holy fear. Satan gives him unbelief, and we often mistake the one for the other. So with the best of virtues, the saving grace of faith, when it comes to its perfection it ripens into confidence, and there is nothing so comfortable and so desirable to the Christian as the full assurance of faith. Hence, we find Satan, when he sees this good coin, at once takes the metal of the bottomless pit, imitates the heavenly image and superscription of assurance, and palms upon us the vice of presumption.

THE more bitter the vessel of grief, the sweeter the cup of consolation; the heavier weight of trial here, the brighter the crown of glory hereafter. In fact, the same word in Hebrew signifies "weight" and "glory." A weight of trouble is a glory to a Christian, for it is an honour to him; and glory is a weight, for it often bows him down, and makes him lie low at his Master's feet.

AH, you want to be saved, some of you, but it must be this day next week. But when the Holy Ghost speaks, he says, "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." It must be now or never. "*To-day* give me grace; *to-day* give me mercy; *to-day* give me pardon." Some of you hope to be saved before you die, before the pit closes on you; you hope Jesus Christ will look down upon you in some years to come. You have not set down how many years, I suppose; but it is always in the distant hazy future. But the true desire always cries *now*. Does the poor man who stands upon the scaffold with a rope round his neck, say, "Pardon me in a year's time?" No: he is afraid he shall the next minute be launched into eternity. He who feels his danger will cry "*Now!*" He who wants Christ really, will cry, "*Now!*" He who is spiritually awakened, will cry out, "*Now, or never!*" What! sinner, will it do to postpone salvation? Doth thine

heart tell thee it will do by-and-by? What! when the fire is just coming through the boards of thy little chamber? What! when thy ship has struck upon the rock, and is filling? Yes, she is filling; while the fire at the other end is rushing up; and fire and water together are seeking thy destruction, wilt thou say, "to-morrow?" Why, thou mayest be dead ere to-morrow's sun has risen. To-morrow! where is it? In the devil's calendar; it is not written in any book on earth. To-morrow! It is some fancied islet in the far-off sea that the mariner has never reached. To-morrow! It is the fool's desire; which he ne'er shall gain. Like a will o'-the-wisp it dances before him, but only lands him in the marshes of distress. To-morrow! There is no such thing. It is God's, if there is such a day; ours it cannot be. Tillotson well remarks:— "To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed."



FAITII is the silver thread upon which the pearls of the graces are to be strung. Break that, and you have broken the string,—the pearls lie scattered on the ground: nor can you wear them for your own adornment. Faith is the mother of virtues. Faith is the fire which consumes the sacrifice. Faith is the water

which nurtures the root of piety. If you have not faith all your graces must die. And in proportion as your faith increases, so will all your virtues be strengthened; not all in the same proportion, but all in some degree.



THE blood of Jesus Christ is blood that hath been accepted. Christ died—he was buried; but neither heaven nor earth could tell whether God had accepted the ransom. There was wanted God's seal upon the great Magna Charta of man's salvation, and that seal was put, my hearer, in that hour when God summoned the angel, and bade him descend from heaven and roll away the stone. Christ was put in durance vile, in the prison-house of the grave, as a hostage for his people. Until God had signed the warrant for acquittal of all his people, Christ must abide in the bonds of death. He did not attempt to break his prison; he did not come forth illegally, by wrenching down the bars of his dungeon; he waited: he wrapt up the napkin, folding it by itself: he laid the grave-clothes in a separate place; he waited, waited patiently; and at last, down from the skies, like the flash of a meteor, the angel descended, touched the stone, and rolled it away; and when Christ came out, rising from the dead in the glory of his Father's power, then was the seal put upon the great Charter of our redemption. The blood was accepted, and sin was forgiven. And now, soul,

it is not possible for God to reject thee, if thou comest this day to him, pleading the blood of Christ. God cannot—and here we speak with reverence too—the everlasting God cannot reject a sinner who pleads the blood of Christ; for if he did so, it were to deny him self, and to contradict all his former acts. *He has* accepted blood, and *he will* accept it; he never can revoke that divine acceptance of the resurrection; and if thou goest to God, my hearer, pleading simply and only the blood of him that did hang upon the tree, God must un-God himself before he can reject thee, or reject that blood.



HUMAN nature is too far gone ever to be mended. It is not a house that is a little out of repair, with here and there a slate blown from the roof, a piece of plaster broken down from the ceiling, or a plank decayed upon the floor. No, it is rotten throughout, the very foundations have been sapped; there is not a single timber in it which has not been eaten by the worm; nor a stone which has not slipped from its place: from its uppermost roof to its lowest foundation; there is no soundness in it; it is all rottenness and ready to fall. God doth not attempt to mend; he does not shore up the walls, and re-paint the door; he does not garnish and beautify, but he determines that the old house shall be entirely swept away, and that

he will build a new one. It is too far gone, I say, to be mended. If it were only a little out of repair, it might be patched up and beautified. If only a wheel or two of that great thing called "manhood," were out of repair, then he who made man might put the whole to rights; he might put a new cog where it had been broken off, and another wheel where it had gone to ruin, and the machine might work anew. But no, the whole of it is out of repair; there is not one lever which is not broken; not one axle which is not disturbed; not one of the wheels which acts upon the others. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, it is all wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. The Lord, therefore, does not attempt the repairing of this thing; but he says, "I will give you a new heart, and a right spirit will I put within you; I will take away the heart of stone, I will not try to soften it, I will let it be as stony as ever it was, but I will take it away, and I will give you a new heart, and it shall be a heart of flesh."



AM I God's child? If so, he will clothe me; my shoes shall be iron and brass; he will array me with the robe of my Saviour's righteousness, for he has said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him," and he has also said that he will put a crown of pure

gold upon my head, and inasmuch as I am a king's son, I shall have a royal crown. Am I his child? Then he will feed me; my bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure; he that feeds the ravens will never let his children perish with hunger. If a good husbandman feeds the barn-door fowl, and the sheep and the bullocks, certainly his children shall not starve. Does my Father deck the lily, and shall I go naked? Does he feed the fowls of the heaven that neither sow nor reap; and shall I feel necessity? God forbid! My Father knoweth what things I have need of before I ask him, and he will give me all I want. If I be his child, then I have a portion in his heart here, and I shall have a portion in his house above; for "if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."



I REMEMBER well, how once God preached to me by a similitude in the depth of winter. The earth had been black, and there was a scarcely a green thing or a flower to be seen. As you looked across the field, there was nothing but blackness—bare hedges and leafless trees, and black, black earth, wherever you looked. On a sudden God spake, and unlocked the treasures of the snow, and white flakes descended until there was no blackness to be seen, for all was one sheet of dazzling whiteness. It was at that time that I

was seeking the Saviour, and it was then I found him; and I remember well that sermon which I saw before me: "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Sinner! thy heart is like that black ground; thy soul is like that bare tree and hedgerow, without leaf or blossom; God's grace is like the white snow—it shall fall upon thee till thy doubting heart shall glitter in whiteness of pardon, and thy poor black soul shall be covered with the spotless purity of the Son of God. He seems to say to you, "Sinner, you are black, but I am ready to forgive you; I will wrap thy heart in the ermine of my Son's righteousness, and with my Son's own garments on, thou shalt be holy as the Holy One."

THE Christian's duty is to praise God. Think not, ye who are always mourning, that ye are guiltless in that respect; imagine not that ye can discharge your duty to your God without songs of praise. It is your duty to praise him. You are bound by the bonds of his love as long as you live to bless his name. It is meet and comely that you should do so. It is not only a pleasurable exercise, but it is the absolute duty of the Christian's life to praise God. This is taught us in the text—"We are bound to thank God always for you,

brethren, as it is meet." Let not your harps, then hang upon the willows, ye mourning children of the Lord. It is your duty to strike them and bring forth their loudest music. It is sinful in you to cease from praising God; you are blessed in order that you may bless him; and if you do not praise God you are not bringing forth the fruit, which he, as the divine husbandman, may well expect at your hands. Go forth, then, ye sons of God, and chant his praise. With every morning's dawn lift up your notes of thanksgiving; and every evening, let the setting sun be followed with your song. Girdle the earth with your praises; surround it with an atmosphere of melody; so shall God himself look down from heaven and accept your praises as like in kind, though not equal in degree, to the praises of cherubim and seraphim.

IT is the custom of a certain body of Ultra-Calvinists, to call those of us who teach that it is the duty of man to repent and believe, "Mongrel Calvinists." If you hear any of them say so, give them my most respectful compliments, and ask them whether they ever read Calvin's works in their lives. Not that I care what Calvin said or did not say; but ask them whether they ever read his works; and if they say "No," as they must say, for there are forty-eight large volumes; you can tell them, that the man whom they

call "a Mongrel Calvinist," though he has not read them all, has read a very good share of them, and loves their spirit; and he is more than confident that he preaches substantially what Calvin has written—that every doctrine he preaches may be found in Calvin's Commentaries on some part of Scripture or other. We are TRUE Calvinists, though Calvin is no criterion to us; Jesus Christ and him crucified, and the old fashioned Bible, are our standards. Beloved, let us take God's Word as it stands. If we find high doctrine there, let it be high; if we find low doctrine, let it be low; let us set up no other standard than the Bible affords.



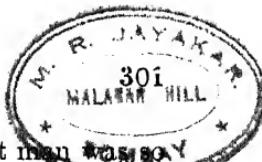
PERHAPS, the only way in which most men get their faith increased is by *great trouble*. We do not grow strong in faith on sunshiny days. It is only in rough weather that a man gets faith. Faith is not an attainment that droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven; it generally comes in the whirlwind and the storm. Look at the old oaks: how is it that they have become so deeply rooted in the earth? Ask the March winds and they will tell you. It was not the April shower that did it, or the sweet May sunshine, but it was March's rough wind, from the blustering mouth of old Boreas, shaking the tree to and fro, and causing its roots to bind themselves around the rocks. So must it be with us. We do not make great soldiers in the

barracks at home; they must be educated amidst flying shot and thundering cannon. We cannot expect to make good sailors on the Serpentine; they must be tutored far away on the deep sea, where the wild winds howl, and the thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies. Storms and tempests are the things that make men tough and hardy mariners. They see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. So with Christians. Great-faith must have great trials. Mr. Great-heart would never have been Mr. Great-heart if he had not once been Mr. Great-trouble. Valiant-for-truth would never have put to flight those foes, and have been so valiant, if the foes had not first attacked him. So with us: we must expect great troubles before we shall attain to much faith.

THE best way to get your faith strengthened is to have *communion with Christ*. If you commune with Christ, you cannot be unbelieving. When his left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me, I cannot doubt. When my beloved sits at his table, and he brings me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me is his love, then, indeed, I must believe. When I feast with him, my unbelief is abashed, and hides its head. Speak, ye that have been led in the green pastures, and have been made to lie down by the still waters; ye who have seen his rod and

his staff, and hope to see them even when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death ; speak, ye that have sat at his feet with Mary, or laid your head upon his bosom with the well-beloved John ; have you not found, when you have been near to Christ, that your faith has grown strong, and when you have been far away, then your faith has become weak ? It is impossible to look Christ in the face and then distrust him. When you cannot see him, then you doubt him ; but if you live in fellowship with him, you are like the ewe lamb of Nathan's parable, for you lie in his bosom, and eat from his table, and drink from his cup. You must believe when your Beloved speaks unto you, and says, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." There is no hesitation then ; you must arise from the lowlands of your doubt up to the hills of assurance."

THE system of truth is not one straight line, but two. No man will ever get a right view of the gospel until he knows how to look at the two lines at once. I am taught in one book to believe that what I sow I shall reap : I am taught in another place, that "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." I see in one place, God presiding over all in providence ; and yet I see, and I cannot help seeing, that man acts as he pleases, and that God has left his actions to his own will, in a great



measure. Now, if I were to declare that man ~~is~~ ~~not~~ free to act that there was no presidence of God over his actions, I should be driven very near to Atheism ; and if, on the other hand, I declare that God so overrules all things, as that man is not free enough to be responsible, I am driven at once into Antinomianism or fatalism. That God predestines, and that man is responsible, are two things that few can see. They are believed to be inconsistent and contradictory ; but they are not. It is just the fault of our weak judgment. Two truths cannot be contradictory to each other. If, then, I find taught in one place that everything is foreordained, *that is true*; and if I find in another place that man is responsible for all his actions, *that is true*; and it is my folly that leads me to imagine that two truths can ever contradict each other. These two truths, I do not believe can ever be welded into one upon any human anvil, but one they shall be in eternity : they are two lines that are so nearly parallel, that the mind that shall pursue them farthest, will never discover that they converge ; but they do converge, and they will meet somewhere in eternity, close to the throne of God, whence all truth doth spring.

WITH regard to some sins, if thou wouldest avoid them, take one piece of advice—run away from them. Sins of lust especially are never to be fought

with, except after Joseph's way; and you know what Joseph did—he ran away. A French philosopher said, "Fly, fly, Telenache; there remains no way of conquest but by flight." The true soldiers of Christ's cross will stand foot to foot with any sin in the world except this; but here they turn their backs and fly, and then they become conquerors. "*Flee fornication,*" said one of old, and there was wisdom in the counsel; there is no way of overcoming it but by flight. If the temptation attack thee, shut thine eye and stop thy ear, and away, away from it; for thou art only safe when thou art beyond sight and earshot.

"**I**NCREASE *our faith.*" Usually, when we commence the Christian life, faith does not grasp much; it only believes a few elementary doctrines. I find that many young converts have not gone much farther than believing that Jesus Christ died for sinners; by-and-bye they get a little advanced, and believe election; but there is something a little beyond which they do not receive; and it is not until after years that they believe the entire gospel. Some of you, my hearers, and a great many that are not my hearers, are miserable little cramped souls; you have learned a cast-iron creed, and you will never move out of it. A certain somebody drew up five or six doctrines, and said, "There are the doctrines of the Bible," and ye

believe these! but ye want to have your faith increased, for you do not believe all that is in the Bible. I do not think I differ from any of my hypercalvinistic brethren in what I do believe; but I differ from them in what they do not believe. I do not believe any less than they do, but I believe a little more, and I think, as we grow, we shall have our creed widened and increased; not only are there a few cardinal doctrines which will be enough to steer our ship by, north, south, east, or west; but we shall begin to learn something about the north-west and north-east, and that which lies between the four points. Many people, when they hear something a little contrary to what they have usually heard, say at once, "That is not sound." But who made *you* a judge of what is sound? And there are some little souls who set themselves up for princes in Israel, and think every man must believe as *they* believe, or else he is decidedly wrong, and they will hold no Christian communication or fellowship with him. I am sure I will pray to the Lord for them, "Increase their faith!" Help them to believe a little more; help them to believe that there may be Christian Wesleyans, that there are good Church people, and not only that Particular Baptists are a very good sort of people, but that there are some of God's elect everywhere. I am sure I pray for all bigots, that they may have larger hearts. I should like to stretch their hearts a little. But no; they have reached the *ultima thule*; they have come to the last of the fortunate islands;

there cannot be any shore beyond. It is dangerous for a mariner to spread his sails on untried seas. "Hitherto," says pious Crisp, and therefore many fancy, "hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." Dr. Gill declared just so much, and who shall venture to say more; or perhaps Calvin is made the standard, and what business has any man to think a single thought beyond Calvin? Blessed be God, we have gone a little beyond that; and we can say, "Increase our faith." With all our admiration for these great standard divines, we are not prepared to shut up ourselves in their little iron cages; but we say, "Open the door and let me fly—let me still feel that I am at liberty. Increase my faith, and help me to believe a little more."

THE march of the army of God may be tracked by their ashes left behind them. The course of the ship of glory may be traced by the white sheen of sufferings left on the sea of time. Like as a meteor when it flashes in its glory leaveth a blaze behind it for a moment, so hath the church left behind it blazing fires of persecution and trouble. The path of the just is scarred on earth's breast, the monuments of the church are the sepulchres of her martyrs. Earth has been ploughed with deep furrows wherever they have lived. You will not find the saints of God where you do not find the furnace burning round about them. I suppose it shall

be so until the latest age; until that time shall come, when we shall sit under our own vine and our own fig-tree, none making us afraid.

THE furnace is very useful to God's people, because *they get more light there than anywhere else.* If you travel in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, or in other manufacturing districts, you will be interested at night by the glare of light which is cast by all those furnaces. It is labour's own honourable illumination. I believe there is no place where we can learn so much, and have so much light cast upon Scripture, as we do in the furnace. Read a truth in tranquility, read it in peace, read it in prosperity, and you will not make anything of it. Be put inside the furnace, (and nobody knows what a bright blaze is there who has not been there) and you will then be able to spell all hard words, and understand more than you could without it.

IT is possible for a man to read too many books. We will not despise learning, we will not undervalue erudition, such acquisitions are very desirable; and when his talents are sanctified to God, the man of learning frequently becomes, in the hand of the Spirit, far more useful than the ignorant and the unlearned: but

at the same time, if a man acquire his knowledge entirely from books, he will not find himself to be a very wise man. There is such a thing as heaping so many books on your brains that they cannot work—pouring such piles of type, and letters, and manuscripts, and papers, and prints, and pamphlets, and volumes, and tomes, and folios, upon your weary head, that your brains are absolutely buried, and cannot move at all.

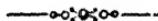


THE Christian never dies too late. That old lady there is eighty years old. She sits in a miserable room, shivering by a handful of fire. She is kept by charity. She is poor and miserable. "What's the good of her?" says everybody, "she has lived too long. A few years ago she might have been some use; but now look at her! She can scarcely eat unless her food is put into her mouth. She cannot move. What good can she be?" Do not find fault with your Master's work. He is too good a husbandman to leave his wheat in the field too long, and let it shale out. Go and see her, and you will be reproved. Let her speak: she can tell you things you never knew in all your life. Or, if she does not speak at all, her silent unmurmuring serenity, her constant submission, teaches you how to bear suffering; so that there is something that you can learn from her yet. Say not the old leaf hangeth too long on the tree. An insect may yet twist itself therein, and

fashion it into its habitation. O say not the old sear-leaf ought to have been blown off long ago. The time is coming when it shall fall gently on the soil: but it remaineth to preach to unthinking men the frailty of their lives.

SOME persons love the doctrine of universal atonement because they say it is so beautiful. It is a lovely idea that Christ should have died for all men; it commends itself, they say, to the instincts of humanity; there is something in it full of joy and beauty. I admit there is; but beauty may be often associated with falsehood. There is much which I might well admire in the theory of universal redemption, but let me just tell you what the supposition necessarily involves. If Christ on his cross intended to save every man, then he intended to save those who were damned before he died; because if the doctrine be true, that he died for all men, he died for some that were in hell before he came into this world, for doubtless there were myriads there that had been cast away. Once again, if it were Christ's intention to save all men, how deplorably has he been disappointed! for we have his own evidence that there is a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and into that pit must be cast some of the very persons, who according to that theory, were bought with his blood. That seems to me a thousand times more frightful than any of those horrors, which

are said to be associated with the Calvinistic and Christian doctrine of particular redemption. To think that my Saviour died for men in hell seems a supposition too horrible for me to imagine; that he was the substitute for the sons of men, and that God having first punished the substitute, punished men again, seems to me to conflict with any idea of justice. That Christ should offer an atonement and satisfaction for the sins of men, and that afterwards those very men should be punished for the sins which Christ had already atoned for, seems to me, to be the most marvellous monstrosity that ever could have been imputed to Saturn, to Janus, ay, to the god of the Thugs, or the most diabolical heathen demons. God forbid that we should ever think thus of Jehovah, the just and wise. If Christ has suffered in man's stead, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and save us from all unrighteousness.



MY brother, I come to you simple of speech, and I *exhort* you to flee to Christ. O my brother, dost thou know what a loving Christ he is? Let me tell thee from my own soul what I know of him. I, too, once despised him. He knocked at the door of my heart, and I refused to open it. He came to me, times without number, morning by morning, and night by night; he checked me in my conscience, and spoke to me by his Spirit, and when at last the thunders of the

law prevailed in my conscience, I thought that Christ was cruel and unkind. Oh ! I can never forgive myself that I should have thought so ill of him. But what a loving reception did I have when I went to him. I thought he would smite me, but his hand was not clenched in anger but opened wide in mercy. I thought full sure that his eyes would dart lightning-flashes of wrath upon me; but, instead thereof, they were full of tears. He fell upon my neck and kissed me; he took off my rags and did clothe me with his righteousness, and caused my soul to sing aloud for joy; while in the house of my heart, and in the house his church, there was music and dancing, because his son that he had lost was found, and he that was dead was made alive. I exhort you, then, to look to Jesus Christ and to be lightened. Sinner, you will never regret,—I will be bondsman for my Master that you will never have cause to regret coming to him,—you will have no sigh to go back to your state of condemnation; you shall go out of Egypt, and shall go into the promised land, and shall find it flowing with milk and honey. The trials of Christian life you shall find heavy, but you will find grace will make them light. And as for the joys and delights of being a child of God, if I lie this day you shall charge me with it in days to come. If you will taste and see that the Lord is good, I am not afraid but that you shall find that he is not only good, but better than human lips can tell.

THERE are crimes which the lip of modesty could not mention. I might go far in this pulpit this morning, in describing the degradation of human nature in the sins which it has invented. It is amazing how the ingenuity of man seems to have exhausted itself in inventing fresh crimes. Surely there is not the possibility of the invention of a new sin. But if there be, ere long, man will invent it, for man seemeth exceedingly cunning, and full of wisdom in the discovery of means of destroying himself and in the endeavour to injure his Maker. But there are some sins that show a diabolical extent of degraded ingenuity—some sins, of which it were a shame to speak, of which it were disgraceful to think. But note here: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." There may be some sins of which a man cannot speak, but there is no sin which the blood of Christ cannot wash away. Blasphemy, however profane; lust, however bestial; covetousness, however far it may have trespassed into theft and rapine; breach of the commandments of God, into however much of riot it may have run; all this may be pardoned and washed away through the blood of Jesus Christ. In all the long list of human sins though that be long as time, there standeth but one sin that is unpardonable, and that one no sinner has committed if he feels within himself a longing for mercy, for that sin once committed, the soul becomes hardened, dead, and seared, and never desireth afterwards to find peace with God. I therefore declare to

thee, O trembling sinner, that however great thine iniquity may be, whatever sin thou mayest have committed in all the list of guilt, however far thou mayest have exceeded all thy fellow-creatures, though thou mayest have distanced the Pauls and Magdalens and every one of the most heinous culprits in the black race of sin, yet the blood of Christ is able now to wash thy sin away, Mark! I speak not lightly of thy sin, it is exceeding great; but I speak still more loftily of the blood of Christ. Great as is thy sins, the blood of Christ is greater still. Thy sins are like great mountains, but the blood of Christ is like Noah's flood: twenty cubits upwards shall this blood prevail, and the top of the mountains of thy sin shall be covered.



YOU often talk about the insinuations of the devil; I frequently hear you bemoaning yourselves because you have been attacked by Apollyon, and have had a hard struggle with Beelzebub; you have found it hard to resist the desperate thrusts which he has made against you; and you are always talking about him. Allow me to remind you that there is another side of that question, for if evil spirits assault us, doubtless good spirits guard us; and if Satan can cast us down; doubtless it is true God giveth his angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways, and they shall bear us up in their hands, lest at any time we dash our feet against

a stone. It is my firm belief that angels are often employed by God to throw into the hearts of his people comforting thoughts. There are many sweet thoughts which we have by the way, when we sit down, and when we rise up, which we scarcely dare attribute immediately to the Holy Ghost, but which are still beautiful and calm, lovely and fair, and consoling; and we attribute them to the ministry of angels. Angels came and ministered unto Jesus, and I doubt not that they minister unto us. Few of us have enough belief in the existence of spirits. I like that saying of Milton's, " Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth, both when we sleep and when we wake." And if our minds were opened, if our ears were attentive, we might hold fellowship with spirits that flit through the air every moment. Around the death-bed of saints angels hover; by the side of every struggling warrior for Christ, the angels stand. In the day of battle, we hear, in the air, the neighing of their steeds. Hark! how softly do they ride to help the elect of God, while in the stern conflict for the right and for the truth; when they would have been cast down, some angel whispers, " Courage, brother, courage! I would I could stand by thy side, shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, to fight the battle, but I must not; it is left for men. Courage, then, brother, because angels watch over thee!" It is a good wish of ours, when we say at eventide, " Peace be to thee, beloved! good angels guard thee! may they spread their wings o'er thee, and stand around thy bed!"

But it is more than a wish, it is a reality. Do ye not know it is written "The angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear him?" "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of salvation?" Full oft the bright winged seraph flaps his wing to earth, to comfort some desponding heart. Full oft the cherub, ceasing for a moment his mighty song to go on errands of love, descends, as Gabriel did of old, to cheer the heart of many a struggling man, and to stand by the side of those who are in conflict for God and for his truth.



SMALL tradesmen may take coppers over the counter without much examination; but when it comes to gold, they will ring it well, for they could not afford to lose a sovereign out of their little gains; and if it comes to a five pound note, there is an anxious holding it up to the window to see if the water mark be there, and whether all be correct, for it might be ruin to the man if he lost a sum to him so large. Ah! but, merchants and tradesmen, if ye be deceived in the matter of your own souls, ye are deceived indeed. Look well to the title deeds of your estate; look well to your life policies, and to all the business that you do; but, remember, all the gold and silver you have, are but as the rack and scum of the furnace, compared with the matter now in hand. It is your soul, your own soul,

your never dying soul? Will you risk that? In times of panic, men will scarcely trust their fellows; I would to God there was a panic this day, so that no man would trust himself. Ye may trust your fellows far more safely than ye may trust yourselves. Will ye think, men and brethren, what your soul is? "The *life* is more than meat, and the body than raiment;" but the soul is as much more to be accounted of than the body, as the body is more important than the raiment. Here are my clothes: let me be robbed of my garments; if my body be secure, what signifies it? And as for my body, what is it, after all, but the rag that enshrines and covers my soul? Let that be sick, let that become like a worn-out vesture, I can afford to lose my body; but, O God, I cannot afford to have my soul cast into hell. What a frightful hazard is that which you and I are running, if we do not examine ourselves! It is an everlasting hazard; it is a hazard of heaven or of hell, of God's eternal favour, or of his everlasting curse.



HOW fond our Master was of the sweet title, the "Son of Man!" If he had chosen, he might always have spoken of himself as the Son of God, the Everlasting Father, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. He hath a thousand gorgeous titles, resplendent as the throne of heaven; but he

careth not to use them: to express his humility and let us see the lowness of him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light, he calls not himself the Son of God, but he speaks of himself evermore as the Son of Man who came down from heaven. Let us learn a lesson of humility from our Saviour; let us never court great titles nor proud degrees. What are they, after all, but beggarly distinctions whereby one worm is known from another? He that hath the most of them is a worm still, and is in nature no greater than his fellows. If Jesus called himself the Son of Man, when he had far greater names, let us learn to humble ourselves unto men of low estate, knowing that he that humbleth himself shall in due time be exalted.

THE time is coming when that word "*lost*" will have a more frightful meaning to you, than it has to-day. In a few more months, some of you, my hearers, will hear the great bell of eternity tolling forth that awful word—*lost, lost, lost!* The great St. Sepulchre's of hell will toll out your doom—*lost, lost, lost!* and through the shades of eternal misery this shall for ever assail your ear, that you are lost for ever. But if that bell is ringing in your ear to-day, that you are lost, oh! be of good cheer; it is a good thing to be *so* lost; it is a happy thing to be lost to self, and lost to pride, and lost to carnal hope. Christ will save you. Believe

that. Look to him as he hangs upon his cross. One look shall give you comfort. Turn your weeping eyes to him as he bleeds there in misery. He can, he will save you. Believe on him, "for he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."



HOW many sinners every year are driven away from all thought of religion by the inconsistency of professors! And have you ever noticed how the world always delights to chronicle the inconsistency of a professor? I saw only yesterday an account in the paper of a wretch who had committed lust, and it was said that "he had a very sanctified appearance." Ay I thought, that is the way the press always likes to speak: but I very much question whether there are many editors who know what a sanctified appearance means! at least they will have to look a long time among their own class before they find many that have any excess of sanctification. However, the reporter put it down, that the man had "a sanctified appearance;" and of course it was intended as a fling against all those who make a profession of religion, by making others believe that this man was a professor too. And really the world has had some grave cause for it, for we have seen professing Christians in these days who are an utter disgrace to Christianity, and there are things done in the name of Jesus Christ which it would be a shame

to do in the name of Beelzebub. There are things done, too, by those who are accounted members of the church of our Lord Jesus, so shameful, that, methinks, Pandemonium itself would scarcely own them. The world has had much cause to complain of the church. O children of God be careful. The world has a lynx eye: it will see your faults, it will be impossible to hide them; and it will magnify your faults, making much of little, and of much a boundless mass. It will slander you if you have no open faults; give it, at least, no ground to work upon; "let your garments be always white;" walk in the fear of the Lord, and let this be your daily prayer, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

EVILS always hunt in couples; sins always run in a leash. It is a marvellous thing that there are always to be found two evils side by side. We have said sometimes, extremes are dangerous, and for this reason—that one evil has its opposite, which is equally a hurtful thing. Take this: there is a haughty pride which laughs at the rod; on the other hand there is a foolish faintness, which faints under it. I have found through life that there is always a Scylla and a Charybdis; a rock on the one side and a whirlpool on the other, between which it is necessary though difficult to steer. On the one hand we are tempted to feel that

we can do something, and to trust in our works; and if we try to shun that, we run into sloth and leave off doing anything. At times we get proud of what we have accomplished; and in seeking to avoid that, we become despairing and desponding. There are always two evils on the opposite side of one another. The way of righteousness is a difficult pass between two great mountains of error; and the great secret of the Christian life is to wind our way along the narrow valley.



IT is possible to stand exposed to the utmost degree of danger, and yet to feel such a holy serenity that we can laugh at fear. Too great, too mighty, too powerful through God to stoop for one moment to the cowardice of trembling, "we know whom we have believed, and we are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him." When houseless men wander, when poor distressed spirits, beaten by the storm, find no refuge, we enter into God, and shutting behind us the door of faith, we say, "Howl, ye winds, blow ye tempests, roar ye wild beasts, come on ye robbers!

'He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.'"

A CERTAIN merchant wishes that he were as rich as in former times. He was wont to send his ships across the seas to the gold country to bring him home cargoes of treasure; but ne'er a ship has been out of port lately, and therefore can he wonder that he has had no increase to his riches? So when a man prayeth, he sends a ship to heaven, and it comes back laden with gold but if he leaves off supplication, then his ship is weather-bound, and stays at home, and no wonder that he cometh to be a poor man.



WHEN I was but a youth, the smallest boy almost that ever joined a church, I thought that every body believed what he said, and when I heard the minister say "brother," I thought I must really be his brother, for I was admitted into the church. I once sat near a gentleman at the Lord's supper, and we received the bread and wine together; he thus practically called me "Brother," and as I thought he meant it, I afterwards acted upon it. I had no friend in the town of Cambridge, where I was; and one day when walking out, I saw this same gentleman, and I said to myself, "Well now, he called me brother; I know he is a great deal better off than I am, but I don't care for that; I will go and speak to him," So I went and said, "How do you do, brother?" "I have not the pleasure of knowing you," was his

reply. I said, "I saw you at the Lord's table last Sabbath day, sir, and we are therefore brethren." "There now," said he, "it is worth while seeing some one who acts with sincerity in these times; come in with me." And we have been the nearest and dearest bosom friends ever since, just because he saw I took him at his word, and believed that he meant what he said. But now-a-days profession has become a pretence and a sham; people sit down in the church together, as though they were brethren, the minister calls you brother, but he will not speak to you, or own you as such, his people are his brethren, no doubt, but then it is in such a mysterious sense, that you will have to read some German theologian in order to comprehend it. That person is "your very dear brother," or "your very dear sister," but if you are in distress, go to them and see if they will assist you. I do not believe in such a religion as this.



BELoved, the angels sing over sinners that repent, because they know what that poor sinner has escaped. You and I can never imagine all the depths of hell. Shut out from us by a black veil of darkness, we cannot tell the horrors of that dismal dungeon of lost souls. Happily, the wailings of the damned have never startled us, for a thousand tempests were but a maiden's whisper, compared with one wail of a damned

spirit. It is not possible for us to see the tortures of those souls who dwell eternally within an anguish that knows no alleviation. These eyes would become sightless balls of darkness, if they were permitted for an instant to look into that ghastly shrine of torment. Hell is horrible, for we may say of it, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the horrors which God hath prepared for them that hate him. But the angels know better than you or I could guess. They know it; not that they have felt it, but they remember that day when Satan and his angels rebelled against God. They remember the day when the third part of the stars of heaven revolted against their liege Lord; and they have not forgotten how the red right hand of Jehovah-Jesus was wrapt in thunder; they do not forget that breach in the battlements of heaven when, down from the greatest heights to the lowest depths, Lucifer and his hosts were hurled; they have never forgotten how with sound of trumpet, they pursued the flying foe down to the gulphs of black despair; and, as they neared that place where the great serpent is to be bound in chains, they remember how they saw Tophet, which was prepared of old, the pile whereof is wood and much smoke; and they recollect how, when they winged back their flight, every tongue was silent, although they might well have shouted the praise of him who conquered Lucifer; but on them all there did sit a solemn awe of One who could smite a cherubim,

and cast him in hopeless bonds of everlasting despair. They knew what hell was, for they had looked within its jaws, and seen their own brothers, fast enclosed within them; and, therefore, when they see a sinner saved, they rejoice, because there is one less to be food for the never-dying worm—one more soul escaped out of the mouth of the lion.

O H ye mourners! seek ye a balm for your wounds? Let me proclaim it to you. Ye are not ignorant of it, I trust; but let me apply that in which you already place your confidence. The God of heaven knows your sorrows, repair you to his throne, and tell your simple tale of woe. Then cast your burden on *him*, he will bear it. Open your heart before *him*, he will heal it. Think not that you are beyond hope. You would be if there were no God of love and pity; but while Jehovah lives, the mourner need not despair.

B ELOVED, it seems a sad thing that every day must die and be followed by a night. When we have seen the hills clad with verdure to their summit, and the seas laving their base with a silver glory; when we have stretched our eye far away, and have

seen the widening prospect full of loveliness and beauty, we have felt sad that the sunlight should ever set upon such a scene, and that so much beauty should be shrouded in the oblivion of darkness. But how much reason have we to bless God for nights! for if it were not for nights how much of beauty never would be discovered. Never should I have considered the heavens, the work of thy fingers, O my God, if thou hadst not first covered the sun with a thick mantle of darkness; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, had never been bright in mine eyes, if thou hadst not hidden the light of the sun and bid him retire within the curtains of the west. Night seems to be the great friend of the stars: they must be all unseen by eyes of men, were they not set in the foil of darkness. It is even so with winter. We might feel sad, that all the flowers of summer must die, and all the fruits of autumn must be gathered into their storehouse, that every tree must be stripped, and that all the fields must lose their fair flowers. But were it not for winter we should never see the glistening crystals of the snow; nor should we behold the beauteous festoons of the icicles that hang from the eaves. Many of God's marvellous miracles of hoar frost must have been hidden from us, if it had not been for the cold chill of winter, which, when it robs us of one beauty, gives us another,—when it takes away the emerald of verdure, it gives us the diamond of ice—when it casts from us the bright rubies of the flowers, it gives us the fair,

white ermine of snow. Well now, translate those illustrations, and you will see why it is that even our sin, our lost and ruined estate, has been made the means, in the hand of God, of manifesting to us the excellencies of his character, and you will also perceive the reason why our sorrows are such great blessings. My dear friends, if you and I had been without trouble, we never could have had such a promise as this given to us:—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." It is our weakness that has made room for God to give us such a promise as this. Our sins make room for a Saviour; our frailties make room for the Holy Spirit to correct them; all our wanderings make room for the good Shepherd, that he may seek us and bring us back. We do not love nights, but we do love stars; we do not love weakness, but we do bless God for the promise that is to sustain us in our weakness; we do not admire winter, but we do admire the glittering snow; we must shudder at our own trembling weakness, but we still do bless God that we are weak because it makes room for the display of his own invincible strength.



LET me tell you the story of my own wonderment at Christ, and in telling it, I shall be telling the experience of all God's children. There was a time when I wondered not at Christ. I heard of his

beauties, but I had never seen them; I heard of his power, but it was nought to me; it was but news of something done in a far country—I had no connection with it, and, therefore, I observed it not. But once upon a time, there came one to my house of a black and terrible aspect. He smote the door; I tried to bolt it—to hold it fast. He smote again and again, till at last he entered, and with a rough voice he summoned me before him; and he said, “I have a message from God for thee; thou art condemned on account of thy sins.” I looked at him with astonishment; I asked him his name. He said, “My name is the Law;” and I fell at his feet as one that was dead. “I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.” As I lay there, he smote me. He smote me till every rib seemed as if it must break, and the bowels be poured forth. My heart was melted like wax within me; I seemed to be stretched upon a rack—to be pinched with hot irons—to be beaten with whips of burning wire. A misery extreme dwelt and reigned in my heart. I dared not lift up mine eyes, but I thought within myself, “There may be hope, there may be mercy for me. Perhaps the God whom I have offended may accept my tears and my promises of amendment, and I may live.” But when that thought crossed me, heavier were the blows and more poignant my sufferings than before, till hope entirely failed me, and I had nought wherein to trust. Darkness black and dense gathered round me; I heard

a voice, as it were, of rushing to and fro, and of wailing and gnashing of teeth. I said within my soul, "I am cast out from his sight, I am utterly abhorred of God, he hath trampled me in the mire of the streets in his anger." And there came one by, of sorrowful but of loving aspect, and he stooped over me, and he said, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." I arose in astonishment, and he took me, and he led me to a place where stood a cross, and he seemed to vanish from my sight. But he appeared again hanging there. I looked upon him as he bled upon that tree. His eyes darted a glance of love unutterable into my spirit, and in a moment, looking at him, the bruises that my soul had suffered were healed; the gaping wounds were cured; the broken bones rejoiced; the rags that had covered me were all removed; my spirit was as white as the spotless snows of the far-off north; I had melody within my spirit, for I was saved, washed, cleansed, forgiven through him that did hang upon the tree. Oh, how I wondered that I should be pardoned! It was not the pardon that I wondered at so much; the wonder was that it should come to me. I wondered that he should be able to pardon such sins as mine, such crimes, so numerous and so black, and that after such an accusing conscience he should have power to still every wave within my spirit, and make my soul like the surface of a river, undisturbed, quiet, and at ease. Wonderful indeed his name then was to my spirit.

O H! it is a theme for eternal gratitude, that the same God who in his loftiness and omnipotence stooped down in olden times to soothe, cherish, relieve, and bless the mourner, is even now taking his journeys of mercy among the penitent sons of men. Oh! I beseech him to come where thou art sitting, and put his hand inside thy soul, and, if he finds there a broken heart, to bind it up. Poor sinner, breathe thy wish to him, let thy sigh come before him, for, "He healeth the broken in heart." There thou liest wounded on the plain. "Is there no physician?" thou criest: "Is there none?" Around thee lie thy fellow-sufferers, but they are as helpless as thyself. Thy mournful cry cometh back without an answer, and space alone hears thy groan. Ah! the battle-field of sin has one kind visitor; it is not abandoned to the vultures of remorse and despair. I hear footsteps approaching: they are the gentle footsteps of Jehovah. With a heart full of mercy he is hastening to his repenting child. In his hands there are no thunders, in his eyes no anger, on his lips no threatening. See how he bows himself over the mangled heart! Hear how he speaks! "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And if the patient dreads to look in the face of the Mighty Being who addresses him, the same loving mouth whispers, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake." See how he

washes every wound with sacred water from the side of Jesus; mark how he spreads the ointment of forgiving grace, and binds around each wound the fair white linen, which is the righteousness of saints. Doth the mourner faint under the operation? he puts a cordial to his lips, exclaiming, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Yes, it is true—most true—neither dream nor fiction, "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."



TROUBLE exercises our graces, and the very exercise of our graces tends to make us more comfortable and happy. Where showers fall most, there the grass is greenest. I suppose the fogs and mists of Ireland make it the "Emerald Isle;" and wherever you find great fogs of trouble, and mists of sorrow, you always find emerald green hearts—full of the beautiful verdure of the comfort and love of God. O Christian, do not thou be saying, "Where are swallows gone?—they are gone, they are dead." They are not dead: they have skimmed the purple sea, and gone to a far-off land, but they will be back again by-and-bye. Child of God, say not the flowers are dead; say not the winter hath killed them, and they are gone. Ah! no; though winter hath coated them with the ermine of its snow, they will put up their heads again, and will be alive again very soon. Say not, child of God, that

the sun is quenched because the cloud hath hidden it. Ah! no: he is behind there, brewing summer up for thee; for when he cometh out again, he will have made the clouds fit to drop in April showers, all of them mothers of the sweet May flowers. And oh! above all when thy God hides his face, say not that he has forgotten thee. He is but tarrying a little while to make thee love him better; and when he cometh, thou shalt have joy in the Lord, and shalt rejoice with joy unspeakable. Waiting, exercises our grace; waiting tries our faith; therefore, wait on in hope; for though the promise tarry, it can never come too late.



“THE sufferings of Christ abound in us.” Here are sorrows to be expected. Before we buckle on the Christian armour we ought to know what that service is which is expected of us. A recruiting serjeant often slips a shilling into the hand of some ignorant youth, and tells him that Her Majesty’s service is a fine thing, that he has nothing to do but walk about in his flaming colours, that he will have no hard service, in fact, that he has nothing to do but to be a soldier, and go straight on to glory. But the Christian serjeant when he enlists a soldier of the cross, never deceives him like that. Jesus Christ himself said, “Count the cost.” He wished to have no disciple who was not prepared to go all the way—“to bear hardness as a good soldier.” I have sometimes heard religion des-

cribed in such a way, that its high colouring has displeased me. It is true, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness;" but it is not true that a Christian never has sorrow or trouble. It is true that light-eyed cheerfulness, and airy-footed love, can go through the world without much depression and tribulation: but it is not true that Christianity will shield a man from trouble: nor ought it to be so represented. In fact, we ought to speak of it in the other way. Soldier of Christ, if thou enlistest, thou wilt have to do hard battle. There is no bed of down for thee; there is no riding to heaven in a chariot; the rough way must be trodden; mountains must be climbed, rivers must be forded, dragons must be fought, giants must be slain, difficulties must be overcome, and great trials must be borne. It is not a smooth road to heaven, believe me; for those who have gone but a very few steps therein have found it to be a rough one. It is a pleasant one; it is the most delightful in all the world; but it is not easy in itself, it is only pleasant because of the company, because of the sweet promises on which we lean, because of our Beloved who walks with us through all the rough and thorny brakes of this vast wilderness. Christian, expect trouble: "Count it not strange concerning the fiery trial, and as though some strange thing had happened unto thee:" for as truly as thou art a child of God thy Saviour hath left thee for his legacy—"In the world ye shall have tribulation: in me ye shall have peace."

“*A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.*” The two things here mentioned are *offensive* things. A bruised reed is offensive, for I believe there is an allusion here to the pipes of Pan, which you all know are reeds put together along which a man moves his mouth, thus causing some kind of music. This is the organ I believe, which Jubal invented, and which David mentions; for it is certain that the organ we use was not then in use. The bruised reed, then, would of course spoil the melody of all the pipes; one unsound tube would so let the air out as to produce a discordant sound, or no sound at all, so that one's impulse would be to take the pipe out and put in a fresh one. And as for smoking flax, the wick of a candle or anything of that kind, I need not inform you, that the smoke is offensive. To me, no odour in all the world is so abominably offensive as smoking flax. But some say, “How can you speak in so low a style?” I have not gone lower than I could go myself, nor lower than you can go with me; for I am sure you are, if God the Holy Ghost has really humbled you, just as offensive to your own souls, and just as offensive to God, as a bruised reed would be among the pipes, or as smoking flax to the eyes and nose. I often think of dear old John Bunyan, when he said he wished God had made him a toad, or a frog, or a snake, or anything better than a man, for he felt he was so offensive. Oh! I can conceive of a nest of vipers, and I think they are obnoxious; I can ima-

gine a pool of all kinds of loathsome creatures, breeding corruption; but there is nothing one half so worthy of abhorrence as the human heart. God spares from all eyes but his own, that awful sight—a human heart. Could you and I but once see our heart, we should be driven mad, so horrible would be the sight. Do you feel like that? Do you feel that you must be offensive in God's sight—that you have so rebelled against him, so turned away from his commandments, that surely you must be obnoxious to him? If so, my text is yours.



DID you ever notice the intolerance of God's religion? In olden times, the heathen, who had different gods, all of them respected the gods of their neighbours. For instance, the king of Egypt would confess that the gods of Nineveh were true and real gods, and the prince of Babylon would acknowledge that the gods of the Philistines were true and real gods; but Jehovah, the God of Israel, put this as one of his first commandments, "Thou shalt have none other gods besides me;" and he would not allow them to pay the slightest possible respect to the gods of any other nation: "Thou shalt hew them in pieces, thou shalt break down their temples, and cut down their groves." All other nations were tolerant, the one to the other, but the Jew could not be so. One part of his religion was, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God;" and as the

consequence of his belief that there was but one God, and that that one God was Jehovah, he felt it his bounden duty to call all pretended gods by nicknames, to spit upon them, to treat them with contumely and contempt. Now, the Christian religion, you observe, is just as intolerant as this. If you apply to a Brahmin to know the way of salvation, he will very likely tell you at once, that all persons who follow out their sincere religious convictions will undoubtedly be saved. "Here," says he, "are the Mohammedans; if they obey Mohammed, and sincerely believe what he has taught, without doubt, Alla will glorify them at last." And the Brahmin turns round upon the Christian missionary, and says, "What is the use of your bringing your Christianity here to disturb us? I tell you our religion is quite capable of carrying us to heaven, if we are faithful to it." Now, just hear how intolerant is the Christian religion! "Neither is there salvation in any other." The Brahmin may admit that there is salvation in fifty religions besides his own; but we admit no such thing. There is no true salvation out of Jesus Christ. The gods of the heathens may approach us with their mock charity, and tell us that every man may follow out his own conscientious conviction and be saved. We reply—No such thing: there is no salvation in any other; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." It would be improper in any man, who had invented a creed of his own, to state that all

others must be damned who do not believe it; that would be an overweening censoriousness and bigotry, at which we might afford to smile; but since this religion of Christ is revealed from heaven itself, God, who is the author of all truth, hath a right to append to this truth the dreadful condition, that whoso rejecteth it shall perish without mercy; and in proclaiming that, apart from Christ, no man can be saved. We are not really intolerant, for we are but echoing the words of him that speaketh from heaven, and who declares, that cursed is the man who rejects this religion of Christ, seeing that there is no salvation out of him. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."



OD'S people are always safe. "All the saints are in *his* hand;" and the hand of God is a place of safety, as well as a place of honour. Nothing can hurt the man who has made his refuge God. "Thou hast given commandment to save me," said David; and every believing child of God may say the same. Plague, famine, war, tempest,—all these have received commandment of God to save his people. Though the earth should rock beneath the feet of man, yet the Christian may stand fast, and though the heavens should be rolled up, and the firmament should pass away like a scroll that is burned by fervent heat, yet

need not a Christian fear; God's people *shall* be saved if they cannot be saved under the heavens, they shall be saved *in* the heavens; if there be no safety for them in the time of trouble upon this solid earth, they shall be "caught up together with the Lord in the air, and so shall they be ever with the Lord," and ever safe. But, beloved, while this is always true, that God's people are safe, there is another fact that is equally true, namely, that God's people are only safe through *the blood*. The reason why God spares his people in the time of calamity is, because he sees the blood-mark on their brow. What is the basis of that great truth, that all things work together for good to them that love God? What is the cause that all things so produce good to them, but this, that they are bought with the precious blood of Christ? Therefore it is that nothing can hurt them, because *the blood* is upon them, and every evil thing must pass them by.

THE Israelites obtained their jewels from the Egyptians. God's people never lose anything by going to the house of bondage. They win their choicest jewels from their enemies. "Strangely true it is, sins do me good," said an old writer once, "because they drive me to the Saviour; and so I get good by them." Ask the humble Christian where he got his humility, and ten to one he will say, that he got it

in the furnace of deep sorrow on account of sin. See another, who is tender in conscience: where did he get that jewel from? It came from Egypt, as the result of some former chastisement. We get more by being in bondage, under conviction of sin, than we often do by liberty. That bondage state, under which thou art now labouring, thou poor way-worn child of sorrow, shall be good for thee; for when thou comest out of the Egypt of conviction, thou wilt win treasures from the Egyptians; thou wilt have won pearls from thy very convictions. What more noble preacher to sinners than John Bunyan? And who suffered more than he did. For years he was doubting and hesitating, sometimes thinking that Christ would save him, at other times thinking that he was never one of the elect, and continually bemoaning himself; but he gathered gems while he was in bondage that he would never have obtained anywhere else. Who but he could have filled such a casket of jewels as *Pilgrim's Progress*? And, oh! beloved, let us be content to stop a little while in distress; for the jewels that we shall win there will adorn us all our lives long, and we shall one night come out of Egypt, not with weeping, but with songs and crowns of rejoicing. We shall have "the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" the sackcloth shall be removed from our loins, and the ashes from our head, and we shall march forth, decked with ornaments, glittering with gold and silver.

O beloved, how much grandeur is there in the thought of the multitudes Christ has redeemed with his blood. Christ did not die to save a few; "he shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be abundantly satisfied." "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify *many*." "A multitude, which no man can number," shall stand before the throne of God, and of the Lamb. Oh! wondrous emigration—the emigration of myriads of souls from earth to heaven, from sin to glory! Let us compare them neither with the stars of heaven, nor the dust of the earth, nor the sand of the sea. "Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?" They lick up the earth like water and the land is utterly devoured before them. Oh! mighty God! how great is that deliverance which bringeth out a host of thine elect, more countless than the stars, and as innumerable as the sands upon a thousand shores! All hail to the power which doeth all this!



YOU have heard of the haddock having the mark of the thumb of Peter on it! it is a fiction of course; but I am sure all the fish which we get out of the sea of providence are marked by Jesus' fingers. Happy the lot of that man who receives everything as coming from God, and thanks his Father for it all! It makes anything sweet, when he knows it comes from heaven.

THE Christian's temporal condition is different to that of the worldling; for the worldling looks to secondary causes, the Christian looks to heaven; he gets his mercies thence. Read the text: "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs." The land of Egypt has never had any rain from heaven; it has been always watered from earthly sources. At a certain season the river Nile overflowed its banks, and covered the land; a stock of water was then accumulated in artificial reservoirs, and afterwards let out in canals, and allowed to run in little trenches through the fields. They had to water it as a garden of herbs. All their dependance was on the nether springs; they looked to the river Nile as the source of all their plenty, and even worshipped it. But the land to which you are coming is not watered from a river; "it drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Your fertility shall not come from such artificial sources as canals and trenches; you shall be fed from the water that descends from the skies! You see how beautifully this pictures a worldling and a Christian. Look at the worldling; what is his dependance? It is all upon the water below; he looks only to the water that flows from the river of this world. "Who will show us any good?" Some rely upon what they call chance—(a river, the source of which, like the source of the Nile, is never known;) and though continually disappointed, they

still persevere in trusting to this unknown stream. Others, who are more sensible, trust to their hard work and honesty; they look to the source of that river, and they trace it to a fountain of human erection, graced by a statue of labour. Ah! that river may yet fail you; it may not overflow its banks, and you may be starved. But, O Christian, what dost thou rely upon? Thy land "drinketh water of the rain of heaven;" thy mercies come not from the hand of chance; thy daily bread cometh not so much from thy industry as from thy heavenly Father's care; thou seest stamped upon every mercy heaven's own inscription, and every blessing comes down to thee perfumed with the ointment and the spikenard, and the myrrh of the ivory palaces, whence God dispenses his bounties. Here is the difference between the assured Christian and the mere worldling; the one trusts to natural causes—the other "looks through nature up to nature's God," and sees his mercies as coming down fresh from heaven.



"**B**ELOVED, now are we the sons of God." That is easy to read; but it is not so easy to feel. "Now are we the sons of God." How is it with your heart this day? Are you in the lowest depths of sorrow and suffering? "Now are you the son of God." Does corruption rise within your spirit, and grace seem like a poor spark trampled under foot? "Beloved,

now are you the son of God." Does your faith almost fail you? and are your graces like a candle well nigh blown out by the wind? Fear not, beloved; it is not your graces, it is not your frames, it is not your feelings, on which you are to live: you must live simply by naked faith on Christ. "*Beloved, now are we the sons of God.*" With all these things against us, with the foot of the devil on our neck, and the sword in his hand ready to slay us—beloved *now* in the very depths of our sorrow, wherever we may be—*now*, as much in the valley as on the mountain, as much in the dungeon as in the palace, as much when broken on the wheel of suffering as when exalted on the wings of triumph—"beloved, *now* are we the sons of God."



A DOG will bite the stone that is thrown at it, but a man would resent the injury on the person who threw the stone. Stupid, foolish, carnal unbelief quarrels with the trial; but faith goes into the Court of King's Bench at once, and asks its God, "Wherefore dost thou contend with me?"



INDEX.

	Page
ABUNDANT entrance ...	198
Actions must all be accounted for ...	54
Active exertion for the salvation of men, a duty ...	216
Adoption, its blessedness ...	285
" a present privilege ...	339
" its blessings ...	294
Afflictions, grace needed to sanctify ...	271
" a part of Jesus' legacy ...	58
" exercise our graces ...	328
" make room for promises ...	322
" necessary as restraints ...	287
" often casts light upon truth ...	305
" sweetened by the cross ...	242
Aged must die ...	63, 67
All-sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice ...	195, 200
Ambition and contentment, a picture ...	9
Ancient love...	44
Angels, amazement of, at plan of salvation	201
" rejoice over penitents ...	320
" suggest thoughts ...	311
Anger, God slow to ...	228, 237
Anxiety, foolish rebuked ...	92, 269
Aphorisms ...	38
Archers have sorely shot at him ...	153
Ark, figures from ...	220, 225, 229, 244, 266
Article of the Church upon election...	281
Ashamed of Jesus ...	213
Atonement, universal, untrue ...	307
Attraction, a metaphor ...	71
Attributes of God seen in his people's experience...	257
 BACKSLIDER loses Christ's smile ...	278
Balloon ascents presumptuous ...	131
Baptism, a blood-stained ordinance ...	76
Believer accepted in prayer, &c....	274
Bible, its inspiration ...	80
" a blood-stained book ...	76
" compared to an Egyptian mummy ...	98
" its purity ...	138
" its power ...	97
" often neglected ...	70

	Page
Bible, our Magna Charta ...	249
" sum of all sciences ...	70
" to be taken as it stands ...	288
" used in conversion ...	86
Bigotry slain by the cross ...	147
Birthplace of love the place for its recovery ...	29
Birth of Christ ...	136
Blood of Jesus an accepted atonement ...	292
" cleanseth from all sin ...	316
Book of nature, the thoughts of God ...	66
Books, a man may have too many ...	305
Bourdaloúc ...	83
British rule and Christianity ...	189
Brotherhood in the Church ...	319
Broken heart healed by God ...	327
Bruned reed ...	331
Bunyan ...	60
Burial places of the saints known to God ...	210
 CALVIN, Chrysostom, and Paul ...	60
Calvinists, who are they? ...	297
Cat, an illustration from a ...	72
Centrifugal and centripetal forces ...	71
Cheerfulness to be cultivated ...	73
Children, evil at birth ...	177
Christian's dignity ...	164
Christ, a subject for eternal meditation ...	50
" All in All ...	252
" cannot hear too much of ...	83
" his death ...	128
" his grave ...	152, 160
" his name sweet ...	242
" his name must endure ...	99, 143
" his person to be contemplated ...	98
" must first be studied ...	227
" our strength ...	168
" preciousness of his offering ...	119
" the sum of heaven ...	59
" the believer's treasure ...	207
" the only way of salvation ...	221, 223
" the Creator ...	238
Church, God's house ...	235, 264
" cannot be destroyed ...	244
" ever militant ...	286
" her persecutions ...	267
" must not be slandered ...	138
" needs reforming ...	282
" reminded of her power ...	32
Cleopatra's asp ...	125
Clog on the horse ...	287
Coming to Christ ...	206

	Page
Comforts of God antidotes against trouble ...	8
Communion, duty of ...	54, 98
" increases faith ...	299
" joy of ...	284
Conscience, Quiet, a picture ...	15
Consecration a source of strength ...	17, 164
Consolation in the name of Jesus ...	55
" given by the Holy Spirit ...	60
" proportionate to troubles ...	292
Conversion necessary ...	157
Conviction compared to opening a loathsome cellar ...	241
Corpse, still dead, until quickened ...	61
Corruption remains in the regenerate ...	133
Counterfeits...	289
Count the cost ...	329
Courage, noble ...	156
" to be mixed with love ...	158
Cowardly Christians rebuked ...	213
Crisp ...	93
Cromwell commended ...	250
Cross, Christ's glory ...	209
" God's wisdom seen in ...	65
" longed for by Christ ...	31
" object of the gaze of all ...	128
" the believer's comfort ...	125
Currents, opposing ...	29
DANGER everywhere ...	118
Death and Life ...	2
" a sleep to the body ...	108, 209
" always at work ...	235
" dreaded by awakened sinners ...	236
" fixes character ...	253
" is always timely ...	306
" its sting removed...	123
" of man, effect of sin ...	140
" of the believer precious ...	154
" of the religious lamented ...	6
" of a believer comes from the hand of Christ ...	270
" peace in ...	150
" singing at its approach ...	120
" solemnity of ...	95
" surveyed with joy ...	34, 154
Decision, need of ...	124
Decrees, not to be disputed ...	28
Denominations, use of...	279
Dependance upon God ...	338
Depravity universal ...	161
Devil, cunning ...	120, 139
" a liar ...	227
Diogenes ...	189

	Page
Divinity, system of...	300
Doubting, folly of	134
childish	156
Dreams, such is life	74
no evidence of grace	217
Dumb made songsters by grace	111
 EBENEZERS	256
Effectual calling	122
Egypt, God's people once in	178
Egyptians, jewels obtained from ...	335
Elect, alike loved	44
" cannot die before conversion ...	238
" vile by nature ...	110, 131, 178
Election, not grounded upon foresight of our good works ...	46
" a comfortable doctrine for the believer ...	281
Emerald Isle, a metaphor	328
Enemies of Christ wholly destroyed ...	194
Ennui to God	239
Envy, the lot of the good	141
Estimation of worldly things	8
Eternity, of future punishment	156, 162, 178
Eucharist	246
Excelsior	158
Exhortation to diligence	175
Experiences differ	229
Extremes, evils lie in	317
 FAITH—its value in prayer and ordinances	274
" hangs alone on God ...	88
" increased by trouble ...	298
" " by communion ...	299
" " by enlarged knowledge ...	302
" its relation to other graces ...	291
" its power against sin ...	88
" its excellence in staying the mind ...	269, 318
False peace dangerous	66
Fears, to be hanged	212
" right and wrong ...	254
Fiery chariot, want of recompensed ...	59
Final victory of the saints certain ...	283
Flee fornication	301
Flowers, congregation compared to ...	283
Food, spiritual, its necessity ...	85
Foreknowledge of God concerning his people ...	277
Friendship, must be formed upon righteous principles ...	96
" need of ...	97
Futurity, not to be pried into	75
 GLASS, sea of... ...	181
" of God, the object of creation ...	184, 244

	Page
Glory of God the object of grace 185
" seen through the Mediator 225, 235
" will be owned at last...	... 261
God, goodness of 107
" beholds the first desires of the soul 40
" heals the broken heart 328
" hears our sighs 38, 322
" his character too perfect for our understanding 205
" his omnipresence 264
" his glory in all his works 184, 244
" observes his creatures 76
" the source of all strength 36
" the only support of faith 88
Gospel, the sum of wisdom 64
" hated by men 67
" simplicity of 84
Grace, salvation all of, from first to last 85
" dreams, no evidence of 217
" makes the dumb sing 111
Grave, singing on its borders 120
Grief, on account of Christ's death 111, 119
HADDOCK, legend of 337
Happiness of religion 127
Harmony of the two worlds 27
Harlots, treatment of 214
Harvest of sin 179
Hatred of God by man 239
Heaviness of the Christian 26
Heart, Christ in 26
" deceitful 133
" full 10
" God alone can keep the 14
" hardness by nature 58
" is power... 65
" large... 286
" needs to be changed 161
" united 12, 99
Heaven, society of the saints...	... 43
" joy of 94, 108
" not far off 123
" only the regenerate could be happy in 158
Heedless spirit, unsafe...	... 277
Hem of Christ's garment 101
Herbert, George 148
Heroes of Christ's parables, singular 171
Hell, none know its pains 320
Hill, Rowland 217
Holy Spirit, as intercessor 61
" as the comforter 62
" at war with sin 48

	Page
Holy Spirit, in conversion	170
" indwelling of	248
" in regeneration	122
" inspiration of Bible from	80
" in uniting his people	159
" needed by the ministry	176
" the light of the Church	244
Hour, how many die in	175
Human nature too bad to be mended	293
Humility, the companion of holiness	163
" necessity of	286
Husbandman, God the best	77
Hyprocrite, warned	116, 254
Hyper-Calvinists referred to	302
 IDLENESS, sin of...	139
Idolatries of the heathen, novel	272
Ignatius	248
Ignorance discovered by learning	258
Imagination	51
Immutability of Christ	183, 188, 192
Impenitent—lost for ever...	156
Inability, its true character	216, 218
Incarnation, the wonder of angels	136
Inconsistencies of Professors	316
Individual effort	197
" faults, the source of Church faults	138
" judgment, a plea for self-examination	36
Infidelity, a Proteus	105
Infidels, credulous...	121
Inheritance of believers, the same in all ages	59
Insignificance of man	33
Intolerance of Christianity	332
 JEHOVAH, to be adored	119
Jesus himself, the Truth	1
" an attractive preacher...	73
" his tomb	143
" his power to save	149
" his presence in death	150
" his abundant pardons	195, 200
" need of his constant presence	71
" our duty to look to	83
" remembered	233, 243, 267
" suffering for sin	89
" sweetness of his name	284
" the consolation of his people	55
" to be loved ...	117
Justice, inflexibility of divine	89
" consistent with goodness	189
" united with mercy in our salvation	201, 218

	Page
KEEPING of the heart full ...	10
" united ...	13
Kindness commendable ...	166
Knox, John, gospel preached by ...	60
 LAVATER... ...	151
Law, experience of its power... ...	324
" terror of, its weakness ...	174
Legacy of Christ ...	58
Liberty, man's birthright ...	249
Lies, speed of their flight ...	154
Life, its brevity ...	127
Light of the moon upon the sea, a scene ...	22
" at eventide ...	228
Likeness to Christ, needful ...	164
Little things ...	130
Love to Christ, how to get it... ...	133, 134
" how to shew it ...	172
Love to be united with courage ...	158
" to our neighbour, illustrated ...	171
not be bounded by his moral worth ...	214
Love of God, its constancy ...	12
" everywhere to be seen ...	94
" immutable and infinite ...	180
Look to Jesus always ...	88
" the cry of Calvary ...	92
Longsuffering of God ...	255
Lost, lost, lost ...	315
Lord's Supper ...	232, 246
Lusts of the flesh, how to overcome them ...	301
Luther ...	282, 285
 MAN, compared to an icicle ...	91
" cannot save his brother ...	223
Mark Antony and lions ...	124
Martyr at stake ...	42
Masses running the broad road ...	91
Mazeppa, a picture ...	51
Means of grace ...	129
Men, incapable of estimating God's character ...	205
Mercy manifest ...	101
" the minister's chosen theme ...	201
Mercies have the fingermark of Jesus ...	337
Mere profession ...	97
Mediator, delight in and need of ...	225, 235
Medusa's head, an emblem of death ...	253
Metropolis of the Universe ...	82
Militant, why the Church is so ...	286
Ministers must be holy ...	279
Ministry of angels ...	311
Missionary Society ...	261

	Page
Misery caused by absurd anxiety	92
Mock-modesty in the pulpit	288
Moderation—none in sin	93
Moon shining upon the sea, an illustration	22
Moral inability...	216, 218
Moses, song of	181, 185, 193, 199
Motion of the world and time	79
Mourners comforted	322
Multitude of the redeemed	337
Murderer of Christ discovered—a picture	24
Mutability of earthly things	46
Mummy	98
 NAME of Christ eternal	99
Nature, book of	66
" goes not beyond itself	72
Night manifests beauties	323
Nonsense of saying God will do his own work	263
Now, its meaning with God	45
" Christians happy	73
 OBEDIENCE, must be perfect to be saving	87, 155
Old times lamented	60
One man, power of	197
Original sin	178
Owen, Robert	106
 PANORAMA of God's goodness	107
Path of the Church tracked by blood	304
Paul, as a preacher	160
Peace and joy compared	46
" the conqueror of war	276
" with God, its influence	222
Peacemakers blessed	271
Philosophy, its inability to find out God	102
Perfection to be aimed at	158
Persecution, the lot of the Church	304
Personal interest	161
Pilgrim, varied experience of	81
Poor, necessary to a Church	44
Power of God in restraining his anger	237
Prayer, a constant duty	135
" difficulty of	135
" its necessity to make us rich in grace	319
" need of Holy Spirit in	69
" noticed in heaven	45
" the forerunner of mercy... ...	12, 13, 204
Praise, a christian duty	296
Treacher, Christ Jesus as...	73
" need of trouble to make a man a good ...	86
" needs the Spirit	176

	Page
Preacher, should be earnest ...	160
" some of them like painted windows...	202
" unfaithful, his death ...	272
Predestination of the Saints ...	277
Predestination and Responsibility ...	300
Presumption, its doom ...	117
Preparation for heaven ...	270
Pride, difficult to overcome ...	14
" its sure punishment ...	15
" result of ignorance ...	15
Procrastination, its folly and danger ...	202, 290
Profession, damnable if not sincere ...	97
Professing Church unveiled ...	75
Promises, great guns ...	212
Prove me now ...	240, 257
Providence overruling disasters ...	260, 262
Pulpit, importance of its purity ...	279
Punished, sin must be ...	243, 267
Puritans, their love of liberty ...	250
 QUIETITUDE of conscience, a picture ...	15
Quickenings, necessity of ...	61
" comes only from the Spirit ...	68
 READING may be overdone ...	305
Redemption, particular ...	307
" its vast extent ...	337
Reformation, another needed ...	282
Refuge, City of ...	101
Regeneration, a work of the Spirit ...	122
Remember me ...	232, 233
Responsibility of men under the Gospel ...	242, 269
Rest of heart, the believer's privilege ...	188
Resurrection ...	53, 146
" of Christ, seal of his work ...	292
Revelation, its canon complete ...	63
Reverend, to whom it belongs ...	275
Revivalists, folly of ...	241
Reward of the righteous, its greatness ...	141
Riches of the believer ...	258
Robespierre ...	106
Rose and scented clay ...	32
Rutherford ...	148
 SAADI, parable of ...	32
Safety of God's people ...	334
Salvation, glorifies God ...	109
" all of grace ...	85
Samaritan, the good ...	171
Sanctified appearance ...	316
Sanctification complete at death ...	52

	Page
Satisfaction for sin, made by Christ	213
unknown to the worldly	33
Satan, his craft	120, 139
" his joy at the death of man	140
" always awake	179
Sciences, all in the Bible	70
Science of Christ crucified	226
Scorners cannot injure divine truth	59
Scriptures, like porches at Bethesda	86
Sea checked by sand	18
Sea-shell	101
Second causes, not to look at	340
Security of the saint	40
Security of the believer	209, 225
Secret, life in, its rule	148
Secularism	168
Seeker, encouraged	37, 38, 142, 238
Self-love, the measure of our love to others	3
Self-trust tends to defeat	46
" is a sin	94
Self-knowledge, value of	94
Self-righteousness destructive	131
Self-examination, importance of	254, 313
Selfishness, cause of grief	274
Sepoy referred to	171
Sheep of the Lord to be brought in	55
Sibyl, leaves of	75
Silence, the best answer to slander	142
Sin, abhorred of the Spirit	48
" and self the path of the wicked	91
" cannot be kept in check	93
" often hidden in our pleasures	125
" overcome by faith	88
Singing of the spheres	265
Sins against the Gospel	179
Slander not to be answered	142
" its real harmlessness to the righteous	155
Sleep, the gift o God	3
Sleepy christians aroused	178
Slow to anger	228, 237, 255
Son of man	314
Song, the last, full of God	195
" " and God alone	261, 265
Spenser	96
Spirit Holy, necessity of his aid	33
" need of	49, 205
Soul, value of	183
Spiritual suicide	242
Spirituality of duties renders them difficult	135
" needful for success in the pulpit	176
Starving of the soul	39

INDEX.



	Page
Victories of the Lord ...	105, 167
Virtues of unregenerate men 55
Vitality of the Gospel 214
Voltaire ...	106, 142
Voyage, a mad 78
WAITING upon God... 85
War, not helpful to Christianity... 186
" shall cease 264
Warriors, not noble 271
Wars and plagues, use of 259
Warning to aged 63, 67
" to careless 100, 127
" to hypocrites 117, 254
" to procrastinators 202, 235
Weepers, men who are ordained to this office 193
Weight of glory 290
Well and pitcher 225
Whitfield 60, 195
Window, painted, a figure 202
Winter, a sermon 296
Window in heart 252
Wisdom of gospel 64
" of this world brought to nought 102
Wonderful, a title of Jesus 22, 324
Worms have power... 130
Word, its place in conversation 170
Works, danger of trusting in 14
" cannot save 45, 87, 155
World to be purged 38
" hates the godly 182
Wrath of God against sin, to be preached 201
Wrath of man shall praise God 222
Wyckliffe 60
ZEAL for the conversion of souls 217